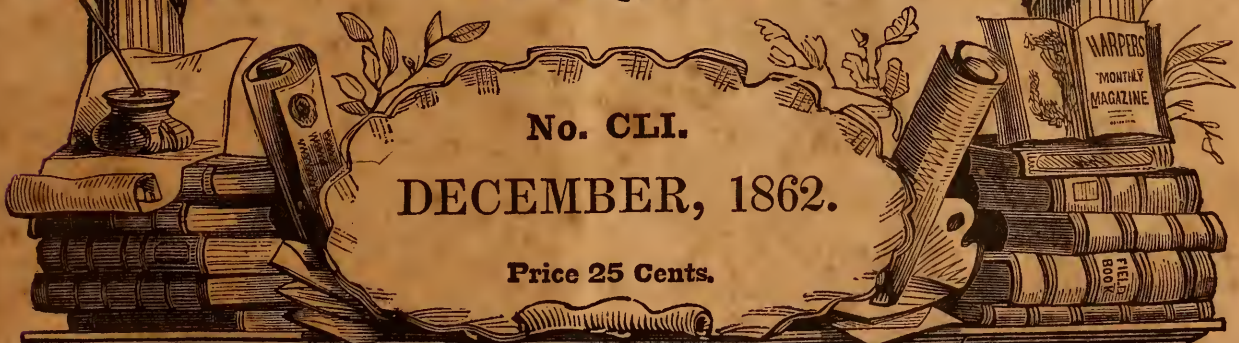


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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE




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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLI.—DECEMBER, 1862.—VOL. XXVI.



WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN :—A POEM FOR THANKSGIVING.

IT is Thanksgiving morning,
And, near and far away,
The glad church bells are ringing
To hail Thanksgiving day.

With their silvery entreaty
They call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor,
From merriment or care.

And in one ancient dwelling—
Whose walls, time-stained and gray,
Remember in their silence
The bullets of that day,

When from Lexington to Concord
A thrilling message ran,
And behind each hedge and tree-bole
There lurked an earnest man:

A man whose life was ready,
Held in unshrinking hand,
To be offered up for Liberty,
For God, and Native Land—

In that time-honored dwelling
An ancient couple wait,
To hear their children's voices
Make music at the gate.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXVI.—No. 151.—A



"Are all things ready, Mary?"
The old man's eyes are dim,
And the face he sees is lovely
With girlhood's flush to him.

It was Thanksgiving morning,
Just fifty years ago,
When o'er that ancient threshold,
In raiment white as snow,

With cheeks rose-red with blushes,
And eyes as violets blue,
And face so fresh and innocent,
And heart so leal and true,

A fragile little blossom,
That brightened at his side,
She came there first beside him—
He brought her home his bride.

"All things are ready, Richard,"
She said; and then she thought
Of their fifty years together,
And the changes they had brought.

She remembered how her babies
Had played about her there,
With the sunshine's shifting splendor
In their curling, golden hair—

And when they tired of playing,
And slept upon her breast,
What prayers she said above them,
While she lulled them to their rest

Where are those children's faces?—
She almost thought to see
Blue eyes and golden ringlets
Still glinting at her knee.

The years have wrought strange marvels—
The children are no more—
No more their frolic footsteps
Fly through the open door.

Five men, toil-worn and weary,
Five women, bowed with care—
Are these the merry children,
With the sunshine in their hair?

She tries to smile. Thanksgiving
Is the time for joyous cheer—
And the old man does not see her
As she wipes away a tear.

"Had you thought about it, Richard,
How the children have grown old;
How they've left their youth behind them,
Like a story that is told?

"Last time I saw our Martha
Her hair was gray as mine;
Will's chestnut curls are turning,
And Ralph is forty-nine.

"It's all the better, Richard,
We sha'n't be long apart.
In the land where we are going
I sometimes think my heart

"Will miss the children's voices,
And be lonely till they come;
But we sha'n't have long to wait, dear,
For the children coming home."

They sat a little longer,
In a silence like a prayer,
Waiting together, hand in hand—
God's angel found them there.

In the bright Thanksgiving morning,
Fifty changeful years ago,
She had crossed that ancient threshold,
In her raiment white as snow.

Now her husband led her onward,
As in youth-time, hand in hand,
Till they crossed another threshold—
Entered on that other land,

Where the fountains flow forever,
Where the many mansions be,
And the fruit of life hangs glowing
From the boughs of every tree.

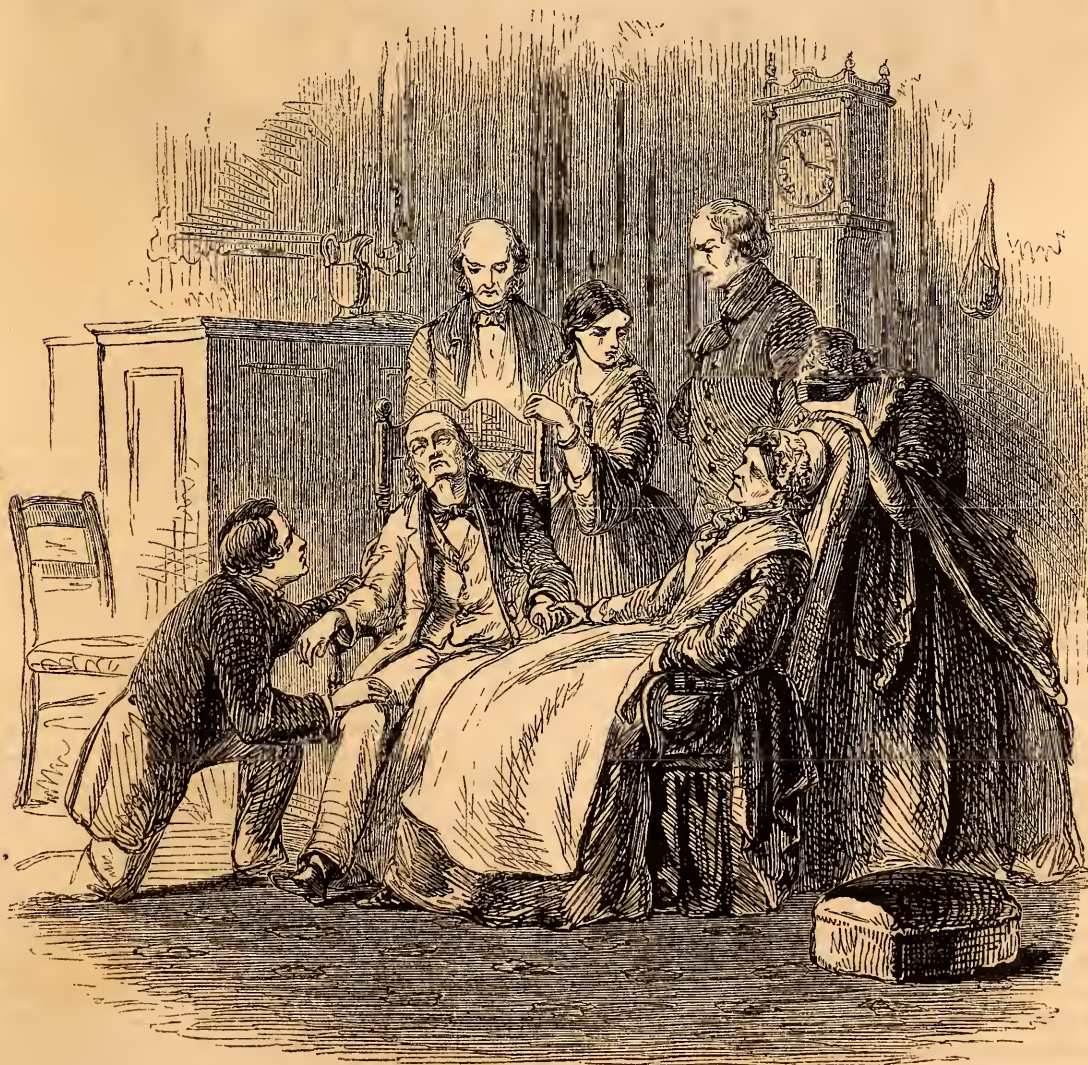
In the cold November sunshine,
In the middle of the day,
Sons and daughters stood in silence,
Gathered there from far away,

'Neath the old familiar roof-tree;
But they dared not mourn nor weep
For the two they found together—
Those dead faces calm as sleep.

Silently they kissed each other,
Silently they knelt to pray,
Lifting up their hearts to Heaven
On the blest Thanksgiving day.

Years are short and cares are heavy—
Soon they'll lay their burden down;
He who helps the cross to carry
Shall be first to wear the crown.

They shall keep their best Thanksgiving,
When their tired feet cease to roam,
Where the parents still are waiting
For the children coming home.





FÊTE IN THE GRAND HALL IN THE SALT-MINE.

POLAND OVER-GROUND AND UNDER-GROUND.

II.—UNDER-GROUND.

LAST month I left myself standing on the brink of the shaft, prepared to bid farewell for a time to Poland Over-Ground, and ready for a peep at the Under-Ground world of the famous salt-mines of Wieliczka. The preliminaries for the journey had all been arranged. The supply of fire-works, by the aid of which I was to see what I should see, had been ordered on a scale of such magnificence as to warrant the stern Herr Inspector of Workmen in vouchsafing to me expressions of his most distinguished consideration. I was the first Californian who had visited the mines; and I trust that the dignity of the Golden State did not suffer from my representation of it.

When all is ready the lamp-bearers take their seats and are lowered down below the level. The trap-door is then closed over them, and the main party arrange themselves for the descent. The doors are again opened, and at a given signal the whole party disappear from the surface of the earth. Once more the trap-doors

are closed, and now the descent commences. It was not without an impressive feeling of the uncertainty of human affairs that I glanced around me at the ribbed walls of the shaft, as we went whirling down through this gloomy abyss. Nothing was more natural than to cling with convulsive tenacity to the slender cords by which I was supported, and ask for the second time, "Is the rope strong?"

The sensation of being thus lowered into the earth was startling and peculiar. Overhead the wheel over which the rope ran was whirling rapidly; but the sound of the machinery was quickly lost, and the silence was complete. Not the slightest jar or evidence of life broke the intense stillness.

Down, lower and lower, we floated with an appalling steadiness. The sides of the shaft presented nothing but an obscure wall of massive timbers. Above, all was darkness; below, the dim rays of the lamps cast a strange and ghastly light upon every object. The effect was indescribable—as if we were descending through chaos in a nightmare. The world seemed to be



DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

broken up, and we, a remnant of its inhabitants, sinking down through an everlasting obscurity among its fragments.

In a few minutes we touched bottom; or rather, by something like instinct, the machine stopped just as we reached the base of the shaft, and allowed us to glide off gently on the firm earth. We were now at the first stage of our journey, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive that they may be said to resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These subterranean passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in every direction, opening at intervals into spacious caverns and apartments, and undermining the country for a distance of several miles. Some of them pass entirely under the town of Wieliczka. In general they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support they are sustained by immense columns of the original stratum. In former times almost all the passages were up-

held by pillars of salt, but wherever it has been practicable these have been removed and beams of timber substituted. The first stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay.—Deeper down come alternate strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface; the crystal, called *schilika*, lies in the deeper parts.

From the subordinate officer sent by the Inspector-General to accompany us I learned many interesting particulars in reference to the manner of procuring the salt. He also told some amusing legends of the prominent places, and furnished me with some statistics which, if true, are certainly wonderful. For instance, to traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require

three weeks. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed in the various operations under-ground, exclusive of those above, is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds, which, at the average market value, would be worth ten millions of gulden. Immense as this yield is it is inconsiderable, taking into view the unlimited capacity of the mines. With proper machinery and a judicious investment of labor the quantity of salt that might be excavated is almost beyond conjecture.

It is natural to suppose that the air in these vast subterranean passages must be impure, and consequently deleterious to health. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. It is both dry and pure, and, so far as I could judge by breathing it, not in the least oppressive. The miners are said to be remarkable for longevity. Several of them, according to the guide, have worked in the mines for forty years and have never been sick a day. The equanimity of the temperature is probably conducive to health.



LAMP-CARRIERS.

Only a few degrees of variation are shown by the thermometer between summer and winter. It is true that in some of the deepest recesses, which are not sufficiently ventilated, hydrogen gas occasionally collects. In one instance it caught fire and caused the loss of many lives; but precautions have since been taken to prevent similar accidents.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still, the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration in the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silent—no solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertia, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised that there were not more to be seen, but was informed that they are scattered in small par-

ties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we approached the places where they were at work the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vast solitudes; as if the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen, under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in which they worked. They were naked to the middle, having nothing on but coarse trowsers and boots, and wrought with their crow-bars and picks by the light of a few grease-lamps held by grimy little boys, with shaggy heads—members no doubt of the same subterranean family.

Some of the men were lying on their backs punching away

with tremendous toil at the rugged masses of salt overhead—their heads, faces, and bodies glittering with the showers of salt-grit that fell upon them; while others stood up to their armpits in dark holes delving into the lower crevices. Seeing our lights they stopped to gaze at us. Was it possible they were human beings, these bearded, shaggy, grimy-looking monsters? Surely, if so, they well represented the infernal character of the place. Never upon earth (the surface of it, I mean) had I seen such a monstrous group: shocks of hair all powdered with salt; glaring eyeballs overhung by white lashes flashing in the fitful blaze of lamps; brawny forms glittering with crystal powder and marked by dark currents of sweat! No wonder I stared at them with something akin to distrust. They might be monsters in reality, and take a sudden notion to hurl me into one of their infernal pits by way of pastime; in which case the only consolation would be, that, where there was such an abundance of salt, there would be no difficulty about the preservation of my remains.

After all there was something sad in the con-

dition of these poor wretches—shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in deep dark pits hundreds of feet under-ground; rooting, as it were, for life, in the bowels of the earth. Surely the salt with which other men flavor their food is gathered with infinite toil and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yet, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of the Directory they are divided into gangs as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain under-ground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines is not sustained by the facts. In former times it is quite probable such was the case. At present the administration of affairs is more humane than it was at an early period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their places. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Wherever it is practicable the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria.

How little do we reflect upon the tremendous

aggregate of toil by which the commonest article of human food is procured! Thus, as we sit at our pleasant breakfast table—the sunshine shedding its cheerful glow through the curtains upon the social circle; the white cloth, the clean knives, the buttered toast and boiled eggs, so invitingly spread before us—with what charming unconsciousness of labor we dip up a little salt and sprinkle it upon our eggs and butter! how merrily we chat over the topics of the times! To be sure there is no good reason why we should make ourselves miserable because what we relish so highly cost labor; but would it not be instructive to dwell a moment even upon a pinch of salt? Not to go into a history of the silver-mines, which have served to garnish our table; the iron-mines, which have furnished us with knives and forks; or the coal-mines, which afford us fuel with which to cook our food—what a world of salt seas, and brine-springs, and crystal caverns—what an aggregate of human toil, commerce, and enterprise that pinch of salt suggests! Yet so common is the use of this mineral that, like the air we breathe, we are scarcely conscious of its existence. Our bread, our meat, our vegetables would be flat and unpalatable without it: even to health it is indispensable.

Such reflections were naturally suggested by every thing around me—the grimy workmen, the prodigious masses of salt, the colossal beams of timber, the gloomy caverns and wonderful labyrinth of passages. Earth and salt every where! Yet, prodigious as this aggregate of labor is, and vast as are the products, the salt-mines of Wieliczka supply but an infinitesimal



GETTING OUT SALT.



THE LABLACHE OF THE MINES.

fraction of the human race. A thousand men are daily occupied in digging it out of the earth; millions of pounds are annually scattered over Poland, Prussia, and Russia: yet the whole is but "a pinch of salt."

Something akin to pity stole over me as I turned away from these poor men. It seemed scarcely credible that human beings could thus drearily struggle to preserve so gloomy an existence. Immured in these deep, dark dungeons day after day, and year after year, relieved only by intervals necessarily devoted to rest, how little they could know of

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and the garniture of fields!"

Wherever we stopped in our rambles these poor creatures gathered around us and begged for alms. Afraid to trust to my own discretion, I directed the Commissioner to give them whatever was customary. He was a kind-hearted old man, and dealt the kreutzers out freely; so that many prayers were offered up to the patron saints of the mines for the salvation of my soul.

After a long and interesting journey through various subterranean streets and caverns we emerged into the chamber of Michelawie, which is of such vast proportions that it is difficult for the eye to penetrate its mysterious gloom. A magnificent chandelier, cut out of the crystal salt, hangs from the ceiling. On grand occasions this is brilliantly lighted, and rich strains of music reverberate through the chamber. Nothing can equal the stupendous effects of a full band of brass instruments performing in this vast cavern. The sounds are flung back from

wall to wall, and float upward, whirling from ledge to ledge, till the ear loses them in the distance; then down they fall again with a fullness and volume almost supernatural. It is impossible to determine from what quarter they emanate, whether from above or below; so rich, varied, and confusing is the reverberation. Our guide, in a fine mellow voice, sang us a mining song to test the effects, and I must say I never heard such music before. Indeed so inspiring was it that I could not refrain from a snatch of my own favorite melody,

"Oh, California! you're the land for me!"

And when I heard it repeated by a thousand mysterious spirits of the air, and hurled back at me from each crystallized point of the cavern, the effect was so fine that I was struck perfectly dumb with astonishment. Lablache never made such music in his life, and no other singer of my acquaintance would be worthy of attempting it.

Soon after leaving the Chamber of Michelawie we passed over a series of wooden foot-ways and corridors, extending a distance of fifteen hundred feet, through a great variety of apartments and rugged passages, named after the royal families of Poland and Austria. There were courts, and imperial rooms, and obelisks; chapels, shrines, saints, and martyrs; long rows of niches, containing statues of the old Kings of Poland—all cut out of the solid salt. The design and execution of some of these were admirable, and the effect was gratifying as well from the artistic skill displayed as the peculiarity of the material.

Descending to a second stage by means of a



FOOT-PATH.

rough wooden stairway which winds around the walls of an immense cavern of irregular shape, we wandered through a series of tunnels, opening occasionally into chambers of prodigious height and dimensions, till our guide announced that we were approaching the Infernal Lake. The lamp-bearers in front held up their lamps, and, peering through the fitful gloom, I could discern, some distance in advance, a sheet of water the surface of which glistened with a supernaturallight. Arrived at the edge of this mysterious lake, which might well pass for the river Styx, a boat approached from the opposite shore drawn by means of a rope. Numerous dark-looking imps were at work dragging it through the water. The sides rippled in the sluggish pool, and a hollow reverberation sounded from the dark walls of the cavern.

A gateway was thrown open and we descended some steps and entered the boat. It was a square flat-bottomed craft, decorated with fancy colors, containing seats on each side, and capable of accommodating a large party. We took our places, and at a signal from the guide the boat moved slowly and silently over the dark depths, which seemed almost of inky blackness in the gloom.

As we thus floated on the infernal pool the solitude was awful. I could not but shudder at the thought that we were nearly five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The dismal black walls, roughly hewn from the solid stratum of salt and marl; the tremendous heights overhead, and the apparent great depth underneath; the fitful glare of the torches, the rough grimy faces of the attendants, and their wild costumes, gave a peculiarly infernal aspect to the scene. It was weird and sombre beyond conception.

We stopped a while in the middle of the lake to notice the strange effect of the plashing of the waters, when disturbed by a rocking motion of the boat, against the massive walls on either side. The reverberation was fearfully deep-rolling and swelling, from point to point, till lost in the



SALT COLUMNS.

labyrinth of shafts and crevices far in the distance. Around and above us were innumerable rugged points jutting out from the solid stratum, and archways reaching across deep fissures, and beams of timber braced against overhanging masses of rock. The sombre hue of the toppling canopy and rugged walls was relieved only by the points of crystal salt upon which the lights glistened; mysterious shadows flitted in the air; and pale, greenish scintillations shot out of the gloom. It was, in truth, a subterranean universe of darkness, made visible by torches of grease and stars of salt, with an infernal sea in its midst, and inhabited by a very doubtful set of people, half earthly and wholly Satanic in their appearance.

Continuing our voyage, after some minutes we approached a point beyond which all was an unfathomable wilderness of jagged walls and yawning caverns. Suddenly a blaze of blue fire burst from the gloom, throwing a ghastly hue over the crystal pinnacles, then faded slowly away. The guides now covered their lights, and we were left in utter darkness. Groans and cries were heard in the air, and plashing sounds echoed from the shores of the infernal lake. As these ceased a terrific report broke



GLÜCK-AUF.

upon the stillness, and out of the gloom arose a blaze of red fire, gradually assuming shape till it stood before us in the form of a magnificent triumphal arch, bearing upon its front the illuminated motto,

Glück-auf!

signifying "Good-luck to you!" or, literally, "Luck upon it!"—the famous greeting of the miners. Under this triumphal arch we passed slowly into an immense chamber, of such vast proportions and rugged outline that the eye failed to penetrate its profound depths. Then from various corridors, high among the conglomerate crags, descended mysterious voices, crying, one after another, "Glück-auf! Glück-auf! Glück-auf!" till the reverberation united them all in a grand chorus, so deep, so rich, varied, and powerful that mortal ears could encompass no more. Was it real? Could these be human voices

and earthly sounds? or were they the "distempered fantasy of a dream?"

At a signal from our guide the chorus ceased, and shooting fires broke out from the toppling heights, and the whole grand chamber, in all its majesty, was illuminated with showers of colored stars. The inverted arches of fire in the water—the reflected images of rocks, corridors, and precipices—the sudden contrasts of light and gloom—the scintillations of the crystal salt-points—formed a scene of miraculous and indescribable grandeur. Unable to control my enthusiasm, I shouted, at the top of my voice, "Glück-auf! Glück-auf!" The cry was caught up by the guides and torch-bearers; it arose and was echoed from rock to rock by the chorus-singers, till, like the live thunder, it leaped

—"the rattling crags among."

Our guide was evidently accustomed to these grand sights. There was a magisterial indiffer-

ence about him that was very imposing. I rather suspected he was in league with some of the infernal spirits of the place, and knew exactly when and where they would display their diabolical arts. That he had some command over them was evident from the fact that they understood every rap of his stick; and fires flashed out of the darkness and voices were heard in the distance just as it suited him. For all I know he was the Prince of Darkness himself.

Guided by the torches, we at length reached the end of the lake, where a numerous retinue of attendants awaited our landing. The ferry-men gathered around us, as usual, and demanded compensation for their labors. They were a voracious, poverty-stricken set, horribly dark and leathery, and their eyes glared with a greedy lust for "geld" when I pulled out my purse. Fortunately I was well provided with Austrian paper—the most abominable trash ever a man carried, but possessing this rare advantage that it goes a great way. A gulden divided into ten paper notes looks like a great deal of money; yet each note is really worth only four or five American cents. I counted it out freely—twenty kreutzers to each ferryman. Little did I know what I was doing! When they looked at their fees they set up a general howl and begged for more, protesting, in their rude jargon, that they always got double the amount. I appealed to the Commissioner, who assured me, confidentially, they never got half as much. At this they attacked him with reproaches and violent gesticulations, all of which he took very quietly; then they rushed to me and renewed their appeals; then to the Chief, who maintained a profound neutrality; and then clamored among themselves, their rage increasing each moment. I was apprehensive they would drag us back into the boat, and pitch us into the infernal pool, and walked away not much relishing the idea. The last I saw of them they were sitting on the side of the boat counting over their money, and chuckling as devils may be supposed to chuckle when they meet with an extraordinary piece of good luck.

We next visited the stables in which the horses are kept for hauling the salt on the subterranean railways. Many of these horses, it is said, never see daylight from the time they enter the mines. In the course

of a few weeks they lose their sight. A film gradually grows over the eyes—from what cause I could not ascertain. It may be the effects of the salt or long-continued darkness—though it does not appear that the miners suffer any inconvenience in this respect. I remember reading of some fish without any eyes at all found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Possibly having but little use for sight the horses of Wieliczka go blind from a natural disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

After visiting many chapels and shrines cut out of the solid salt we emerged into the Chamber of Letow, the magnificent Saloon of Entertainment, where, on grand occasions, such as the visit of the Emperor or any member of the Imperial family, the whole of this vast chamber is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers, carved from the crystal salt, hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached by a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt upon which the Emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the back-ground to give additional splendor to the Imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many-colored lights with a dazzling effect. The door-ways, statues, and columns are decorated with flowers and evergreens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues; the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights.

Although I was not favored with a similar display in honor of my sovereignty as a citizen of the United States, yet, by the aid of the rockets and other fire-works furnished by the Herr In-



SUBTERRANEAN STABLES.

spector-General of Workmen, and the natural grandeur of the Chamber, hewn as it is out of the solid rock of salt, I was enabled to form a vivid idea of the magnificence of the display on royal occasions.

At such times the operatives and their families, numbering not less than fifteen hundred, are invited to a festival, given by His Majesty the Emperor as a token of his friendly regard. A band of two hundred musicians perform in a special gallery set apart for their use. The Royal Visitor sits enthroned at the upper end of the saloon surrounded by his retinue. The massive chandeliers are lighted, and the walls are decorated with innumerable transparencies and colored lights. Galleries extending all around are filled with spectators, and the guests crowd the floor. The music strikes up, filling the whole vast chamber with a flood of harmony indescribably rich and powerful. The inspired miners break out into their favorite cry of greeting—"Glück-auf! Glück-auf!" and all start off in a general dance—and such a dance! The savagery of motion, the sudden jumps, the fierce energy and intense individuality of every figure can only be seen in the Polish national dance. It is the very impersonation of Slavonic wildness. The effect is heightened in the present instance by the colored lights and sumptuous decorations of the hall, and the holiday costumes of the dancers, which are singularly picturesque; and the whole scene is wonderfully brilliant and characteristic. It is of course greatly enjoyed by the Imperial spectator, who sits enthroned in the illuminated grotto.

Mingled with these festivities, however, is the depressing element of military despotism. Guards are stationed at every point; sabres and bayonets flash in the glowing lights; the clatter of swords resounds from the floors; and every motion of the dancers is watched with a jealous vigilance. None know better than the Austrians in Poland how hateful their presence is to the people.

Although the mass of the stratum of which this grand chamber is composed is of a darkish color, yet the very darkness of the ground-work serves all the better to show by contrast the glittering points of salt. The effect is inconceivably rich. The arched roof; the high rugged walls, hewn out of the solid rock; the marks of the pick and chisel visible in furrows all over, all sparkling with saline gems, give the whole cavern the appearance of being studded with diamonds. It reminds one of the grottoes under the sea described by Gulnare in the Arabian Nights. When it is considered, too, that all this splendor and these festivities—the illuminated galleries and alcoves, the chandeliers and decorations, the vast concourse of guests, the music, the dancing, the wild and fanciful costumes—are 500 feet below the surface of the earth, it is no exaggeration to say that the spectacle is unparalleled. Nothing to equal it in a similar way can be seen in any other part of the world.

We next descended by a series of stairways to the third story. This differs but little from those already described, except that the deeper one goes the wilder and more rugged become the ramifications of the mines. At one point in our journey we entered a spacious chamber some 80 or 100 feet high. Here the guide paused, and in an impressive manner struck his stick against the floor. When the reverberation had ceased he announced the important circumstance that we now stood directly under the Infernal Lake! "Ya! mein Herr," said he, "that wonderful lake, over which we sailed in a boat not half an hour ago, is over our heads; and if it should break through it would drown every one of us!" "Rather an unpleasant pickle," I thought, but could not translate the pun into German, and so let it pass.

It appears that the waters of this lake found a vent at one time, and deluged a large portion of the mines. The hole was eventually stopped, and the water carried out through the shafts. In 1815 a fire broke out owing to the carelessness of some workman, and several hundred lives were lost. The smoke extended all through the mines, and those of the panic-stricken operatives who were distant from the main shafts communicating with the surface of the earth were suffocated while attempting to escape. Others in their fright fled at random, and falling into deep pits were dashed to atoms. In 1644 another destructive fire took place. All the wood-work was seized by the devouring flames. Men and horses were roasted to death, and many of the workmen who escaped subsequently died



THE OLD COMMISSIONER.

of their injuries. This was one of the most fearful conflagrations on record. It lasted an entire year. The chambers and tunnels, deprived of their support, fell together in many places, causing immense destruction to the works. Even a considerable portion of the town of Wieliczka sank into the earth, and was engulfed in the general ruin.

I asked the old Commissioner, whose portrait I give for the benefit of future travelers, if accidents of any kind were frequent at present. His answer was that very few accidents had occurred for many years past. It was almost impossible that a fire could now take place, owing to the strict police regulations and the facilities for extinguishing flames at any point. Casualties to the workmen by the caving of banks, decay of platforms, or falling into pits were also of very rare occurrence.

The deepest point yet reached is 620 feet below the level of the sea. We did not descend into this shaft; but our guide, in order to convince us of its great depth, caused the attendants to throw some boards into it. If I were to

judge by the sounds I should say the boards must be going down yet.

The salt-mines of Wieliczka are interesting not only in themselves but in a historical point of view. They have been worked for more than seven hundred years. In the tenth century salt was dug out of them; and in the year 1240, under the government of Boleslaus, they became an important source of revenue. For several centuries they were held and worked by the Polish kings. In 1815 they were assigned to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna, and since that period have contributed largely to keep the Poles in subjection.

In concluding this hurried sketch I am unwilling to take leave of the reader without expressing my regret that it has not been in my power to make it more perfect. Want of time and data must be my excuse. Let us, however, with a retrospective glance at the gloomy depths out of which we have just emerged, shake hands before we part, and mutually thank Providence we are not compelled to labor for a subsistence in the salt-mines of Wieliczka.

A WITHERED FLOWER.

OH, soft and sweet this summer wind
Sighs through the leafy arches,
And overhead the summer clouds
Troop on in stately marches;

And with a cool and ceaseless flow
The woodland water rushes,
In many a swirling eddy, round
The dipping alder bushes.

Beyond them, where the pool is still,
The lilies, tall and slender,
Lie dreamily among the leaves
In white and golden splendor.

Oh, beautiful the place is yet,
Though many a summer's glory
Has come and gone since here I heard
That sweet, delusive story.

No change on tree, or cloud, or wave,
Has left its blighting traces:
The very violets seem to smile
From out the very places;

And lo! within this sheltered nook,
Here stands a fair white blossom—
Half-sister to the one he placed
That day upon my bosom.

I have it treasured somewhere still,
Poor, fragile little token!
Fit emblem of the plighted faith
So soon despised and broken.

And though my heart through all these years
Too cold has grown to cover
One loving memory of him
I once believed my lover,

Yet sometimes from those withered leaves
The subtle sweetness stealing,
Stirs up to passion and to grief
Long-hidden deeps of feeling.

The old rebellion and despair,
The old heart-breaking sorrow—
The desolation that could find
No hope in any morrow,

All break in bitter waves again
Upon my soul forsaken,
And leave me moaning, *I am left,*
And all my idols taken!

Ah, well! what foolish words are these,
When summer suns are shining,
And bird and flower, and brook and breeze,
All sweetnesses combining!

When One above knows all our needs,
And makes provision duly,
And loves with more than human love—
So tenderly, so truly!

My Father! help me still to lean
Upon Thy love unshaken,
And so, for all my "withered flowers,"
I shall not be forsaken!



THE MANHATTAN GAS-WORKS.

GAS AND GAS-MAKING.

MY name is DAVID BIGGS—the Mr. Biggs, in fact, of whom the readers of this Magazine have before heard, and not altogether, I must acknowledge, to my advantage. When, a few months ago, my young friend Septimus Witherspoon—now my nephew by marriage—published his account of our excursion along the wharves of New York I was naturally mortified. He now owns that his representation of me was somewhat overdrawn, though he insists that it is correct in the main features. At the time when it was written—some months before it appeared in print—I was on a visit to him at his home in Herkimer County, and having ascertained that the value of the farm and railroad stocks held by his respected aunt, Deborah Jane Witherspoon, was every way satisfactory, I was paying my addresses to that estimable lady with every prospect of success. Septimus was opposed to the match, and consequently exaggerated the little aberrations which he observed in my conduct. When the article appeared in print that lady was Mrs. David Biggs. I acknowledge that I was at first attracted to her by mercenary considerations, little knowing the sterling qualities of the woman herself. If I now present myself in a more favorable charac-

ter than formerly it is all owing to the influence of that noble woman. When she gave me her hand she made no paltry reservation of her estate. She put that wholly in my charge, and I am proud to say that her confidence has not been misplaced. The possession of property and the confidence of a true woman made a new man of me. The knowledge which I had acquired, especially of articles of food, came in good stead; my wife's property enabled me to turn that knowledge to account. I entered upon the business of manufacturing prepared meats, and secured a large Government contract for the supply of our army. That it has been a lucrative one is true; and there were few ladies at Rockbranch, where we passed the summer, who made a finer display than my wife. Her position as a fashionable lady was a little embarrassing at first, but that soon wore off, and I do not know when I have been more gratified than I was in reading in a New York paper a notice of "the magnificent dress and high-bred manners of Mrs. David Biggs." As for myself, I am proud to say that my credit in Wall Street is as good as that of any other man; and no one can look with more contempt than I do upon the former David Biggs, who used to wear my old boots and frequent "O'Sullivan Hall."

I am happy to say that my young friend Sep-

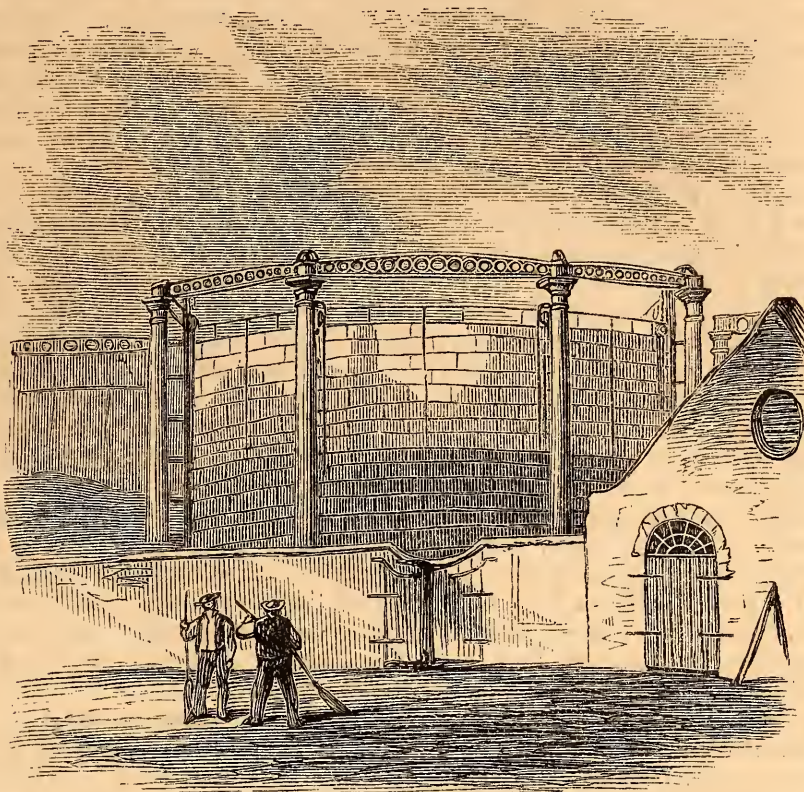
timus is thoroughly reconciled to our connection, and does me the favor to make my house his home when he happens to be in New York. He is a clever youth, though still a little "green," and I make it an object to post him up a little on matters and things in general, when occasion serves. Such an occasion happened not long since. A few evenings ago we were sitting in my parlor quietly sipping a cup of excellent coffee. I ought to have mentioned that, by the advice of Mrs. B., I have given up the use of brandy and other stimulants of that class. My excellent wife makes admirable coffee, after a method which I taught her, and I find it much better than my old beverages. We were sitting over our coffee when, all at once, the gas went out without a moment's warning, and left us in total darkness.

"What a humbug your gas is, after all, in spite of the big pots that you called gasholders, which you showed me when we took that walk along the wharves! They hold your gas now, I should think, and do not seem inclined to let you have the benefit of it," exclaimed Septimus. "I would sue the Gas Company for damages."

"Do you know any thing about gas?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he replied. "Gas, according to Worcester, is an 'aeriform fluid—a term applied to all permanently elastic fluids or airs differing from atmospheric air.' Webster's definition is to about the same purpose: 'A permanently elastic aeriform fluid, or a substance reduced to the state of an aeriform fluid by its permanent combination with caloric.'"

"That is very well," I replied; "but do you know any thing about the particular form of gas which is used in lighting our city; how it is produced, and how distributed through our streets and houses?" He acknowledged his ignorance; whereupon I inquired if he would like to learn about it. He expressed an ardent desire for information. I thereupon promised on the following day to take him through the gas-works, and to explain to him the whole process of the manufacture, adding that in the mean while I would give him a little preliminary information. I went on to explain to him that the original gases were those contained in the air we breathe—to wit, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen. Farther, that oxygen and nitrogen, in a state of mechanical



GASHOLDERS.

mixture, made atmosphere, which also contained aqueous vapor, and carbonic acid in small quantities, and near large cities certain amounts of ammonia. The more impure air is, the more the oxygen diminishes and sulphureted hydrogen and carbonic acid increase. All this, of course, was going over old matter; but still it was necessary that he might fairly understand what I was about to say farther, as I perceived he was becoming interested in the matter.

I wished to make him understand the importance of that unseeable, smellable article, generally denominated "gas," which we daily and hourly consume for the purposes of light and heat. I therefore dilated upon the immense importance of the article, and of light generally. I asked him what would the world be without light, even after sunset? I spoke of the discomfort of poking about in darkness, or going to bed at 6 P.M.

All animal and vegetable substances in combustion, I went on to say, give out light and heat. All substances of a fatty or oleaginous nature are composed of carbon and hydrogen, and when exposed to a certain heat, resolve into carbureted and bi-carbureted hydrogen or olefiant gas, which is inflammable, giving out a fine white light. All this, I said, was the simple and entire theory of gas. What improvements time will make, based upon those first principles, time will show. Pneumatic chemistry has already shown that gas can be made from water by separating the hydrogen. Some practical attempts have been made within the last two years, but without arriving as yet at any great results.

It was proposed by this method to produce gas at a cost of 48 cents per 1000 feet—rather a saving, when it is considered that we have to pay two dollars or more per 1000 feet.

It was very plain that Septimus was interested, and consequently I was determined, while my hand was in, to give him a general lesson on the subject. Under this resolve I thought it would not be a bad idea to trace the history of gas from the earliest record. To do this I did not have to go far back; for though something new turns up every day about those stern forefathers of ours, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Egyptians, yet so far it would be pretty hard to prove them the first discoverers of gas. The Chinese claim to have understood the properties of inflammable gas for centuries, and to have practically used it. The "centuries" I will not indorse; but that they have had natural gas in the neighborhood of Pekin, and possibly in other parts of the kingdom, for many years, is certainly a fact. This gas flows from the coal beds, and they claim that its use first taught them to produce the same article by art. The flowing of natural gas is no novelty, the circumstance occurring in many places in England and on the continent of Europe. In this country the most marked instances are the lighting of the town of Fredonia, in the State of New York, and of the light-house and other buildings at Port-

land, on Lake Erie. In the record of the transactions of the Royal Society for 1667, this flowing and burning of natural gas is mentioned as occurring at Wigan, in Lancashire. It has long ceased to be a novelty, being a case of constant occurrence in any coal district while boring for wells.

"But your gas," interrupted Septimus, "I mean that which left us in darkness a few minutes ago, isn't natural gas. I happened the other day into a big building where a lot of stout fellows were shoveling coals into a row of ovens. I asked them what they were doing, and they said they were making gas. I took a sketch of the place, and here it is."

"Very good," I replied; "you saw only one part of the process of making gas; a very complicated operation it is too, as you will find tomorrow, when you come to see it. Now while I am posting you up a little beforehand about the history of gas and gas-making, don't you go to sleep, as you did when I was telling you about the commercial history of New York. I don't like people to go to sleep when I am talking to them."

Septimus laughed, for that little episode in our former journey has got to be a standing joke between us. Mrs. Biggs looked a little sour, for that excellent woman is somewhat tender upon the subject of my former way of life.



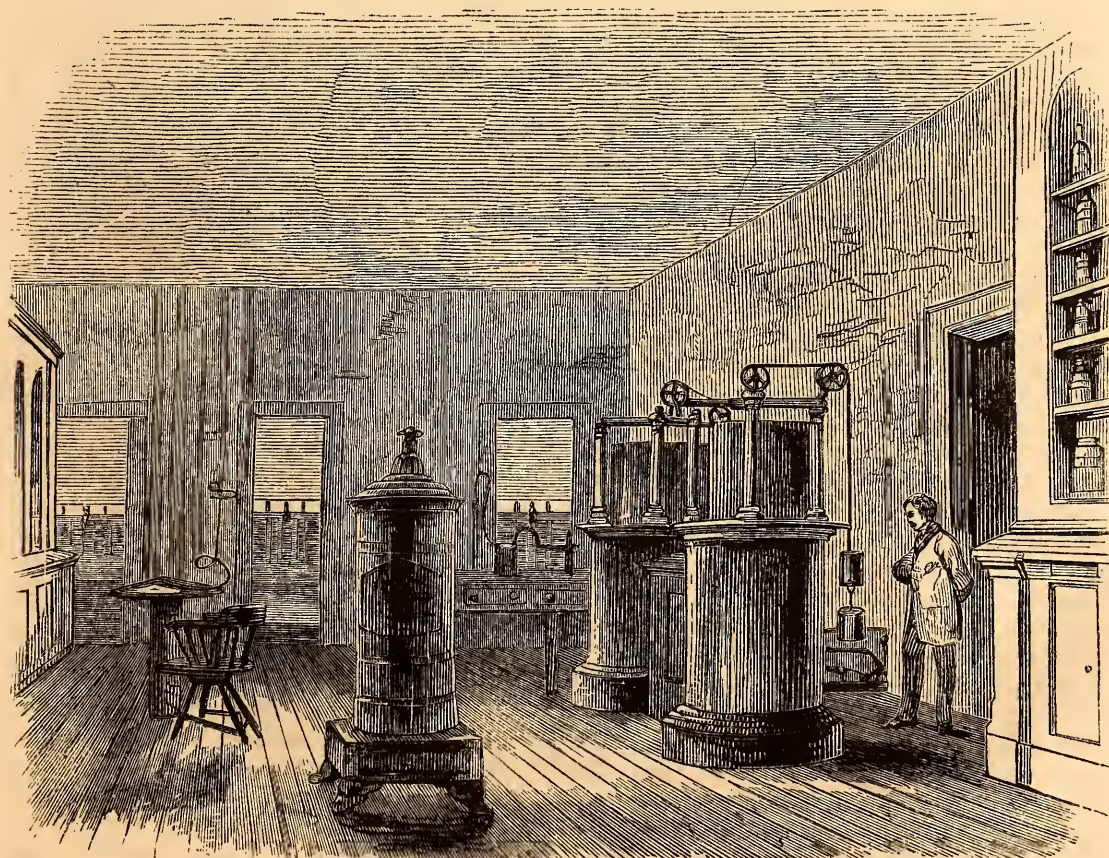
MAKING GAS.

In 1726, I continued, referring to a memorandum, which I happened to have in my pocket, Dr. Hales published a work on Vegetable Statics, in which he gives the result of some experiments in producing coal gas. He states that he made 180 cubic inches of gas from 158 grains of coal. In 1733 the Rev. John Clayton first brought the matter into tangible shape by experiments, and by sending bladders containing specimens of gas to the Royal Society. In 1739 there is entered upon the records of the Society his account of the first discovery. He says, after putting some coal in the retort: "At first there came over only phlegm, afterward a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose which I could nowise condense. I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of a candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again several times." Weighing all this, I gave it as my opinion that the Rev. John Clayton was the first real discoverer of inflammable gas.

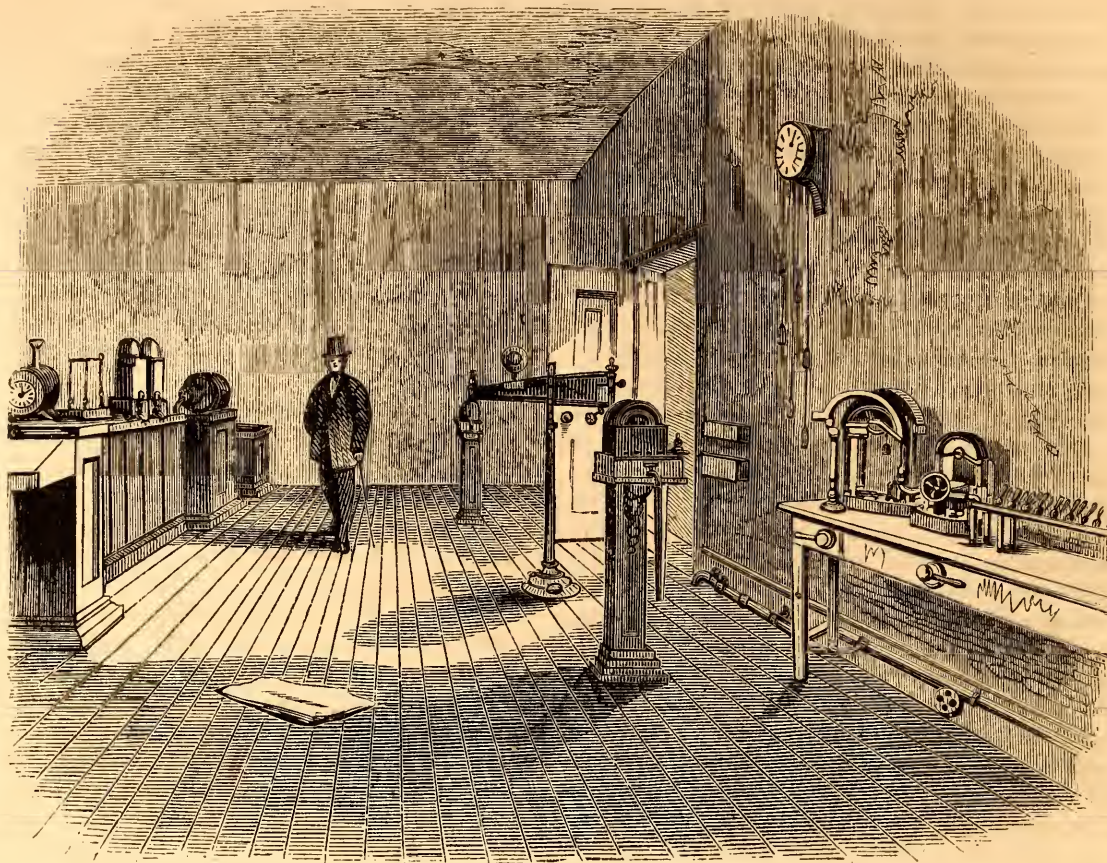
After this I told my young friend of the practical adaptation of it. How Mr. Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall, exhibited it publicly, and afterward lighted the foundry of Messrs. Boulton and Watt—famous as connected with the origin of steam-engines—with it in 1802. From that time the march was rather rapid. In 1804 the Lyceum Theatre of London was lighted with it. In 1813 Westminster Bridge used it with great success, and the following year the entire of Westminster adopted the new light. Two years later the city of London fell into the line, and

its streets blazed with the wickless lamps. Up to this time the ignorance of the properties of gas did not lie alone with the vulgar. It extended into high places, even to the making of scientific men oppose its introduction. It is told that, in the year 1813, when the first attempt was made to light the Houses of Parliament, the noble lords and gentlemen commoners would put their hands timidly on the pipes and express their astonishment that they were not hot. The architect of the building also insisted that five inches space should be left between the wood-work and the supposed fiery pipes.

And now, to show that our own land was not behind in the struggle for light, I went on to say how, in 1815, Mr. James M'Murtrie moved in the Philadelphia city councils for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of lighting that place with gas. The next year Baltimore commenced the experiment, she being the first city in the United States making and using the article. Boston followed suit in 1822, and in 1823 several other cities did the same, including New York, which commenced by incorporating the New York Gas Company with a capital of \$1,000,000, though the actual lighting did not occur until 1825. In 1830 the Manhattan Gas Company was incorporated with a capital of \$500,000, which has since been increased to \$4,000,000. At the present day the gas stock of the United States represents the total sum of \$50,000,000, embraced in over three hundred companies. The price of gas to the con-



THE LABORATORY.



THE PHOTOMETER ROOM.

sumer varies according to the nearness of a city to the coal districts, as well as by the quantity they manufacture, the largest makers, of course, affording it at a more reduced rate than the small towns. Pittsburg is undoubtedly the lowest, charging but \$1 80 per 1000 feet, while Auburn and Watertown, New York, Belfast, Maine, and Charlotte, North Carolina, are the dearest; all these places charging \$7 00 per 1000 feet. New York, Boston, and Cincinnati give the consumer the pure thing for \$2 50 per 1000 feet. Philadelphia charges \$2 13; Chicago, \$3 50; Troy, \$3 60; St. Louis, \$3 50, and Richmond, Virginia, \$2 85. The city of London charges six shillings (\$1 40) per 1000 feet. I read these statistics from a memorandum which I had made a year or two before, but I thought the figures were about the same now.

There are, I continued, two gas-houses in the city, or rather two companies, one of which, the Manhattan, has three places of manufacture; the first at Sixty-fifth Street, North River, the second at Eighteenth Street, North River, and the third at Fourteenth Street, East River. This company has for its district all the city from the north side of Grand Street to the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. Within this territory they have 230 miles of cast-iron main laid, employ 1500 men, and serve 30,000 customers. The other company—the New York—has one place of manufacture at the foot of Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, their district being all the city south of Grand Street. They have 130 miles of cast-iron main laid, and serve 11,000

customers. Besides these, there is a company in Harlem, which supplies the gas for the part of the city above Seventy-ninth Street.

This preliminary information having been given, I told my nephew that I was the fortunate owner of a number of shares in the Manhattan, bought with a part of his excellent aunt's money. "And a most capital investment too, my dear," I added to my wife, "if this foolish movement for increasing the price of the gas on account of the war-tax does not lead the Legislature to annul our privileges. We were making money enough to enable us to submit to the tax ourselves, and furnish gas at the old price. Better left well enough alone. But we shall see what we shall see."

As I knew personally the chief engineer, I was sure he would show us over the works; and so next day we would pay them a visit. Thither we proceeded on the following morning, and found my friend the engineer at leisure to conduct us over the works. He seemed to think we had done him a personal favor by the visit. He is sure of my vote for his continuance in the place.

The first room into which we were introduced was the draughting-room—the spot where all the plans, elevations, maps, and general work of an architectural or topographical nature is executed. This room, though entirely essential to the works, not coming strictly under the head of gas, did not elicit my young friend's admiration.

Through this to what the engineer terms "The Laboratory"—an apartment of about twen-

ty-five feet square, scrupulously clean and solemnly in order, wherein all the experiments are made of testing, improving, altering, and mixing. Shelves with numberless glass-stoppered vials fill one side of it, and well-polished and painted bits of gas machinery loom up through the floor. From this room, like a passage from life to death, we enter upon the "Photometer Room"—a tomb-like, dismal apartment, dedicated to the purpose of testing the strength of gas by candle-power. The walls and ceiling were, as a Milesian gentleman would express it, whitewashed black, that effect being produced with lampblack and turpentine to prevent any reflection of light. The shutters closed without a seam to admit even a twinkle, and there in the blackest of darkness we were. Out of this darkness came the voice of the engineer laying down the rules by which the strength of gas is judged as compared with a candle of sperm or wax. The practical portion was shown by lighting a gas jet at one end of a frame standing in the centre of the room, and a candle on the other end of the same frame. The gas coming through this jet is made, by means of a regulator, to burn at the uniform rate of 5 cubic feet per hour. On a slide, running exactly in a line between candle and gas jet, which are 100 inches apart, is a round frame on which is stretched

paper, oiled all but a small circular spot in the centre, which is left plain. When this frame is midway between gas and candle, the plain spot is easily seen on the candle side, the gas being the stronger light. As it is brought along the slide nearer the candle this clear spot disappears, until at a certain point both sides of the paper will look alike, the light being equalized. This slide is marked into certain divisions and numbered, by which the actual strength of the gas is known, as compared with the candle. With this instrument the engineer is enabled to tell to a nicety the article he is giving the public, and to give it them at a uniform strength of fifteen candles for each burner when consuming at the rate of 5 cubic feet per hour. It is, as Septimus very nicely observed, the "Tasting Room," where, after the company has cooked up a nice potful of their favorite fluid, they help themselves to a spoonful or two to see how it will suit the palate.

Just below the Photometer Room, on the ground-floor, is another pleasant little playhouse, where a perfect machine for the manufacture of gas is set up, on a miniature scale, for the purpose of testing coal, or completing any experiments for which the great works would not be suitable. It is in this room that all gas-making products are tried, especially such coal



THE RETORT HOUSE.

as may be offered to the company, and its relative value found out.

Once more, and again, besides this miniature gas-house is another of a like style, but of larger dimensions, also for testing coal, and for rougher and larger experimental purposes. This is merely the great works on a reduced scale, the machinery being identical, and the retort exactly the same as that used for ordinary manufacturing.—This small gas-works has a capacity for turning out 4500 feet per twenty-four hours, almost enough in itself to light up a small town.

At the moment that we were about to emerge from the infantine into the parent works, I saw a look of indecision upon the face of Septimus and a halting movement. I saw him take the arm of the chief engineer, and draw him gently aside as he whispered a word or two in his ear. I saw the engineer raise his eyes with a slightly-astonished look, and I felt morally certain that my young friend had been saying something ridiculous.

"Danger! Why, my dear Sir," says the engineer, "we never have any accidents happen here. You are quite as safe as you would be in your own house."

Septimus looked rather foolish, and immediately said to the engineer that the danger he apprehended was not so much to life and limb as a desire to know whether the inhalation of gas was not calculated to destroy the sanitary equilibrium. A slight smile from the engineer, and a search through some documents which he drew from an inside pocket, I think, settled that matter to my companion's satisfaction. The clencher was the "Extract of a Report of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania, held at Philadelphia May 29, 1851:"

"Reports from the various districts of the city were read, but they presented nothing new except the following:

"The Gas Manufacturing Company of the District of the Northern Liberties has greatly improved the health of the neighborhood in which it is located, which was the lowest and most unhealthy part of the district. The residents there had previously been unusually subject to dysentery and autumnal fevers; and during the cholera season of 1833, previous to the erection of the gas-works, the disease was more prevalent and fatal than in any other part of the district. During the last epidemic not a case of cholera occurred in the neighborhood, and dysentery and autumnal fever have entirely disappeared. The Superintendent farther states that several persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints have been employed at the gas-works, and have become perfectly well."



FILLING A RETORT.

There was of course nothing to be said now by Septimus about entering on the main works, and the engineer consequently ushered us into the Retort House. In this building were 1000 retorts, the company using in all 2900 retorts. This retort is similar to one half a pipe, cut lengthwise, and shut up at one end. It is made of clay, the experience of the last few years proving this article superior to iron in wear as well as in other minor requisites. These retorts have heretofore been manufactured at Ghent (in Belgium) and in England; but we are now getting them up at several places in this country in a satisfactory way, the most perfect of which is the Ohio and Jersey City make. A properly made retort will last two years.

After the coal has been thoroughly tested and become dry it is mixed in equal quantities of American and English for use. These retorts are set in a frame-work of brick, with the open end outward, pretty much like the mouth of an old-fashioned oven. The fire, which is lighted below, burns entirely around them with a fierce heat. Into these retorts the coal is put by gangs of stalwart men, who play about in the fire like salamanders, seeming really to enjoy the burning. Three men are assigned to each bench of retorts—a bench consisting of fifteen—which bench they are expected to manage entirely, but not to sit down on. The charging, or filling, of these retorts is a piece of work that must not only be done skillfully, but it must be executed with great rapidity, that no more gas may escape and be wasted than is absolutely necessary. To work this quickly a shovel, or scoop, is made which holds 110 pounds of coal; two of these

scoops stand ready filled, and as soon as the retort is cleared from the coke it contains the scoops are run in, emptied, and the lid again clapped on, and fastened so tightly that no gas can find its way out. These charges remain in five hours, and the time consumed in changing and charging a bench of retorts is fifteen minutes. After all the gas is extracted the coke, which remains in the form of carbon, is an excellent fuel. One half the quantity produced is used in the works for heating the retorts, or other purposes; the other half is sold. The increase in bulk, in the change from coal to coke, is about 100 per cent., but, of course, with a great diminution in weight.

Septimus was delighted with the simplicity of the operation, and seemed to incline to the belief that, with a stone jar and a charcoal furnace—such as he felt sure I could furnish him from the household stock—he could light up my

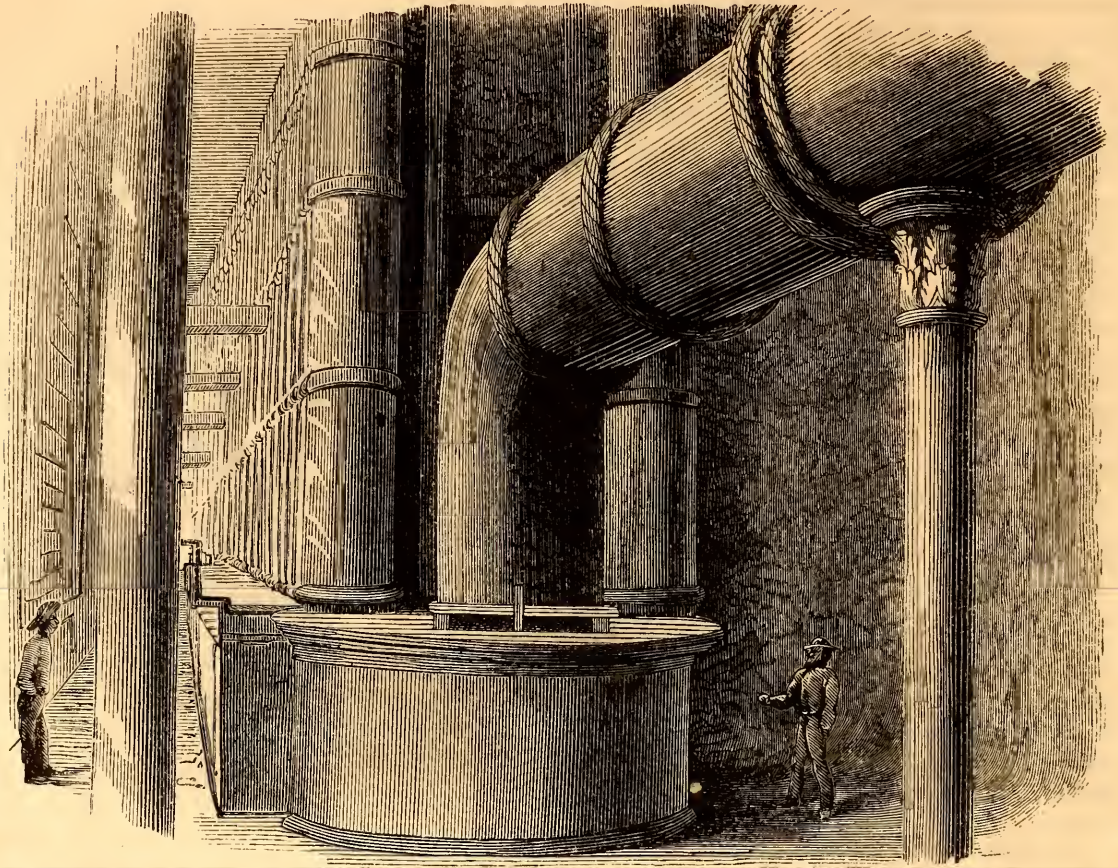
dwelling beautifully, and be no longer dependent on the company. I think about this time that the engineer took him down a foot or two by saying,



DRAWING A CHARGE.



WETTING COKE.



THE CONDENSER.

"Now we have the gas, to be sure, but in a very crude, bad state, and unfit for burning. As it is, it would not flow through the pipes; and if it did, would burn black and smoky, keeping the air continually full of flying specks. We must work it up a little yet—condense it and purify it—wash it, and make it generally fit to offer an intelligent and cleanly public. To do this, the gas is led away by pipes to the Condensers. The object is to rid it of the tar; and to do this we must pass it through pipes surrounded by water. Through the pipes it travels almost an endless road, up one pipe and down another, until, disgusted with its tarry condition, it gives up that portion of its impurity, and dodges out of the condenser."

I thought by this time, looking at my young friend, that he did not seem so anxious to enter upon experimental gas-making; his ardor cooled under the condenser. The engineer resumed:

"Not so fast, though! we're not done with the article yet. It is not so clean that it may show its face unblushingly to the public. The more ignorant portion of the people still have their prejudices alive about their good friend 'Gas;' and for that reason it would be as well to make him as presentable as possible. It has been a hard fight to give him position in the face of prejudice and error, and it is only within a few years that the most fearful stories of gas have ceased to be retailed. In England the introduction was attended with determined opposition, and nothing but the most positive evidence of its wonderful effect could have prevailed

against the loads of ignorance that sought to crush it. In 1823 forty witnesses were examined before a committee of the House of Commons, every one of whom testified against gas. Some declared that it had affected their throats and those of their family; others that it had produced disease of different forms; some that it had spoiled their clothes and ruined their furniture; and, in fact, no charge that could be thought of, having the slightest semblance to possibility, but was brought. In spite of all this the report was in its favor, and our useful friend forced his way against all slander. In 1814, on the occasion of the illuminations and festivities for the declaration of peace, a most unfortunate affair occurred for the character of gas. Mr. Clegg, the great gas engineer, had put up a magnificent pagoda in Hyde Park to illuminate, when Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity, undertook to set off fire-works from the top, just previous to the illumination, by which he set the pagoda on fire and destroyed it. The accident, of course, was laid to the gas.

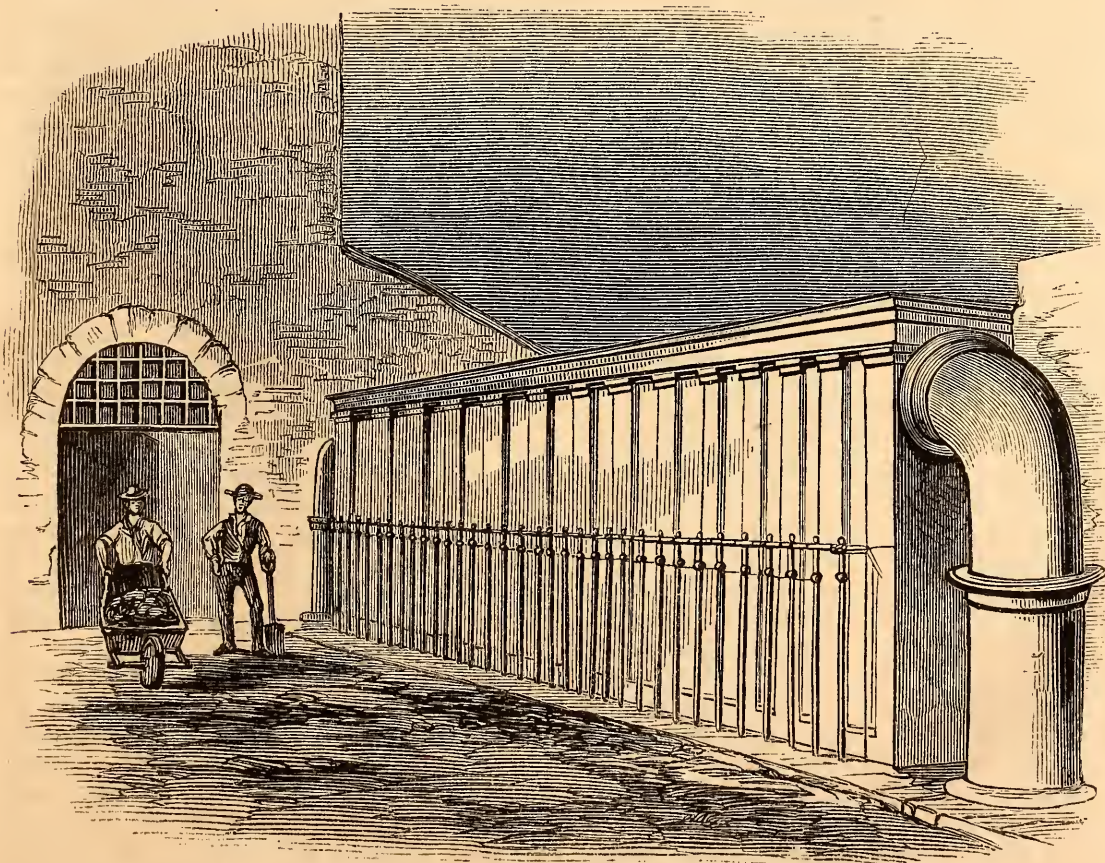
"It has been the same in this country even as late as within ten years, though if we go back a quarter of a century we can remember many of the most terrible stories that ever were told to a scape-grace child put forth as actual facts in the battle against gas. In 1833 Mr. S. V. Merrick, of Philadelphia, one of the originators and stoutest advocates of the new light, opened a correspondence with the Mayors of the different cities where gas-works were in operation, and with the presidents of different insurance companies,

as well as with such persons as had become any way experienced in its use, for the purpose of showing by the publication that gas was more healthy, more economical, safer, and in every way better than oil. He certainly succeeded as far as common-sense can succeed against prejudice and interested ignorance. In this very year the city gas-lighting movement had made so strong a head that the oil-men began to feel it in a vital spot—the pocket. As a sort of counter action—a Mrs. Partington effort to brush back the sea with a broom—the great dealers in oil at New Bedford and other places to the eastward sent out agents offering to light various cities, where gas had already been introduced, with oil, charging at the rate of 80 cents per gallon when the market price ruled at \$1 02½. In spite of all this new companies were organized in various parts of the United States, and every day added to the new improvements and to the profits.”

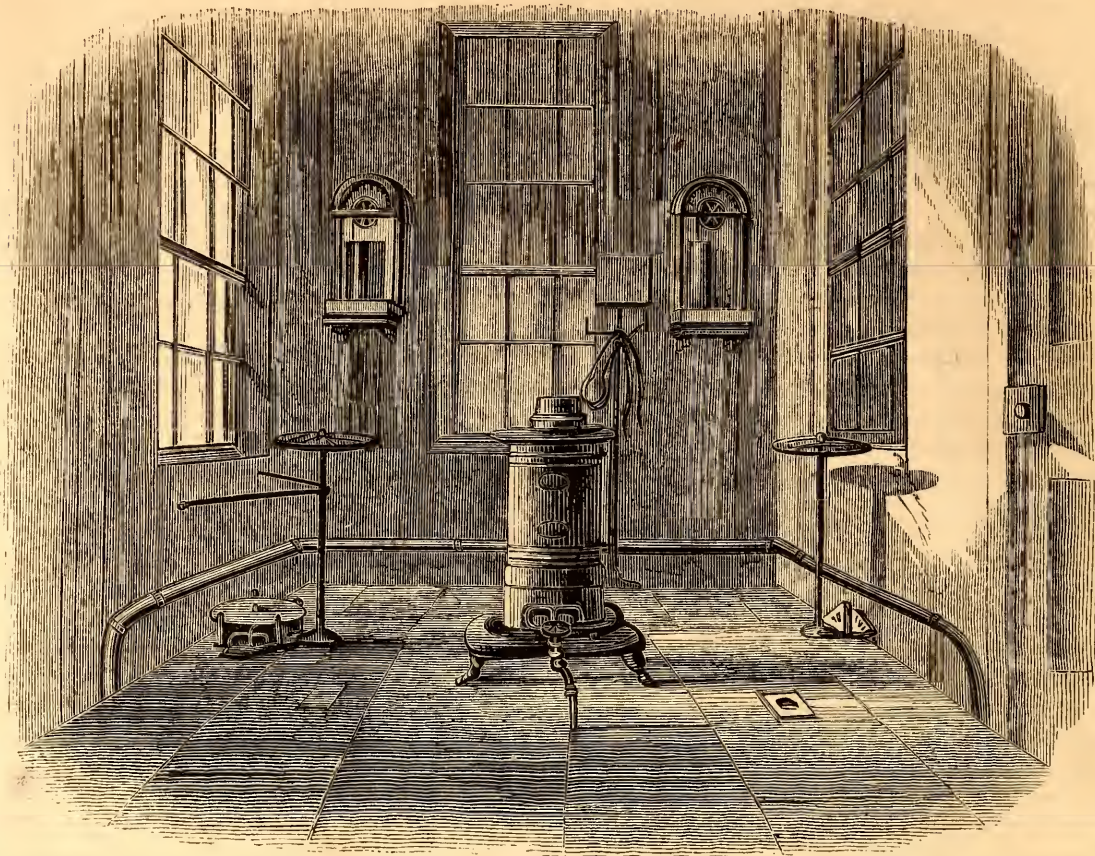
Septimus here broke in to ask about explosions—a question that showed in a moment a lingering memory of those past days when we were entertained by old women with stories of the terrible effects that would ensue should the gas-house take fire. Nothing less was foretold in such case than the entire destruction of the city by an indiscriminate bursting of pipes everywhere. The engineer soon set all that right by showing that such a thing as an explosion could not occur unless by an escape of gas and an equal admixture with oxygen. When this occurs, and the gas has no chance to escape

into open space, the contact with a light will cause an explosion. Fatal accidents have occurred from this cause, as fatal accidents will always occur where ignorant or careless people are. There can be no doubt whatever that the occurrence of accidents from lamps and candles far exceeded those that have arisen from gas. The stationary light must certainly be an immense point gained over those that could be carried into dangerous places, when the mere question of accidents from fire is taken into consideration.

To go back to the condenser—the merit of which invention belongs, as I went on to explain to my nephew, aided now and then by a hint from the engineer, to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, who was the first to discover and make public the fact that gas retained its inflammable quality after passing through water. He gave the world the benefit of his discovery in his “Chemical Essays,” published in 1769. We follow the gas after its purification from tar. The next move upon the board is to take from our friend the elements that do not tend to his improvement as an inflammable article. The first of these separations necessary to be made is a divorce from ammonia—an article that exists in considerable quantities, diminishing the illuminating power and injuring the pipes and meters. To accomplish this Mr. Gas is conducted gently into a vessel denominated a “Washer,” where he passes through water, under water, over water, and has water thrown on him by a fountain-like stream that continually plays



THE PURIFIER.



THE VALVE ROOM.

through the vessel. This washer is a circular tank constructed with reference to the action of the water upon every particle of gas. The ammonia having an affinity for water becomes easily separated, and flows out in the form of ammoniacal liquor.

By this plan from eight to ten gallons of this strong-smelling fluid are extracted from the gas produced from one ton of coal, which, with the same quantity of tar gathered from the same gas by the efforts of the condenser, goes somewhat toward the expense of making our friend clean and presentable. This process of separating the ammonia is the invention of Mr. Croll, an English gas engineer of great reputation. The tar is used for various mechanical purposes of value, such as the making of naphtha, carbo-naphtha, carboline oil, burning fluid, tar oil, and asphalte; and the ammoniacal liquor goes into the hands of manufacturing chemists, who extract about fourteen ounces of sulphate of ammonia from each gallon of the liquor. Chloride of ammonium, or sal-ammoniac, which formerly was only to be obtained from the excrement of the camel, is now made from this same liquid.

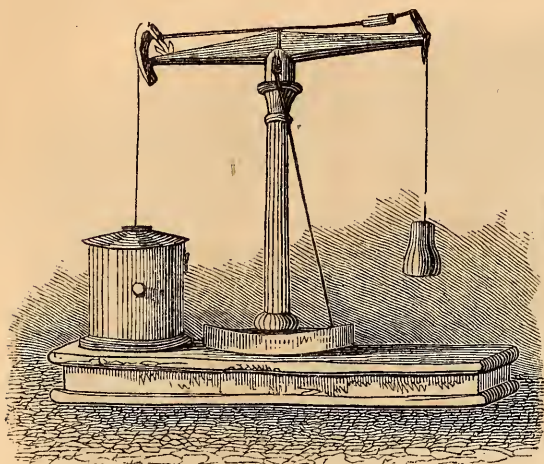
The gas having now been discharged from the washer, much, as I think, to the satisfaction of Septimus, who was, I am inclined to believe, fearful lest it should become mixed with the water, is forced to find its way to the "Purifier." This is an iron box or tank intended to remove the sulphur still remaining in the gas, and interfering with its good properties. The purifier contains several tiers of trays or sieves, separa-

ted from each other, and held by a projection on the inside of the box or tank. In each of these trays is spread powdered lime slightly dampened. The gas is introduced at the bottom of the tank, and is forced upward through this powdered lime, which has the effect of seizing upon the sulphur and turning out the gas as pure as human ingenuity has so far been enabled to make it; while the refuse lime, when no longer fit for purifying, is sold for the purposes of manure. The component parts of the gas now are, olefiant gas, hydrocarbon vapor, hydrogen, light carbureted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and a small portion of nitrogen.

"And now," says Septimus, "the gas is made, let's go home and get something to eat."

I could not help expressing a slight symptom of disgust at my young friend. How could I when the circumstances of our visit were taken into consideration? It was for his instruction that I had come, and now he allowed "something to eat" a place of greater importance than mental food. I was glad, however, to see that the engineer did not mind it, merely smiling upon the derelict Herkimerian, and saying:

"Yes, the gas is now made, but there is yet the labor of keeping it and of distributing it. Experience has taught us that it is as necessary that we should keep a stock on hand as that a shop-keeper should have goods to sell. Our sixteen gasholders are not a bit too much for our stock on hand, though the largest are 95 feet in diameter by 60 feet in height; these gas-



THE GOVERNOR.

holders are capable of containing from 250,000 to 500,000 feet. This is now the ordinary capacity of the gasholder, though in the year 1814 a deputation of the Royal Society, headed by the great Sir Joseph Banks, after visiting the works of the Westminster Company, advised Government to restrict them to 6000 feet in capacity, as an increase on that size would be attended with great danger. There is now one at Philadelphia capable of containing 1,000,000 feet."

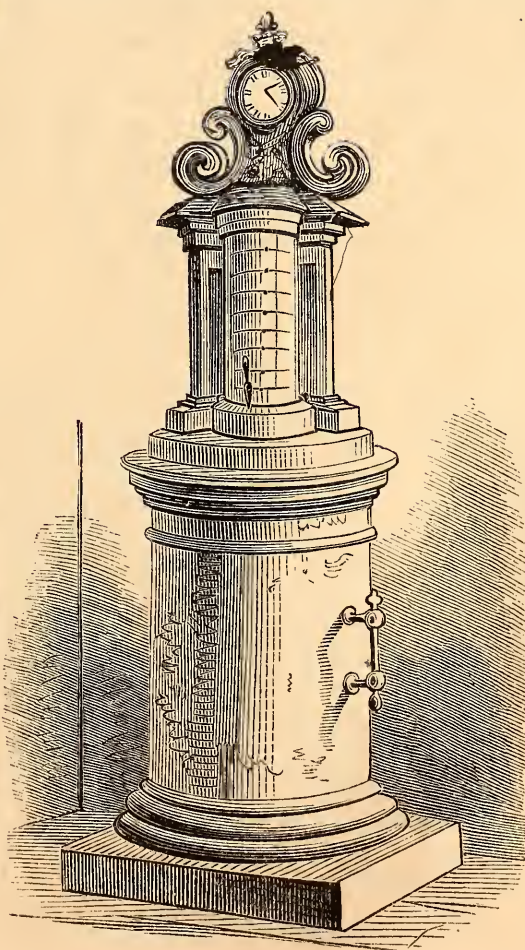
The gasholder is a large inverted iron pot slung from a frame-work of iron. The inversion is made in a tank built of brick and kept filled with water. It is in fact only our childhood's trick of the tumbler inverted on a saucer of water and filled with smoke. This holder is constructed of plates of iron, riveted together, the seams at the time of riveting being filled with a composition rendering them infallibly gas-tight. They have of course no bottom, the gas being introduced by a pipe leading up above the surface of the water, while the outlet is similar. This great iron pot is suspended to the frame by chains, which run over wheels, having attached to the other end sufficient weight to balance the holder and allow it to rise gently as the gas enters, or fall as the gas goes out. The pressure requisite to raise this huge mass of iron is equal to the raising of water five inches in the tube. In the midst of the group of gasholders stands a small building, "the Valve Room," where at a glance can be seen the quantity that has gone into each holder, and as soon as sufficient has entered the valve is closed and the supply directed to another holder. In winter it is necessary to prevent the water in these tanks from freezing: this end is achieved by pouring tar into the space between the inner side of the tank and the outer side of the holder to the depth of a couple of inches.

"The gas," said our guide, "is now ready for delivery to customers; but there is still a question as to how it shall reach them in such a way that one will be as well served as another. In a city lying as flat as New York this is not so much of a difficulty; but where there is great variation in the elevation of certain streets or districts a governor to the pressure becomes

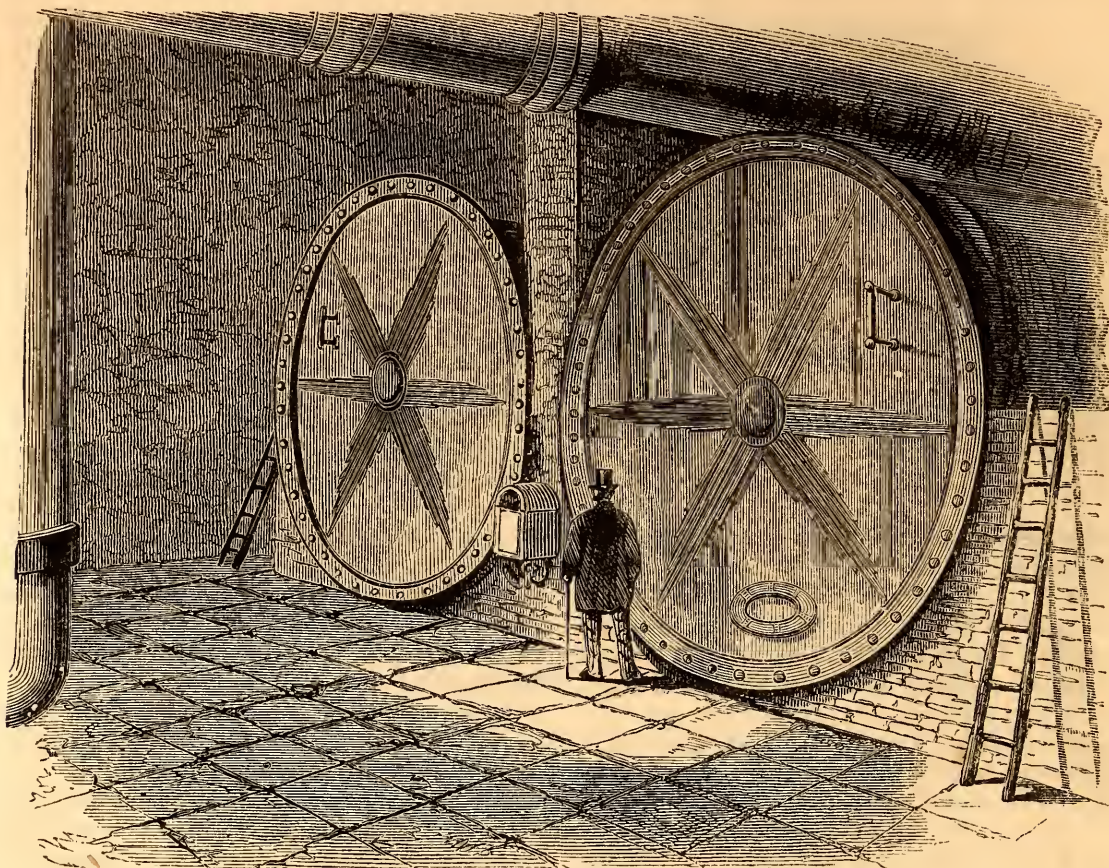
absolute, or those living in high spots would be crowded with gas, even to leakage, while those living on low ground would be almost lightless. To rectify this "the governor" was made to intervene between the gasholders and the mains. The governor is simply a gasholder on a small scale suspended like a bell, with a balance weight, and having an inlet and outlet pipe, the first having suspended over it a conical piston which regulates the admission of the gas in the inverse ratio of its pressure. To do this the piston is so constructed that it works on the principle of a bellows-valve, shutting the inlet pipe partially when the pressure is greatest. When once the gas is admitted to the cylinder or gasholder above the inlet pipe there is no farther trouble, it passes at a uniform rate into the mains.

"And now, gentlemen," says the engineer, "the gas is ready for customers, and, without taking any mischances into account, will be delivered at their doors, or even in the most private and tabooed apartment of their houses, in quantities to suit."

Then the engineer rubbed his hands, and looking straight at Septimus, said: "If we were like the sewers of Paris with our mains, gentlemen, I might take you through and show you that even after the produce of our retorts, condensers, and washers, is consigned to the bowels of the earth our care for it does not cease. As we can not, however, go physically, we will men-



THE REGISTER.



THE STATION METER.

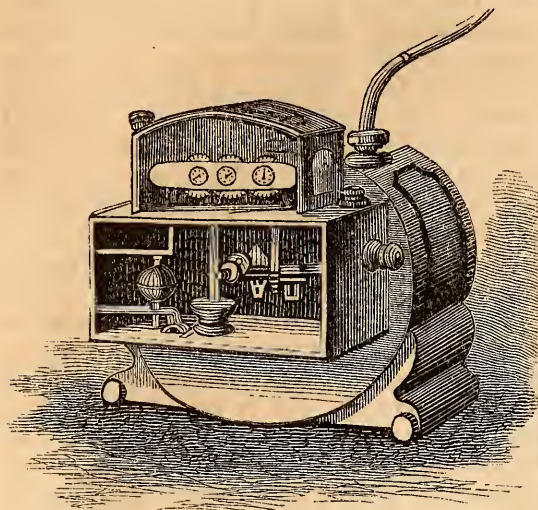
tally." Here the engineer unrolled a mass of drawings to act as a guide in our dark passage, and proceeded :

"You will perceive, gentlemen, before we enter, that it is necessary to keep up within the works a certain amount of pressure that the gas may find its way to the customer. The regulation of this pressure is a very nice thing, and must be attended to with great care. Through the day a uniform rate is kept on of $\frac{8}{10}$ ths of an inch ; or, in plain words, such pressure as will raise water in a tube that distance. At night the pressure is increased according to the hour and the season—as, for instance, in winter, double the quantity of gas is burned than in summer : the pressure consequently is increased, and the same rule must be followed during different hours of the night. More gas is burning at 9 P.M. than at 12 P.M., and more at the latter hour than at 3 o'clock in the morning. That all this may be attended to properly a reliable man is kept at the pressure-gauge day and night, acting under instructions as to proper force. That the faithfulness of this watchman may be secured, a silent watchman is put over him in the shape of a 'register' in the office within, which marks through the still hours of the night the rate of pressure kept up. This pressure-indicator is a cylinder covered with paper and revolving by clock-work. Against it rests the point of a pencil, which pencil is acted upon by the pressure of the gas in the mains, and records in a rising or falling line as perfect a tell-tale of the doings of the watchman as would that famous

speaking-bird of 'Arabian Nights' fame. The variation of pressure is from $\frac{8}{10}$ ths of an inch to 3 inches.

"And now, gentlemen," continued our friend, waving his hand toward the drawings of pipes, as though he expected us to perform the feat of crawling bodily through them, "into the mains we go. The first pipe, as you see, is 30 inches in diameter, that being the largest size used, from that down to nothing. These pipes are of the invariable length of 12 feet. As we go on you will see that these mains are not laid exactly horizontal, but all run down hill a little, which is the inclination of the mains to the drips. You have no doubt observed frequently when passing through the streets a cast-iron plate, on which the letters 'Gas drip' stand out. To explain this it is necessary to show that after the gas goes into the mains it is subject to condensation in some degree. Carburated hydrogens, our friend being of that family, condense into oil, and as it would not be good to remain in the pipes, provision is made to have it run off into these drips or receptacles by the gradual inclination of the pipes.

"You will also perceive as you go on spots here and there, where your passage is barred by a closed door, without crack or crevice. These are the 'valves.' We use two kinds of valves, the hydraulic and the slide or spring valve. The hydraulic valve is used only in the works, while the other is used through the streets. The object is to shut off the gas from any certain district when it becomes necessary, through any



THE WET METER.

accident or leakage—the last of which is a matter of so much importance to a gas company that every precaution must be taken to combat it. Our average loss from leakage, condensation, etc., is 12 per cent. of all the gas manufactured. The hydraulic valve works much on the same principle as the gasholder, being an inverted cup covering the top of a pipe, the edges of the cup immersed in water. The slide valve shuts like the sliding cover of a box, being accurately fitted to leave no aperture. Now, gentlemen, you have no farther interruption through the mains until you reach your own homes, if you can only manage to squeeze through the pipes.”

I took this little sally of the engineer's for a gentle hint that he had been bored long enough with us and should have acted on it, but my young friend from Herkimer, gathering himself up suddenly with a search-of-knowledge-under-difficulties air, says to the engineer,

“How about the meters?”

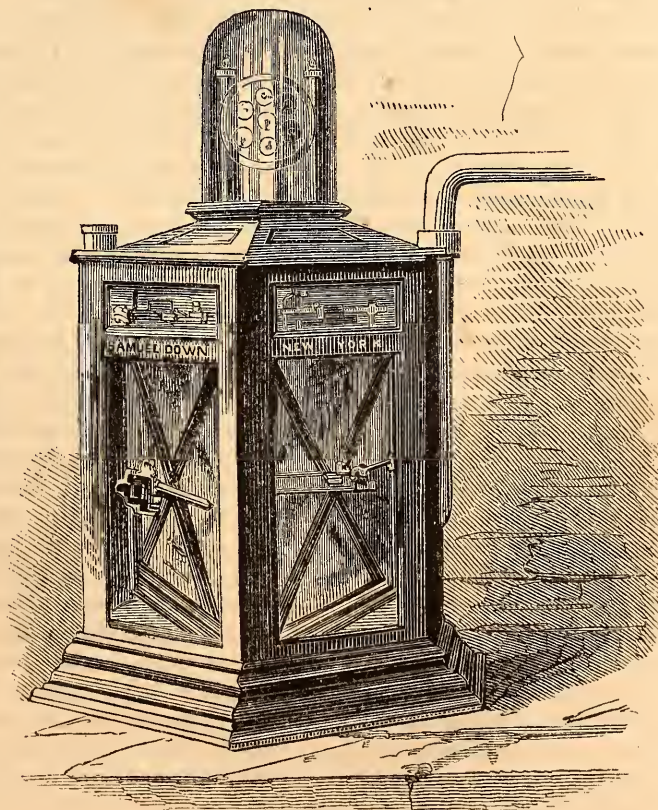
“The meters, Sir? What about them? Do you want to know how they work? Come along, Sir, you shall see,” and the engineer good-naturedly led us away to a meter.

“This little instrument, which is in reality one of the simplest things in the world, is made by gas consumers one of the most mysterious, on the principle that men must have something to grumble at, and perhaps it is better for them to grumble at a gas-meter than at any thing else. Of meters there are two kinds—the wet and the dry meter. The wet meter, which is the most used, though being slowly superseded by the dry meter, acts by a valve governed by a ball-float. When the water is kept up in the meter the valve is kept raised, the gas passes through into a chamber whercin a wheel or screw is turned by

its passage, the turning of which acts upon the works of the meter clock, and registers exactly the amount of gas consumed or leaking out of the pipes beyond the meter.

“The dry meter differs from the wet entirely. They use no water, and are acted by valves instead of wheels. The best illustration that can be used is that of the bellows. Let us take the bellows-valve and attach clock-work to it, that an account may be had of the number of times it rises and falls, and we have the entire principle of the dry meter. Another illustration would be, that it is precisely on the principle of the cylinder of the steam-engine, the gas working on alternate valves, and moving a piston in the same way. Meters can be made of every size, even up to the power of measuring 60,000 feet or over per hour; that is the capacity of the station meter in these works: it is 15 feet in diameter, and will register one and a half million feet in twenty-four hours.”

I could see by the expression of my young friend's face that he did not fully comprehend this elaborate explanation. He was not perfectly satisfied that the movements of the index across the face of the dial were a sure measure of the quantity of gas which has passed through the meter. For my own part I had no doubt in the matter. The theory of the operation of the meter is unquestionably correct. It ought to measure the gas accurately, and if properly constructed and kept in good working order, I think it must do so. At all events, until I have better grounds for doubting its accuracy than mere reports that Mr. A. and Mrs. B. found their monthly gas-bills the same, whether they burned



THE DRY METER.

ten or twenty lights, I shall hold fast to my belief in the accuracy of the meter. However, as I am of a statistical turn of mind, I intend to make a fair trial in my business establishment. I shall for the months of December and January keep an accurate account of the burners lighted and the number of hours in which each is used. If the meter fails to give an accurate account of the comparative quantity of gas consumed, my own interest as a stockholder in the Manhattan will not prevent me from making the result known through the columns of the daily press.

A MAN'S LIFE.

I THINK it is a soft warm morning in the early part of May instead of this stern month of December. As if by magic the snow that covers the ground vanishes. The grass is almost long enough for the garden scythe—the flower-beds are laden with buds—the tree-branches rattle no longer frostily in the wind, they rustle and wave and float on the balmy air. Those are not snow-birds that I see, but bright-winged creatures whose nests are among the rustling fields of corn, in fruit and forest trees. The earth has arrived at the joy of the transition—its discomforts, its uncertainties are over. Lovely are the peach and apple orchards in their bloom, and there is rejoicing in them not for the promise that shall be redeemed, but for the present glory.

Two young girls are walking in a long, shady lane that leads into the pasture-lands beyond the streets; to the level pasture-lands, not to any great height that commands a prospect of the country, nor to any depth from whence stars may be seen at noon. It is over a level country that they go, rich and fair in meadow-lands.

Often they have walked together through such paths; but on this evening it is for the last time in their life. Their long chats are being brought to a final conclusion, their confidences to an end; for to-morrow the elder of the girls is going away, and when she returns all things will be changed to both of them—within them and without them will be changed. For between the career of a fashionable lady and a seamstress there is an earth-wide dissimilarity and distance.

Under almost any circumstances she who will depart on the morrow would present a noticeable figure. Already she has lovers, though she is but a school-girl; already she has become accustomed to admiration, for she is pretty, and gay, adventurous, untrammelled in speech and mood—she does not stop at trifles. She sweeps through her books, and such duties as it pleases her to recognize, with a somewhat pretentious grace, even as through the quiet path where she and Helen Kyle are walking: with a pride that may not be quite justifiable she goes, and all forgive her for it—nay, rather estimate her according to her own valuation.

When she lingers over her school-books her

long curls sweep the desk, and the light rests upon and lingers among them as if it admired them and loved to set off their beauty. She has large eyes, blue, bright, and proud—too proud indeed to serve their mistress well. She will never behold life as it is through them. Not at least as it is to the heroes and the martyrs. The long lashes are not called upon to veil them, the lids are drawn up straight. She looks out eagerly upon the world—she will see all that can be seen by her.

The boys at the academy are in a flutter on her account; gentlemen and ladies in society all know her by name and fortune. Sabrina Spring the name is, and as for the fortune it is enough to stagger a poor body only to think of. Many prophets prophesy proud things of her coming womanhood, which prophecies will verify themselves as surely as she lives. Of all her mates Sabrina is best known. Her beauty and position have conspired to her conspicuity. It can hardly follow, therefore, that she is thinking much of arithmetic and grammar.

Who is she that walks beside her? For her name, it is Helen Kyle; for her person, it is such as makes no show, when contrasted with that of her companion. She is merely quiet, and modest, and pretty. The influence of Sabrina has not been lost upon her. It induces the younger girl to make the most of herself, and that is not a great deal—at least as it meets the eye. She is receptive, not original; good, not showy. She wears her hair as Sabrina wears hers, but the effect is not the same; the peacock and the oriole may bring themselves with equal care up to their best appearing, but there will still be a difference; and if the eye can not perceive it by reason of blindness, the ear will detect it, and fill the soul with light that it also shall discern and make the needful distinction. Helen's dress is plain to coarseness; but the way in which it is put on and worn testifies to the little maiden's niceness and purity of sense.

Helen is the daughter of Kyle the potter; Sabrina was born under another star, but they have been friends these five years. Now, however, as I said, the friendship is drawing to a close. They do not hint this to each other. They anticipate no such result. When Sabrina slips the circlet of gold from her hand upon Helen's neither of them think that the token is not so much a pledge of what shall be, as a memorial of what has been.

It is not exclusively, nor chiefly, perhaps in reality not at all, because of a noble disregard for the things prized as above all price at home, that Sabrina chooses to while away these last hours of her last day with Helen Kyle. Not because the parade and vanity and worldliness at home weary, shame, disgust her; she has, in sufficient measure, the spirit by no means rare among young people of every station, the proud rashness that mistakes "shows for things," and greatly plumes itself on the mistaking. In some way, not the best way—in some degree, not the most generous and certain—she despises her

daily life, and feels its fetters, and sees something to covet in the peaceful nature of Helen Kyle, in its freedom from bondage to the world; but she does not understand that it is not so much a love of freedom as a willful youth's dislike to government that prompts her. She may envy Helen Kyle, but no worse thing could befall her, nor any thing more opposed to the desire of her heart, than occupancy of such station as Helen holds. It is not Helen's lot as she supposes, but Helen's acceptance of it, that she ignorantly applauds and envies.

She has a free and noble bearing. Occasionally, not habitually, therefore not with reliable sincerity, she utters sentiments worthy the expression of a saint. Even Helen, unlearned, unwise as she is, makes an application of those sentiments sometimes of which Sabrina had not so much as imagined them capable. She is a showy girl—a girl of brilliant promise, so they say—but Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are quite as good as the waters of Israel for her cleansing. She will probably not go down to the Jordan. I would not wrong nor slander her, nor dwell upon her, inasmuch as it would not mend the matter any; but even in so slight a tale as this she comes up in experiences a formidable obstruction, and it behoves me to say that she is committed, and has herself ratified the disposition by recommitting herself, young though she is, to a life of miserable falsity—if Christ portrayed the true life. And moved though she may be from time to time to lofty impulses and heavenly demonstrations, she is surrendered, first by birth, secondly by culture, thirdly by *choice*, to a life of essential falsehood, to a being of untruth. Untruth—though she be altogether innocent of the depraved taste that leads men and women on in gossiping exaggeration of speech and doing, betraying thereby so low a sense of honor, so thorough a self-betrayal, such gross self-abandonment; a being of untruth because guilty of that more fatal, because eternal, surrender of soul, which involves the mendacious external demonstration; the lying unto God, since He alone can thoroughly discern it, which a clear perception of the enormity will confess is best avenged, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, by instant smiting unto death.

For the reasons now indicated, though neither of the young girls anticipate the result of this parting, it must be an everlasting one. Before they meet again they will have grown beyond each other's reach. It is a "parting of the ways," as well as of the persons, that will admit no further reunion. But their words are now sincere, their promises are true; and when Helen laments the loneliness that she shall feel, Sabrina echoes the lament, and their separation is a tearful one.

Under the branches of a willow-tree, branches which spread broadly to the four points of the compass, and in their sweep described a magnificent circle, stood the house of Kyle the potter. It was the oldest house in the town; but Kyle

was not the "oldest inhabitant," nor was this his ancestral domain. The oldest house!—its sunken moss-grown roof hinted broadly at the fact; so did the great willow that sprung from the switch wherewith the pioneer had urged on his horse in his travel through the wilderness.

In a comparatively deserted portion of the town the House and the Tree stood, faithful companions, clinging to the old ground long after the wealth and fashion of the place had taken up their bed and board in other quarters. The hand of improvement, not always the most gentle and considerate, had spared them, though not at the instigation of those who might have been supposed to take the deepest interest in the tree and cot: the descendants of the pioneer, among whom was the father of Sabrina, made no stipulation when they sold the place that it should remain inviolate. The memorials stood, therefore, because it was not yet the interest of the owner to tear them down.

The sons of the pioneer were not the enterprise, but they were the wealth of the town. They stood in the place their father had made possible to them, but not by any means in his place, nor even in his path. They were thoroughly respectable men—more worthy of the world's esteem, it would appear, from the consideration in which they were held than their brave, hard-working sire; but they were degenerate sons, riotous spendthrifts, irreproachable though they appeared in their style of integrity.

It was long ago that they disposed of the little red house under the willow. And the willow itself, under which their father and mother sat resting from their labors in the cool of the day while their children played around them, I think they would not have cared much if it had been cut down or torn up by the roots. They would not have accused themselves of robbing or despoiling either the past, or the earth, or the air, or birds, or the hearts of reverent men.

As to the house, it had passed through many hands, and now the potter lived there. The potter had one son, and an only daughter, Helen, whom I have named, and Emanuel, who of the two was elder.

It was of course an obscure family, but at the same time an extraordinary family every way. Quite removed from the cares which attend on little or large fortunes, for fortune they had none. Daily bread and toil, that seemed to be their portion. More sincere contentment, I believe, was never found in any domestic circle. Profound contentment you might not call it, since it was not drawn from a deep knowledge of life, but contentment more sincere you must search far to find. Kyle the potter was an easy man, and an easy woman was his wife; but neither was the discomfort or renovation of the other. The potter went out every morning except Sunday to his labor; year in and year out he had the same wages, for he was constant as the sun, and his health had no variations, no fluctuations, which may account for his having so lit-

the serious thought. On the busiest days his son or daughter carried his dinner to the pottery that he might lose no time, and he worked from morning until night, and was glad of the opportunity. In the evenings the family was always together. On pleasant summer nights under the willow-tree, and when the weather forbade the outdoor gathering, they made a happy circle round the kitchen fire. Of simple social enjoyments they had no lack. I think I see you smiling, but this is all true. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth." Oh, that the world would give any worthy evidence of belief in Christ's assurance!

They were all children together, good-humored and happy. The potter had his dreams, of course—for he was not a total animal, not a brute—but the dreams were ineffectual as they were insubstantial; they admitted not of coining, neither did they serve him to the uttermost as inspirations. But, in spite of his dreams, there was no hatred or malice in his heart. It would as soon have occurred to him, or any of his house, to envy the birds their nests in the willow-tree, as the rich men of the town their palaces. The one stage and manner of life was as inaccessible, therefore, according to the law of their being, as undesirable to them as the other.

Neither the potter nor his wife could read. Thereby they were to some extent losers; but to be deprived of books is not to be deprived of life. They were thus left free of potent aids, it is true; but even in their obscurity and ignorance they had the spirit that sweetens, dignifies, and purifies existence.

If they knew not the names and progress of the constellations, and could not open their lips on the subject of the "plurality of worlds," and only thought about them, when at all they thought of them, in connection with the inspired words that these lights were given to enlighten the earth; if they never could abstract them from the azure wall they seemed to gem, and send them rolling through space, world upon world, until they shrunk aghast before the magnitude and splendor of their own vision, they missed the unrest and the bafflement and disappointment which such royal speculators feel. If they were in no way prepared to reason about life, and did not understand it, and were not crushed by a sense of its responsibilities and limitations to a childlike humility and faith, still they had a sweet and satisfying perception of its unanalyzed beauty and comforts. They had in their own way the humility and faith; their daily lives confessed it, though they never knew to tell it. They had no room, no company, no learning, money, leisure; they had nothing but the spirit to enjoy all things that were in their possession, and the instinct to make the most and best of what they had. The faith of childhood, much of its purity, all its freedom from emulation, evil ambition, lust of aggrandizement, and of "other things."

Emanuel and Helen Kyle passed serenely through their infancy; aimlessly, it would almost seem, as the green leaf that floats up and down the lake on whose bosom it has fallen. One wondered to see them, and even grieved to see them. So idle their infancy was, such meagre provision did it seem prepared to make in their spirits for reception of the future that would surely come. It could be but a hard and grinding future. If they awakened, or if they slept through the ordinary term of human life, in either case their lot seemed a hard, a deplorable one. You felt almost justified in wishing them swiftly out of the world, or, in the as idle wish, that they had never entered it.

But here they were on this earth, and what was to become of them?

Somehow it had happened in the course of time that Kyle's children, Emanuel and Helen, were sent to school. With Emanuel, more full of spirit and activity than his sister, the effect of this movement was correspondingly sudden and apparent. From the moment of his entrance within the school-room doors and subjection to school discipline, it was as if he were caught bodily in the resistless arms of a machine, which held him with an ever-tightening grasp till the garment of his childhood's mortality was torn away.

He was of the age, and pre-eminently of the temperament, to be acted upon by all exciting influences. It seemed as if he must have inherited his spirit from his unknown ancestors, if an inheritance it was: so marked and decided was it in its bearings, so essentially different from that of his parents, so unlike that of Helen in its manifestations, from the moment when circumstances drew from him the first direct unbiased expression of himself.

What the fair young princess is to the eyes of the boy-courtier, was Sabrina Spring to the eyes of Emanuel Kyle. If he should live a thousand years, and behold the most peerless beauties of artistic or natural creation, never would so radiant a vision burst upon his sight, or linger in his contemplation, as that which found its way into the school-room and his heart on his first day at the Academy.

The friendly relations between Sabrina and his sister were formed a short time after the potter's children entered the school, and were brought about by the love of domination in the former, which found expression of itself every hour of her life: in Helen's case it was exhibited in her favor, by defending the timid young stranger from the foraging attacks of older, and stronger, and bolder scholars, to whom the child seemed a proper subject of tyranny. In this friendship Emanuel had no acknowledged part. He had nothing to do with it, except in its inevitable results. When day after day he came within sound of her voice, within sight of her beauty, and listened to the report which Helen, captivated by her companion and defender, brought of the conversations they had together, of the home in which Sabrina lived, of the gar-

den, and the young girl's authority within the house and without it—where more and more Emanuel became abstracted and confounded and perplexed as he questioned and continued to question—or as he wistfully gazed, at times when none could see him, through the gateway of the handsome house, or watched the proud and graceful figure of Sabrina in her comings and her goings, and contrasted the predestined lady with Helen, her station, prospects, fortune, with his sister's—all these points, these motions, curiosities, conclusions, were significant of something.

No one that had to do with him could tell what. He was not what he had been—that, they could perceive; but they could not interpret the change by its indications. They knew not the meaning of his impatience, discontent, unrest. They could not comprehend that something like envy, something like love, something like the frenzy of an unascertained ambition, had arisen in his soul from a long contemplation of beauty, and riches, and worldly displaying.

That Helen shared not, and could not share, in such feelings as grew in fatal haste, as evil plants do always, in his heart, Emanuel knew instinctively, and he shrunk from exposing them to her; and he kept them in his heart—that was the mischief of it that he kept them *there*. He sat in his corner in the gallery at church and watched the people as they came in. He saw Sabrina when she entered with the others, and she seemed to his eyes, she alone, to make the place glorious. He went there to worship, as other people do, but to worship earth, not heaven. He watched her in the street; he was observant of her bearing, the greetings she received. When Helen would repeat to him some words Sabrina had spoken, some argument that passed between them, his heart ever inclined him to side against his sister; it never occurred to him as a possible thing that she might be the wiser of the two. When now Sabrina was gone, and he had not her to watch and consider, deprived of the joy he had found in that occupation, he fell into a mysterious mood quite beyond the comprehension of his friends. Out of this mood there came at length a purpose full-armed and resolute. There was a battle to be fought, and something to be won. Fortune to be acquired, knowledge, station, equality!

So he went to his father one day, and he signified to Kyle his wish to work with him in the factory.

"But the school?" said Kyle, who had been better pleased than he knew with his son's devotion to his books.

"I can study them at home in the evenings," answered Emanuel; "it is quite time that I should help you and mother."

This saying overjoyed the heart of Kyle the potter, and he blessed his dutiful son, and the mother did the same, and so Emanuel left school.

In the pottery Emanuel worked. He was a stout, strong fellow, and as his years increased he was being finely developed in physical beauty. He was a young Hercules contrasted with the puny young men who flourished their delicate walking switches in the streets of the town. He considered himself equal to any exertion: so he worked by day in a way that was exhaustive to himself but praiseworthy in his master's eyes, and he made nothing of robbing himself of three or four or five hours of sleep at night for purposes of study; for he was developing into a studious, ambitious man.

So month after month, full of excitements and joys to others of his fellows, but of mighty spiritual conflicts with him, went on until the year had ended, and Sabrina Spring had returned from the boarding-school and made her entrance into society, and Helen had learned her trade as a seamstress, and had besides entered irrevocably into an engagement of marriage with a young man of her own station.

The year's work had tested Emanuel to the utmost. He did not regard it as having fulfilled this office. He had been impatient of its lingering, while he made the most of it as it went by. The very energy with which he pushed his labors defeated his purpose. The constant excitements into which his own strivings and ambitions hurried him wore upon his strength, and so upon his spirit, and with ill health he fell into a continual despondency.

Emanuel beheld, and to behold was to, as he was prepared, love the fair image of the lady who had been the first to take his imagination captive—who had incited him to action with vague hopes which, from the manner of his holding them, could but fill him with despair and shame at his own folly the instant that he stayed himself to look resolutely upon them. He did so stay himself at length—did thus look—and his life, which had been for a little time the richer, for a longer time became the poorer because of her. He was thinking now too much; for he had no ability to guide his thoughts, he could not right himself: so he began to arraign Providence, and to harbor wicked fancies and designs, became dissatisfied, disgusted, skeptical, unhappy; even while Helen, before his eyes, was following in the pleasant path of love, cheerfulness, contentment, and holiness which their parents had trod before them. Then—for his spirit must have free exercise in some direction—he ran headlong into divers temptations and loose irregular habits that reflected dishonor on himself, and added nothing to the peacefulness of his life.

In this condition of mind—while maintaining this attitude toward life, a continual reproach to himself, whatever he might be to others: he was a man whom the world would judge more kindly than he would judge himself if he went astray—in this condition it came to pass that there was one whose heart could understand something of the struggle by what met his eyes, and with serious anxiety he was mindful of Emanuel. He

was not a person who could befriend another by advancing his worldly fortunes—alluring thus from evil—but merely the humble keeper of a paltry shop, whose trade caused him to have frequent dealings with the workmen at the pottery, as he procured thence the most of the goods retailed by him.

Emanuel had often occasion to take the shop in his way on his return home at night for purposes of trading, and so had frequently exchanged a word or two with the nearly blind old man who sold the small wares and groceries for a living. But they had not advanced as yet far in the acquaintance, and it did not seem probable that they ever would.

One rainy day, toward nightfall, he went in with some goods which had been ordered from the pottery in the morning. It had been a long dull day to the shop-keeper, and not less so to Emanuel; the old man stood prepared by a variety of circumstances, which had all conduced to this result, to take to his heart any worthy thing that presented itself, and a piece of special good luck he deemed it when this gloomy youth crossed his threshold; and by one device and another he managed to detain Emanuel until they had fairly entered into a conversation.

Emanuel stood by the stove and warmed himself, and they talked in a rambling, quiet way, quite in keeping with the dull night and the dull spirits which oppressed them. It was not an hour for demonstration, hardly for conversation; but for any approach, even the slightest, to communication between himself and this life, which had for weeks been more or less a study to him, the old man was on the alert; and when, by-and-by, some murmuring expression escaped Emanuel, quick as thought the old man took hold of it, and essayed to draw that to which it was attached forth from the youth. It was some complaint, some querulous expression in regard to his experience, that escaped him, and the shop-keeper hastened to respond to it seriously, yet with hearty sympathy and kindness.

"Well, young man, how would you have it if you might have your way?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Emanuel, rather taken aback by the question; then bluntly he added, "I would have a change at all hazards. Nothing goes right."

"Perhaps you've got some wrong notions about that," said the shopman, answering after Emanuel's style, yet with a friendliness of voice that made an impression on the youth; and when he asked, "Why, what has happened?" he was answered,

"Nothing has happened. I wish there would. It's because nothing happens that I begin to give up all expectation that any thing ever will, for me."

"How old are you, Kyle, if one may ask?"

"Twenty-two, Sir."

"Too young to be discouraged," said the old man, stooping down under a pretense of hunting something under the counter, for he would not

that this talk should in any degree assume the aspect of deliberation. "You have only begun yet. I am sixty, and I don't know but I am as hopeful as ever I was—though I'm not looking for quite the same things I was once. Not quite in the same way that you are, or have been, I dare say. You have been working too hard, for one thing. I have noticed you at the pottery this long time, and tried to make your acquaintance, as you must have seen, for you have done every thing you could to prevent it, and have pretty fairly succeeded. Will you tell me what you are working for? or is that no concern of mine? Don't take me for an old gossip, poking into what's none of my business. Don't answer me unless it pleases you to do so; and be sure that I don't want to put myself on you."

"I don't know, Sir, what I was working for. I'm pretty sure, though, that just now I'm working for nothing," said Emanuel, frankly.

"You were not thinking of going into any profession, then?"

"No."

"Haven't any particular bent toward any one thing? No genius, as they call it, for any particular work?"

"I can not tell. I think not—decidedly not, Sir. I don't seem to have any—what d'ye call it?—genius, or gifts—none!"

"Then, if you'll allow me, I don't see why you should be downhearted. All you have to do is to keep on soberly and honestly, and you'll prosper as sure as your life is spared."

What advice was this for the young man to hear? He had lost his ambition, or renounced it, because of its madness or folly; but he was not now intending to stoop to any such striving as this. His face gave evidence against him; he looked angrily at the old man. The shop-keeper, however, seemed too much absorbed in his benevolent purpose to observe the indications so apparent before him. But observe he did, nevertheless; and he said, cheerily, "I have been young myself—wait a bit, and you shall hear. It is quite as peaceable here as any where, and you may as well keep me company a little while. You've been disappointed. Your heart aches for some reason. Never mind about telling me the occasion; maybe I couldn't understand you if you did. But hear now, and I think you'll understand me. If you can, you'll go home a richer man than you are now; I say that, Sir, knowing what I'm talking about. Will you stay?"

Emanuel bowed; he sat down in the chair by the stove and removed his cap. He was ready to listen, but he looked depressed rather than curious. Leaning against his counter, gradually shading his face with his hand, the old man spoke:

"When I was of your age I was a painter—an artist!" He drew himself up as he said this. It was a proud word he had used, and it had a sweet sound to the old shop-keeper—the sweetest of all sounds that indicate the capabilities of men. "I had struggled along, and had a

pretty difficult time of it, wanting experience, and having no one that cared enough about me to advise in the choice of a profession. I chose that because I liked it best. I had always liked it, and my sisters—I had two sisters—believed that I was born to be an artist. We were poor enough, but never wretched—not in those days. They had great confidence in me, and I had not yet put myself so severely to the test as to lose my own confidence. Well, we had struggled along and managed to support ourselves, and I had started at last on a picture which was to test my skill before the Academy. I had already finished a good many small sketches, and had met with considerable success in selling them; but my heart was in the landscape I was going to send to the Exhibition. I thought if it met with favor that my fortune was made. I was thinking of fortune and reputation, you see, which you may put down as the prime article in the list of my mistakes. It was A. No. 1; and if you are working with any such object in view, think seriously before you go further on that road. Don't work for wages or reputation so much as to be that which sometimes—not always, and not by any means necessarily—is rewarded in this way. I think that none of our young people have higher hopes than I had, nor any nobler of the kind. But I did not know much in those days. The good Lord taught me, however—just as he would teach you now if you would have him for a teacher. 'Behold, if any man will open unto me, I will come in.' Can you hear that? Before I finished my picture, long before—indeed it was not half done—I was taken sick of a fever, which I barely lived through; it left me blind for years. In all that time, young man, my sisters supported me. I had been full of great designs on their account as well as mine, you will bear in mind, but was thrown on their hands for a living after all. Think of that! You are a young man of spirit—imagine how I felt. They are both dead now—long since dead." Here the speaker paused suddenly.

"And the picture—wasn't it finished?" asked Kyle, who had listened with a constantly-deepening interest to the story of the shop-keeper; not so absorbed in it, however, as to prevent his noticing each point of the story, drawing an inference from it, and making an application.

"No. I was blind for years, as I said; and I've never got back my sight yet as I had it once, and never shall. It was a great disappointment to my sisters—I don't know but it was greater than to me—when it was decided that I should never be able to finish what I had begun. I never thought, in those days of anxiety and heartache, that I should ever come to thank God for what he had done to me. But I have done that again and again; and every day I thank him. He knew what was best. I have been saved a life of heart-burning and anxiety. I thank my God for His mercy!"

This was a sort of speech and a spirit to which Emanuel Kyle was so wholly a stranger that he

could but listen in utter wonderment; but he did listen, and not merely with idle curiosity.

"It is not likely," the old man went on, "that I should ever have accomplished much in the profession if I had done my utmost. Sometimes when I go to the Exhibition, as I have done a few times in my life, and I see the different works of the artists, an indescribable sadness seizes me. I know what hopes those men have cherished, and I can see—for I have learned to judge the merits of the works with some certainty—I can see the life-long disappointment and heart-breaking that waits on some of them. And when I come back home again I think of what Milton said, and comfort myself so:

'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

As it is, I can enjoy whatever is beautiful; and I think I can see it more clearly now than I did when I feverishly made it my chief study, strange as that may seem. Come, I will show you the last work that I did." This intention, the development of the extent and thoroughness of service he would do the young man, was as sudden as its utterance. The shop-keeper was fairly committed to his enterprise. With a quick step he led the way into the little back-room where he lived, and revealed the half-completed work where it hung upon the wall in his daily sight.

And now something yet further he had to say; for as he looked into Emanuel's face he knew it was his hour, and if he had any thing on earth to do besides the retailing of small goods he had it here before him to accomplish. Retreating into the shadows of the room, as if to look upon his work from the best point, he said:

"There may be something you will better understand in what I have yet to say, Kyle, than in any thing that I have said, when I tell you that while I was at work on this there was a young lady, a friend of my sisters, who often came with them to watch the progress of my work, whose praise, generous as she was in giving it, was precious to me as treasure to a miser's heart. I thought that even better than my sisters she appreciated my power; and I used to dream that when my picture was finished, and the praise of the Academy was bestowed upon it, I would tell her how much more I valued her praise. But that was not to be. Afterward I was happy! I thank God for that too, that I had never said any thing about it to her. She is living yet, and married. I always see her when I go to the Exhibition, and her oldest boy is named for me. She thinks that he will be a painter. So you see, my dear fellow, the moral of all this tale is that, as Scripture says, it's not so much a matter for rejoicing that power over the spirits is given you as that your name shall be written in heaven."

"Sir!" exclaimed Emanuel, in the sincerity and suddenness and earnestness of his conviction, as he turned from the canvas that had failed of its ostensible purpose to the man who had so triumphed in his highest vocation—"Sir, I believe you!"

"And what shall your belief do for you? Will you live by it? If I may dare to say it, you are having your trial as I had mine. Meet it like a man. I know you've had ambitious desires; where is the noble youth that has not? But if now you will have holier ones and see what your life is, and what these allotments of Providence really are, and what they mean, I know the course that you will take."

Weeping such tears as made that hour sacred forever in the memory of both, Emanuel listened to these last-spoken words. "The hour and the man" were there, and, as unto God, he answered the old half-blind shop-keeper: "You have said enough—you have shown me myself. I renounce it. It is utterly unworthy of a man. But let me go. I must get into the air. The wind and rain will do me good. I do believe what you say. I have been envious and infidel; but you shall see."

Now was there in very truth a man born into the world: and I think the *knowledge* of this fact, which sent a rejoicing thrill through heaven, was in his mother's heart when again Emanuel stood before her. I think he did not fail when he set out in the proving that there was room and work and beauty for him in this world, as well as for the principalities and powers with which he had come early into such harsh collision.

THE STAMP ACT CONGRESS.

"**T**Axation and Representation are inseparable."—"Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." These were the sententious forms in which our fathers, a hundred years ago, expressed their republican ideas of true government; and upon the doctrine and principles therein involved they grounded their faith and hope and justification when, a little later, they drew the sword and defied the armies of Great Britain.

When the First Colonial Congress—held at Albany in the summer of 1754—was summoned, Massachusetts, ever jealous of her rights, instructed her representatives in that body to oppose any scheme for taxing the colonies by the Imperial Government without the sanction of the Colonial Assemblies. For a century almost the English Government—controlled by selfish shop-keepers, and whose *politics*, as Montesquieu says, were ever subservient to *commerce*—had been endeavoring to make the prosperous American colonies not only to bear burdens at home in support of their own existence and England's honor against European and native foes, but to convert them into mere commercial vassals—industrious bees, hoarding honey for the pampered appetites of the British owners of the hive.

With some respect for the opinions of mankind and the admonitions of a feeble conscience, the Government and publicists defended the policy with the false plea that the establishment and prosperity of the colonies were due to England's power and generosity. But there were English statesmen to be found bold and honest enough to expose the falsehood. When, at the period we are considering, an advocate of taxation in the British Parliament complained that the Americans were ungrateful, being, as he said, "children planted by our care and nourished by our indulgence," he was rebuked by an honest colleague, who exclaimed, "*They planted by your care!* No! your oppression planted them in America; they fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable wilderness, exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable. *They nourished by your indulgence!* No! they grew by your neglect of them. Your *care* of them was displayed, as soon as you began to care about them, in sending persons to rule over them who were the deputies of deputies of Ministers—men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them—men who have been promoted to the highest seats of justice in that country, in order to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own!" Georgia alone, which was settled by paupers from the debtors' jails of England, had received Parliamentary aid. The other colonies, unaided and alone, had struggled up, during long years of gloom, from feebleness to strength. Of the vast sums which had been expended in fitting out expeditions, purchasing the soil of the Indians, and sustaining the settlers, neither the Crown nor Parliament ever contributed a farthing; while the former, with the vulgar rapacity of the vulture, had seized upon several of them, setting the proprietors adrift, with that peculiar gratitude that a victim feels toward a robber who has taken his purse but spared his life. They had built fortifications, raised armies, and fought battles for England's glory and their own preservation, without England's aid, and often without even her sympathy. And it was not until the growing importance of the French settlements in America excited the jealousy and fears of England, that her Ministers perceived the expediency of exercising some justice and liberality toward her colonies, in order to secure their loyalty and efficient co-operation.

When that First Colonial Congress was held the French and Indian War was kindling. It was a long and exhausting one. Parent and children suffered exceedingly. The latter (the colonists) gave to the cause the lives of twenty-five thousand of their robust young men, exclusive of more than two thousand sailors. They gave in treasure at least twenty millions of dollars, and received from parliamentary appropriations only five millions. And while they were so generously supporting the power and dignity of the realm—even before the war-clouds were

sufficiently broken to admit more than occasional gleams of the sunshine of peace—the British Ministry, regarding all their toils and sacrifices for England's glory in increasing her dominions as the mere exercise of duty by loyal vassals, declared that England expected every farthing of money granted to the colonies during the war would be paid back in the form of taxes imposed upon colonial industry! This policy, selfish and ungenerous in the extreme, was defended by the absolutely false plea that the war and subsequent military expenditures in America were for the defense, protection, and security of the "British colonies and plantations in that country." The dishonesty of this plea may be discovered by the light of the fact that the colonists were able to help themselves without foreign aid; that they never asked for British soldiers or ships for their protection after the Peace of Paris, in 1763; and that they soon protested most vehemently against the presence of British troops in the colonies—well knowing, as subsequent events manifested, that they were sent and kept here only as instruments of oppression. The colonists had learned the important lesson of power in UNION. They had discovered their real moral, political, and physical strength; and having acquired a mastery over the savages of the wilderness, and assisted in breaking the French power on their frontiers into atoms, they felt their manhood stirring within them, and they tacitly agreed no longer to submit to the narrow and oppressive power of Great Britain. With the faith expressed in Connecticut's armorial motto, *Qui transtulit sustinet*—"He who transplanted still sustains"—they boldly faced the Future.

The Seven Years' War ended favorably to England, but it had exhausted her exchequer, and laid a heavy burden of taxation upon her people. Her funded debt had been increased to the enormous sum of almost \$700,000,000. The old King had lately died, his grandson had ascended the throne with the title of George the Third, and new men, some of them weak and some of them wicked, were at the helm of State. His tutor (who was his mother's favorite and some said paramour), the pauper Scotch Earl of Bute, was made Prime Minister; and the great William Pitt, whose genius during the few preceding years had placed England at the head of the nations, disgusted with the ignorance and narrowness of the favorite, refused to be his colleague in the cabinet, and retired to private life.

The colonial policy immediately adopted by the new cabinet was exceedingly unwise, narrow, and injurious. With the spirit of the Scotch King James the Second, the Scotch Prime Minister determined to meddle with, if not destroy, the American charters. He sought to "reform them," as he said; in other words, to crush all vitality out of them as the guaranties of freedom to the possessors, and to bring the colonies into a total subserviency, politically, religiously, and commercially, to the will of the King and Parliament. Secret agents were sent to America to prepare the way for the unbounded

rule of "lords temporal and lords spiritual;" for it appeared possible, if the Americans should be allowed to go on much longer in their own way, especially after they had shown such an abundance of wonderful self-help as they had exhibited in the late war, they might soon present the sad condition of a people suffering the evils of

"A Church without a bishop,
A State without a king."

The first attempted "reform" was in aid of the exhausted treasury. Money was needed and must be had; and it was determined to revive long neglected navigation laws concerning the Americans, and to enforce the collection of the revenue with a vigorous hand. The right to tax the colonists, directly or indirectly, was assumed without question; for the idea of colonial subserviency was almost universal in England. "Even the chimney-sweepers of the streets," said Pitt, in one of his speeches, "talk boastingly of '*our subjects*' in America." Commanders of vessels and custom-house officers and their deputies were furnished with warrants called Writs of Assistance, by which, as James Otis said, "the meanest deputy of a deputy's deputy" might enter any man's house or store where it was suspected contraband goods were concealed—a privilege in direct opposition to the cherished maxim that an "Englishman's house is his castle" and inviolate. This arbitrary measure was stoutly resisted, especially in Massachusetts, where it was boldly denounced, and was not even favored by the royal governor. Otis published a pamphlet against it, in which he said, "If we are not represented, we are slaves." Thatcher of Boston, Dulaney of Maryland, Bland of Virginia, and an anonymous writer "by authority" in Rhode Island, also wrote strongly against it. The result was, not many additional pounds sterling in the Imperial treasury, and the cost of great alienation of the American heart.

George Grenville succeeded Bute in the cabinet. Not doubting the ability of the Americans to pay, nor the right of Parliament to levy a tax, nor the righteousness of the act itself, he proposed the laying of new duties upon articles imported from the Spanish West Indies and other foreign countries into America. A bill to this effect passed the House of Commons in March, 1764. In May following he submitted to that body a bill providing for a stamp tax in the colonies. He informed the colonial agents in England that he would not press the matter at that time, but that he *must* have a million of dollars a year from the colonies, and that if they could devise any better scheme to raise it than a stamp tax, he would accept it. Instead of asking this tribute as a *favor*, and requesting the colonial assemblies to levy the taxes themselves and make the contributions freely, he demanded it as a *right*.

A stamp tax was not a novel measure in theory at this time. It had been a favorite scheme for raising a local revenue in New York and Pennsylvania for many years. It was proposed in 1734 by Cosby, Governor of New York,

and in 1739 by Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania. It was suggested by Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in 1744, by Dr. Franklin in the First Colonial Congress in 1754, and by Lieutenant-Governor Delancey in 1755. The Americans would listen to propositions for taxation by their local governments, but would not brook such imposition from abroad. It was proposed to Sir Robert Walpole in 1732, when that sagacious statesman said, "No, no; I will leave the taxation of America to some of my successors who have more courage than I have;" and when it was proposed to Pitt in 1759, he said, emphatically, "I will never burn my fingers with an American Stamp Act." But Grenville, honest but utterly unable to look beyond the routine of official duty, took the step boldly, because he could not perceive the danger, and illustrated the assertion that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

He wholly mistook the temper of the Americans at that time. It had been sorely tried by earlier offensive measures; and a consciousness of latent power made the colonists restive under petty oppressions. They had resolved *not to be taxed without their own consent*. A great principle was involved in their resolution, and they were firm.

When intelligence of these tax measures reached America it produced wide-spread discontents among the people. The right of Parliament to tax them without their consent was generally denied; and they asserted a present inability to pay increased taxes because of the depression in business produced by the late war. They pleaded justly that the operations of the new revenue laws would work disastrously upon their trade with the Spanish Main and the West Indies, from which alone they derived the means of paying taxes in coin. But the Imperial Government was deaf to all petitions and remonstrances, several of which were presented. The assurances of Dr. Franklin, who was sent to England as the agent for Pennsylvania, that the taxes would never be paid, and that an attempt to collect them by force might endanger the unity of the British empire, were unheeded. The Ministry openly declared that it was "intended to establish *now* the power of Great Britain to tax the colonies" at all hazards; and the King, in his speech at the opening of Parliament early in January, 1765, alluded to the excitement in America, recommended the adoption of a Stamp Act, and declared his intention to use every means in his power "to enforce obedience in the colonies." The Act—the famous STAMP ACT which figures so conspicuously in the events immediately preceding the old war for independence that gave birth to our republic—was passed after some opposition in Parliament, and on the 22d of March became a law by receiving the signature of the King. The Act was to go into effect on the 1st of November following.

For almost a year the colonists had been in expectation of the passage of a Stamp Act, and

their feelings were at fever heat. When news of its having actually become a law reached them the whole country was aglow with intense excitement. In every colony the people expressed their determination to resist its enforcement. Massachusetts and Virginia were loudest in their denunciations of it, while New York and Pennsylvania were not much behind them in active zeal. Indeed New York had led in the matter. As early as October the previous year the Assembly of that Province appointed a Committee, with Robert R. Livingston as chairman, to correspond with their agent in Great Britain, and with the other Colonial Legislatures, on the subject of this Act and kindred oppressive measures adopted by Parliament. That Committee, early in 1765, urged upon the Colonial Assemblies the necessity for holding a General Congress of delegates to remonstrate and protest against the continued violation of their rights and liberties. The idea was popular. Massachusetts was the first to take public action on the subject. That action originated in a conversation one evening at the house of James Warren, of Plymouth, when James Otis the elder, father of Mrs. Warren, and James Otis the younger, her brother, were guests there. The recommendation of the New York Committee was the topic; and it was agreed that, at the next meeting of the General Assembly of the Province, the proposition should be presented by the younger Otis, who was a member of that body. Accordingly, on the 6th of June he moved in the Assembly, that "It is highly expedient there should be a meeting, as soon as may be, of Committees from the Houses of Representatives, or Burgesses, in the several colonies, to consult on the present circumstances of the colonies, and the difficulties to which they are, and must be, reduced, and to consider of a General Address—to be held at the city of New York the first Tuesday of October." The resolution, and a circular letter to the other Assemblies, were adopted, and the Speaker was instructed to send a copy to the Speaker of each of those Assemblies. The following is a copy of the letter:

"BOSTON, June, 1765.

"SIR,—The House of Representatives of this Province, in the present session of the General Court, have unanimously agreed to propose a meeting, as soon as may be, of COMMITTEES from the Houses of Representatives or Burgesses of the several British colonies on this continent, to consult together on the present circumstances of the colonies, and the difficulties to which they are, and must be, reduced by the operation of the acts of Parliament for levying duties and taxes on the colonies; and to consider of a general, and united, dutiful, loyal, and humble representation of their condition to his Majesty and the Parliament, and to implore relief. The House of Representatives of this Province have also voted to propose that such meeting be at the city of New York, in the Province of New York, on the first Tuesday in October next; and have appointed a Committee of three of their members to attend that service, with such as the other Houses of Representatives, or Burgesses, in the several colonies may think fit to appoint to meet them. And the Committee of the House of Representatives of this Province are directed to repair to New York on said first Tuesday in October next accordingly. If, therefore, your honorable House should agree to this proposal, it would be acceptable that as early notice of it

as possible might be transmitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of this Province.

"SAMUEL WHITE, *Speaker.*"

This letter was received with joy in all the colonies. More than ten years before Dr. Franklin had printed in his paper a rude picture of a disjointed snake, with the initials of a colony on each part, and the significant words, JOIN OR DIE. That symbol of weakness in separation—that hint of life and strength in union, had been pondered by the people all that time. The idea of a national confederation had become a sentiment and a hope in the hearts of thoughtful men; and now, when a way for Union seemed wide open and inviting, the people accepted the opportunity with thankfulness.

The Congress assembled in the city of New York on Monday the 7th day of October, 1765. Nine of the thirteen colonies were represented.* There had been serious obstacles in the way of a full delegation. The time selected for the meeting was earlier than that of some of the colonial Assemblies, and prevented their appointing delegates; while in Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia the royal Governors, opposed to this republican movement, refused to convene the Assemblies for the purpose. The Lieutenant-Governor of New York (Cadwallader Colden), prorogued the Assembly from time to time, so that the House had not an opportunity to appoint members with full power; but the Committee of Correspondence, appointed at a previous session of that House, were admitted and took their seats as delegates. The Assemblies of South Carolina and Connecticut did not give their deputies full power, but required them to return their proceedings to them for consideration. The Assembly of New Hampshire wrote that "the present condition of their governmental affairs would not permit them to appoint a committee to attend such meeting," but that they were ready to join in an address to his Majesty and Parliament. It was well understood in the Congress that the people in *all* the colonies were in sympathy with the movement.

The Congress was organized by the election by ballot of Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, President, and the appointment of John Cotton,

Clerk. How dignified that assemblage appears to our comprehension in the light of subsequent history! There they sat, a most august spectacle, when estimated by the importance of their mission. They were the chosen representatives of THE PEOPLE, the true source of sovereignty. They had been elected by the people in separate and politically distinct provinces, yet they met as one—as equals—and formed, in reality, a National Union, for they were to act collectively for the general welfare. While no formal compact of words, spoken or written, committed their individual provinces to any affirmative or negative action of the majority, so independent was the delegation of each colony, yet in purpose, and aspiration, and faith in the future they formed a solemn Continental League, stronger in cohesive power than all the written constitutions which have since made their appearance on the pages of our national annals. Theirs was the higher law of Faith, Liberty, and Justice.

Such an assemblage, sitting within call of the government-house in New York, was offensive to the venerable Lieutenant-Governor, the representative of the Crown, and he said to the Massachusetts delegation, "Such a Congress, called without due form of law, and unauthorized by his Majesty's representatives, is unconstitutional and unlawful, and I shall give them no countenance." They smiled at the old man's impotent opposition, which was like a feather defying the gale.

The Congress, unmoved by thoughts of present consequences, entered upon their duties by first endeavoring to determine the nature of the foundation upon which, in their actions, they might securely stand. Shall we be governed by the finite and limited power of royal or proprietary charters, or by the infinite puissance of eternal justice? Shall we take the Experience of History or the Revelations of Reason for our guide? were the great questions to be settled. They did not hesitate long in reaching a conclusion. The bold and noble utterances of Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina—a patriot without reproach—gave instant form to the chaos of opinions. "A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen," he said, "may be pleaded from charters safely enough, but any further dependence upon them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case all will be over with the whole. *There ought to be no New Englandman, no New Yorker known on the continent, but all of us as Americans.*"* Such were the views of a South Carolinian, a hundred years ago, of the weakness and dangers of *Independent State Sovereignty*, and the strength and safety of *National Unity*. What a contrast does that honest, disinter-

* The following are the names of the colonies, and their respective representatives who were present:

Massachusetts.—James Otis, Oliver Partridge, Timothy Ruggles.

Rhode Island.—Metcalf Bowler, Henry Ward.

Connecticut.—Eliphalet Dyer, David Rowland, William Samuel Johnson.

New York.—Robert L. Livingston, John Cruger, Philip Livingston, William Bayard, Leonard Lispenard.

New Jersey.—Robert Ogden, Hendrick Fisher, Joseph Borden.

Pennsylvania.—John Dickenson, John Morton, George Bryan.

Delaware.—Cæsar Rodney, Thomas M'Kean.

Maryland.—William Murdock, Edward Tilghman, Thomas Ringgold.

South Carolina.—Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, John Rutledge.

It will be observed that six of the twenty-seven delegates were signers of the Declaration of Independence, eleven years afterward.

* Manuscript letter quoted by Bancroft, v. 335.

ested, and enlightened statesman, who guided public opinion in South Carolina then, present in comparison with the selfish and vulgar charlatans who rule in the councils of that State in our day! "Hyperion to a Satyr!"

Gadsden's views were adopted, and in the direction of final independence and nationality, the Congress turned their forces in desires and arguments. For almost a fortnight they debated with zeal and great latitude. The discussion took a wide range, while all held to the topic of defining the rights which the Americans might claim as sacred and inalienable. The spirit of democracy was the prevailing sentiment, and most of the delegates leaned to the opinion that the Colonies ought not to be longer subjected even to the *legislative* power of Great Britain. They discussed the Stamp Act, not as to its expediency, but as to the right of Great Britain to enforce it. The views of each differing much sometimes, were pressed with zeal, but not with embarrassing persistence, for they all agreed with Gadsden, who said, as he nobly yielded his own views in a degree to those of others, "UNION is, most certainly, all in all."

On Saturday, the 19th of October, the Congress having concluded their discussions, adopted the following Declaration of Rights and Grievances:

"I. That his Majesty's subjects in these colonies owe the same allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain that is owing from his subjects born within the realm, and all due subordination to that august body, the Parliament of Great Britain.

"II. That his Majesty's liege subjects in these colonies are entitled to all the inherent rights and liberties of his natural-born subjects within the kingdom of Great Britain.

"III. That it is inseparably essential to the freedom of a people, and the undoubted right of Englishmen, that *no taxes be imposed on them but with their own consent, given personally, or by their representatives.*

"IV. That the people of these colonies are not, and, from their local circumstances, can not be, represented in the House of Commons in Great Britain.

"V. That the only representatives of the people of these colonies are the persons chosen therein by themselves, and that *no taxes ever have been, or can be, constitutionally imposed on them but by their respective Legislatures.*

"VI. That all supplies to the Crown being free gifts of the people, it is unreasonable and inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the British Constitution for the people of Great Britain to grant to his Majesty the property of the colonists.

"VII. That trial by jury is the inherent and invaluable right of every British subject in these colonies.

"VIII. That the late act of Parliament, entitled *An act for granting and applying certain stamp-duties, and other duties, in the British Colonies and Plantations in America*, by imposing taxes on the inhabitants of these colonies, and the said act, and several other acts, by extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty beyond its ancient limits, have a manifest tendency to subvert the rights and liberties of the colonists.

"IX. That the duties imposed by several late acts of Parliament, from the peculiar circumstances of these colonies, will be extremely burdensome and grievous; and from the scarcity of specie, the payment of them absolutely impracticable.

"X. That as the profits of the trade of these colonies ultimately centre in Great Britain, to pay for the manufactures which they are obliged to take from thence, they eventually contribute very largely to all supplies granted them to the Crown.

"XI. That the restrictions imposed by several late acts of Parliament on the trade of these colonies, will render

them unable to purchase the manufactures of Great Britain.

"XII. That the increase, prosperity, and happiness of these colonies depend on the full and free enjoyment of their rights and liberties, and an intercourse with Great Britain mutually affectionate and advantageous.

"XIII. That it is the right of the British subjects in these colonies to petition the King or either House of Parliament.

"*Lastly*, That it is the indispensable duty of these colonies, to the best of sovereigns, to the mother country, and to themselves, to endeavor, by a loyal and dutiful Address to his Majesty, and humble application to both Houses of Parliament, to procure the repeal of the Act for granting and applying certain stamp duties, of all clauses of any other acts of Parliament, whereby the jurisdiction of the Admiralty is extended as aforesaid, and of the other late acts for the restriction of American commerce."*

When the above Declaration (which was written by John Cruger, then Speaker of the Assembly and Mayor of the city of New York) was adopted, it was resolved to appoint committees to prepare an Address to the King, the Lords, and the Commons. Robert R. Livingston, William Samuel Johnson, and William Muddock were appointed to prepare the Address to the King. John Rutledge, Edward Tilghman, and Philip Livingston were appointed to draw up an Address to the House of Lords; and to Thomas Lynch, James Otis, and Thomas M'Kean was assigned the task of preparing an Address to the House of Commons. Each Committee was instructed to lay its Address before the Congress on Monday following. They did so, and on the 21st, 22d, and 23d the three Addresses were consecutively discussed, amended, and adopted. They had been most carefully considered. Every word and sentiment had

* The Stamp Act, referred to in Section VIII. of this Declaration, provided that every skin, or piece of vellum, or parchment, or sheet or piece of paper used for legal purposes, such as bills, bonds, notes, leases, policies of insurance, marriage licenses, and a great many other documents, in order to be held valid in courts of law, was to be stamped (or have a *stamp* attached to them), and sold by public officers appointed for that purpose, at prices which levied a stated tax on every such document, varying from three pence to ten pounds, or six cents to fifty dollars. The act named the price for every document respectively.

The stamps sent to America, under the act, were impressed on dark-blue paper, similar to that known as *tobacco-paper*, to which was attached a narrow strip of tin-foil, represented by the small oblong white spot in the engraving. The ends of the foil were passed through the paper or parchment to which the stamp was to be attached, flattened on the opposite side, and a piece of paper with the rough device and number of the stamp, as seen in the annexed cut, pasted over it to secure it. The device of the stamp was a double Tudor rose, inclosed by the royal garter surmounted by a crown, and the value of the stamp given below.



A STAMP.



been well weighed before they were adopted, for they were proceeding in a great experiment with explosive materials without formulary or precedents.

In the Address to the King, the most loyal attachment to his person, family, and office was avowed. They alluded to vested rights and liberties found in their charters; and they expressed their belief that if His Majesty should fix the pillars of liberty and justice, and secure the rights and privileges of his subjects in America, upon the principles of the British Constitution (which is simply the body of the laws), a foundation would be laid for rendering the British empire the most extensive and powerful of any recorded in history. "To this Constitution these two principles are essential," they said—"the right of your faithful subjects freely to grant to your Majesty such aids as are required for the support of your government over them and other public exigencies, and trial by their peers. By the one they are secured from unreasonable impositions; and by the other from arbitrary decisions of the executive power." They reminded him that the continuation of those liberties to the Americans, which the obnoxious acts of Parliament were likely to destroy, might be essential, and even "absolutely necessary," to unite in harmony the several parts of his widely-extended empire. They then touched a most sensitive chord in his Majesty's bosom by hinting at the boundless wealth and naval strength which Great Britain was likely to secure by allowing the Americans unrestricted trade in all things except what the shops of England would supply, and the danger of losing all by such legislation as that which had elicited their Address. "The invaluable rights of *taxing ourselves*," they said, "and *trial by our peers*, of which we implore your Majesty's protection, are not, we humbly conceive, unconstitutional, but conferred by the GREAT CHARACTER of English liberty."

In their Address to the House of Lords similar sentiments were expressed, and they were implored to listen to the counsel whom the colonists had employed to support the memorial; while to the Commons—the more immediate representatives of the English people—who could better understand the operations of restrictions upon commerce, they spoke in a different style. To them they said little of abstract rights, but talked soberly of material interests in England and in the colonies which were likely to be disturbed by Grenville's unwise financial scheme. They disclaimed all idea of sending representatives to Parliament, because it would be impracticable. They acknowledged all due obedience to that body; spoke of the English Constitution as the most perfect form of government, and the source of all their civil and religious liberties;

pleaded against the assumption of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies, and begged the Commons to hear their chosen counsel in support of their petition.

Such was the result of the labors of Congress up to the night of the 23d of October, when the city of New York was in an uproar on account of the opposition to the Stamp Act. The first of November, when it was to go into operation, was near. All the summer and autumn the *Sons of Liberty*, as an organization of patriotic citizens in New York and elsewhere, was called, had been active in making the people a unit against the Act. They harangued the populace, and made the Stamp Distributors resign their offices. Franklin's figure of the disjointed Snake, with its significant injunction and warning, was placed before the people at the head of a widely-circulated incendiary paper, in which



FAC-SIMILE OF THE SNAKE DEVICE.

suggestions of Independence were boldly made. Processions sometimes filled the streets of cities; local governments were overawed by the popular demonstrations; and when the day arrived for the Act to go into effect, the people throughout the colonies presented an unbroken front of opposition to the measure. On the night in question an excited throng in the city of New York, who had listened to stirring harangues in The Fields (the present City Hall Park), marched through the streets, shouted "Huzza for the Congress and Liberty!" in front of the place where that body held their sessions, and filled the air with the "New Song for the Sons of Liberty," in which were the stirring words—

"A strange Scheme of late has been formed in the State
By a knot of Political Knaves,
Who in secret rejoice that the Parliament's voice
Has condemned us by law to be SLAVES: *Brave Boys!*
Has condemned us by law to be SLAVES.

With the Beasts of the Wood we will ramble for Food,
And lodge in wild Deserts and Caves,
And live poor as Job on the skirts of the Globe
Before we'll submit to be SLAVES: *Brave Boys!*
Before we'll submit to be SLAVES."

The Congress met on the morning of the 24th to complete the business of the session. General Ruggles, the President, and Mr. Ogden, a delegate from New Jersey, who had shown disaffection to the popular cause from the opening of

the Congress, refused to sign the proceedings. They had argued vehemently in favor of the claim of Parliament to supreme control over the colonies *in all things*. They were opposed to Union, and insisted that each province should take care of its own grievances and petition Parliament each for itself. They had denounced the proceedings against the Stamp Act in Congress and out of it, as treasonable; and in every way exhibited hostility to the object for which that Congress had assembled. Ruggles, true to his proclivities, became a violent Tory in the great Revolution that followed. He had been a Massachusetts Brigadier under Sir William Johnson, and now entered the royal military service against his countrymen. When the British were driven from Boston in the spring of 1776, he fled with them to Halifax, but soon afterward appeared on Long Island at the head of three hundred Tories of Kings and Suffolk counties. He was a refugee at the close of the war, and settled in Nova Scotia, where he died in 1798, at the age of eighty-seven years. The more timid Ogden quailed before the indignation of his countrymen. He tried to conceal or palliate his defection in the Congress, but failed. He was burned in effigy in several places in New Jersey, and was removed from the office of Speaker of the Assembly at their next meeting. All the other members of the Congress were true to the cause which they professed to represent. Of the twenty-seven members only one was a knave, and one a coward.

Owing to the factious conduct of Ruggles and Ogden, the 24th was spent in wrangling; but on the following day the labors of the Congress were satisfactorily closed. The delegates from six of the nine provinces represented, namely, Massachusetts (except Ruggles), Rhode Island, New Jersey (except Ogden), Pennsylvania (except Dickenson, who was absent), Delaware, and Maryland, affixed their signatures to the proceedings. Those of the other colonies assented, but were not authorized to sign their names. The four unrepresented colonies, namely, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, were known to be in sympathy with their sisters; and the proceedings of that Congress, burdened with potential ideas concerning the rights of man, went forth to the world with the solemn sanction of the continent, proclaiming to every human being on the face of the earth, in the spirit of John Adams's declaration: "You have rights antecedent to all earthly government; rights that can not be repealed or restrained by human laws; rights derived from the great Legislator of the Universe." The colonies then became, as it was expressed, "a bundle of sticks which could neither be bent nor broken." Then and there the visible form of the great AMERICAN UNION was fashioned and proclaimed; and from that hour, during the ten dreary years of strife and tumult, of hope and doubt, of petition and remonstrance, of consultation and preparation, preceding the final armed resistance to unnatural oppression, the colonies acted as a unit. The

crude elements of republicanism tending to political aggregation, which the American colonists had exhibited since the attempt to confederate in 1643, were now crystallized into tangible form. The UNION which we so much love, and for which we have poured out blood like water and treasure like sand, was formed long before the Declaration of Independence, or the promulgation of the Constitution which changed the *confederation of States* into a CONSOLIDATED NATION.

The 1st of November arrived. It was Friday—gloomy "hangman-day." All over the country muffled bells were tolled, muffled drums were beaten, and minute-guns were fired. There were indications every where of a national funeral. "DIED," reported a New York newspaper more than fifty days before, "on the 7th of February, 1765, of a cruel *Stamp* on her Vitals, Lady N—th Am—can Liberty [North American Liberty]. She was descended from the ancient and honorable family of Bulls. Her Father, John Bull, Esq., married her, agreeable to her own desire, to a worthy Gentleman of noble Blood, tho' of no large Fortune, whose name was TOLERATION, and gave her in Dower a certain Tract of uncultivated Land, which she called after her name, N—th Am—ca, which she with her Husband came and took Possession of, with this additional Grant, that she, her Children and dependents, should enjoy all the Liberties and Immunities of Natural-born Subjects of him, the said John Bull. . . . Thus died the most amiable of Women, the best Wife, the most dutiful Child, and the tenderest Mother. Happy for her family, she has left one son, who was the Child of her Bosom and her only Hope. Him she often said she prophetically named I—d—p—d—ce [Independence], and in him the Hopes of all her disconsolate Servants are placed for relief under their Afflictions, when he shall come of age."*

Business was suspended, the courts of justice were closed, marriages ceased, and legal contracts of every kind were kept in abeyance, for no man would use the stamps. But the pall of gloom that covered the people was soon lifted. The voice of the General Congress was like the trumpet of the resurrection. Through it a nation spoke, and its own words gave life and liberty to thought and action in all its borders. The clouds broke; the sunlight came bursting through with floods of radiance; and the cheerfulness that follows the culmination of sorrow, when Faith and Hope light the way, was seen in every countenance. The fiat went forth spontaneously from every heart and lip that Americans should never be slaves; that the gyves of the Stamp Act should never encumber the limbs of an American freeman. Men felt the power of that resolution with the force of a demonstration; and even the children, as one of our historians has said, "though hardly able

* Quoted by Dawson, in his "*Sons of Liberty in New York*," page 77.

to speak, caught up the general chorus, and went along the streets merrily caroling, 'Liberty, Property, and no Stamps!'"* "It is the joy of thousands," said a patriotic divine of Connecticut, "that there is union and concurrence in a General Congress. We trust they will lay the foundation for another Congress."

The newspaper press first hurled defiance by appearing without stamps. The merchants acted simultaneously, and agreed to import nothing from England until the obnoxious Act should be repealed. All classes utterly disregarded the law. The stamps were seized and destroyed, and the stamp-distributers were roughly handled by the populace. Royal Governors and Royal troops were powerless; and imperative demands for the repeal of the law, in the action of an indignant people, accompanied the loyal Addresses to the King and Parliament sent over by the Congress.

The stupid King could not comprehend the matter. The conceited Ministers were not much wiser than he; and King and Ministers gabbled about chastising a rebellious people. But there were men in the British Parliament who *did* comprehend the whole matter, and were not afraid to speak out plainly. The chief of them were Pitt, Burke, and Barré. The first had established his right to the claim of his friends of being the "first Commoner in England." The second then commenced his brilliant career as an orator; and the third was already known as a keen, sagacious, and brilliant debater. On this occasion Pitt's powers were developed in magnificent proportions; and Burke's speeches against the Stamp Act, Dr. Johnson said, "filled the town with wonder." Grenville used all his powers in defense of his scheme, and attacked Pitt with the insinuation that he was a promoter of sedition in the colonies. The scene that followed, as described by Johnson, was one of remarkable interest. When Grenville ceased speaking there was a loud call for "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" Gout had fastened its instruments of torture upon him, and he had entered the house with crutches under his arms and his feet swathed in flannel. He slowly arose to his feet, supported by his props, cast a glance over the audience, and then fixing his keen eye upon Grenville, said, "You have challenged me to the field, and I will fight you on every foot of it." His eloquent sentences then fell thick and fast upon the quailing Minister like hot thunderbolts. At the conclusion of his speech he proposed an absolute and immediate repeal of the Stamp Act, as an unwise, unnecessary, and unjust measure, at the same time recommending an Act to accompany the repeal, which declared, in the most unqualified terms, the sovereign authority of Great Britain over her colonies. This was intended as a sort of salve to the national pride, which would be somewhat wounded by this concession; a salve which Pitt well knew would be necessary to insure the repeal of the

Act. Yet the eloquent speeches of Pitt, Burke, Conway, Barré, and others could not alone have induced the Commons to consent to a repeal of the Act. Nor would the knowledge of disturbances in America, or the Addresses of the Congress have had the slightest effect in bringing about a repeal, for the Ministers refused to even receive the Addresses, because that Congress had not been legally summoned to meet by the supreme power. It was the importunities of London merchants and tradesmen, suffering severely from the effects of the non-importation agreements, that caused a change in the views of the National Legislature. Their trade with the colonies had been suddenly suspended, and nothing but bankruptcy and ruin stared them in the face. Their voice was potential; and on the 18th of March, 1766, an Act to repeal the Stamp Act, accompanied by Pitt's Declaratory Act, so called, was passed, and became a law on the same day by receiving the signature of the King. He signed the Stamp Act cheerfully, but affixed his signature to the Act for its repeal most reluctantly. It was carried in the Commons by a vote of two hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and sixteen. It met strenuous opposition in the House of Lords, where it had a majority of thirty-four. Thirty-three peers entered a strong protest against it, embodying ten argumentative reasons, the most forcible of which that seemed to operate on their minds being that "such a submission of King, Lords, and Commons, under such circumstances, in so strange and unheard-of a contest, would in effect surrender their ancient, unalienable rights of supreme jurisdiction, and give them exclusively to the subordinate Provincial Legislatures." Precisely what the people demanded, and what the Congress had declared to be the inalienable right of the people.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was received with unbounded joy by the Americans, and the shackles upon commerce were immediately loosened. London had already been illuminated, and the shipping in the Thames decorated with flags in honor of the event. In Boston the intelligence was received at noon on a bright May day. The bells were rung; cannons roared; the *Sons of Liberty* drank toasts; all the debtors in jail were set free; John Hancock treated the populace to a pipe of wine, and the capital of New England was jubilant until midnight. Philadelphia was made equally merry. Maryland voted a portrait of Lord Camden for the State-house, for he had said in the House of Peers that "Taxation and representation are inseparable." Virginia resolved to decorate her old capital—Williamsburg—with a statue of the King; South Carolina ordered a statue of the author of the repealing Act for her only city; and New York's joy and loyalty were displayed by voting to erect within the borders of the city a statue of both Pitt and the King. The former, wrought in marble, was placed at the intersection of streets, and was reduced to a *torso* by rude British soldiery during the Revolution; the lat-

* Bancroft, v. 352.

ter (equestrian) was set up in the Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. It was made of lead, and gilded. When the storm of the Revolution broke over the land, and the King had been denounced as "a tyrant unfit to be the ruler of a free people," his statue was pulled down and cast into bullets, and the "ministerial troops" soon afterward had "melted Majesty" fired at them. When that statue fell royal power was at an end in the colonies. They had just declared themselves "free and independent States," and were fighting manfully under the banner of that Union which was formed in the Stamp Act Congress.

LOVE BY MISHAP.

I.

ONE Saturday afternoon in June a group of cavaliers had assembled on the "Concourse" at the Central Park. The musicians were taking their places, and crowds were gathering about them. The terrace was a picture of grace and animation. There had been no finer day during the season. There were no threatening clouds, and so the bonnets were ravishing. There was no dust, so coats and collars were undimmed. There was dazzling sunshine, so parasols flashed like large butterflies, or like feathers plucked from the peacock in the Ramble.

The cavaliers had stationed themselves upon the most commanding spot accessible to horsemen. They watched the carriages as they swept past below, and criticised with freedom. Gradually other visitors ascended to the Concourse. Our group broke into parties of two and three, and conversed less audibly.

"There's a beauty for you!" said one, directing attention to the foremost of two young ladies, who, apparently unattended, advanced nimbly from the lower road.

"Where? Oh, yes. What action! Just look at that step. 'Tis a beauty, to be sure!"

"Here's a fellow who has no eye for any thing but horses. I mean the rider, Fred; look at her."

"Yes, she does sit well. Nobody could have a better seat. That girl can ride, Harry."

"I should think so! There are two of them, and they are coming up here. So much the better."

As the ladies moved leisurely up the ascent each of the gentlemen shrugged himself into an attitude, after the manner of the youthful male under anticipation of being inspected. Each gave a glance at the rose in his button-hole, and pulled his gloves tighter over his hands. But the ladies passed by them wholly unconscious, and took a position nearer the unfinished bank.

They were, however, in full view of the gentlemen, who straightway commenced inventories of their exterior.

They bore a subdued resemblance to one another. Both were pretty, one a little more.

Their figures justified the compact riding-dress, which is a serious test. Their complexions denoted uncompromising health, and risked nothing by contact with the sunshine. Their faces were partly shaded by round hats with curling rims, beside which the monstrous masculine turrets, with which some ladies had rashly disfigured themselves, shone in resplendent deformity. Their dark blue dresses were piquant, yet not too eccentric. Double rows of buttons, from the throat downward, made brigadier-generals of them. Their hair was massed in nets, after the English style. They were in uniform, even to the pink gloves; and feminine uniforms, though execrable for the street, or at an assembly, are ever charming in the saddle.

The taller, and apparently the older, was all fair. The other was neither fair nor dark, but had many of the advantages of each quality. The one was serious and self-possessed; the other playful and a little nervous.

"They are alone," said Mr. Harry Stafford, speaking softly to his companion.

"Why not?" said Mr. Fred Timmerton. "Why not? They know a bridle from a bunch of radishes, take my word for it. No fear of them!"

"Radishes have nothing to do with it, Fred. Of course they can ride; but ladies don't come out alone, you know."

"We ought to thank them for setting the example, then. Look at that tall girl. She sits as if she were at the piano. But the little one is the beauty."

"Don't speak so loud. As you say, the tall one is the beauty."

"No, the little one."

"Fred, don't provoke me! I say the tall one."

"Now, just observe that profile. Do you mind the nose? It's a great nose. Not in size, man! What are you laughing at? I'm not a fool!"

"The other nose is better."

"Nonsense!—and examine that dress. Did you ever see such taste?"

"The dresses are precisely alike."

"So they are, to be sure. But that doesn't alter my conviction that the little one is the real beauty."

The gentlemen regarded one another with compassion, each at his neighbor's failing in fine appreciation. The inspection was not, however, interrupted.

"The tall one is the better horsewoman," said Harry Stafford.

"I'm afraid she is," answered Timmerton, reluctantly. "But you can't have every thing. The little one rides well enough. And has the best horse too," he added, with sudden inspiration, as if the modern equestrienne were a species of centaur, to be considered only as the superior part of the animal which sustains her.

The ladies turned, and their faces were more openly revealed.

"I tell you, Harry," resumed Mr. Timmer-

ton, "you're all wrong. She has fine regular features; but look at the expression! It's positively stony! That's a woman to do you a cruelty and then laugh. She hasn't a beam of feeling in her face. It's a splendid eye, but it glitters just like ice!"

Mr. Stafford was shaken. There was something in what Timmerton said. The beauty was indisputable, but it was accompanied with a certain bearing which, at that moment, he thought haughty and forbidding. The severity of her features was inconsistent, he imagined, with the cheerfulness of the scene and the occasion.

"She is very stately"—he said to his companion—"grievously stately."

"Undoubtedly," said Timmerton; "but the other is an original package of pure gentleness; I'm sure of it."

"I could overlook all but the mouth; but I am quite uncomfortable about the mouth, it's so firm."

"I am uncomfortable about my own heart, it isn't firm at all."

"You are right, Fred; she is not a woman—she's a statue. She hasn't an emotion about her, you can be sure. Let us get away."

But Mr. Timmerton strongly resisted any such proposition. Not that he cared specially about the girls, you know—nothing of that sort; because, he should never expect to meet them again, so what was their presence to him? But the music was about to commence, and there was no place so well worth occupying as that on which they stood—unless, indeed, it were a certain point which, strangely enough, was a few feet nearer to the fair riders. Mr. Timmerton would not hear of going, and it would have been unfriendly in Mr. Stafford to leave him. It is just to add that Mr. Stafford betrayed on this occasion no spirit of unfriendliness.

Never were ladies more apparently unconscious of the interest they had so suddenly excited. They conversed quietly apart, fixing their attention upon the general view, and giving no eye to details—not even when details hovered near them in the guise of two well-favored cavaliers, each with a rose in his button-hole.

Mr. Dodworth shook his wand, and the obedient tubes sent forth their welcome to the multitude. Every body was quiet—if not from inclination, from necessity; for good taste is enforced at the Central Park by officials clothed in blue authority, and the avenues are not allowed to clang with hoofs and wheels while the charms of music are soothing the cultivated breast.

II.

The overture ceased; the performers reposed from their benevolent exertions, and the spell of blue authority was broken. The carriages began to circle in their orbits, and the gay confusion was every where renewed.

A pony bearing a lad of thirteen galloped up to the Concourse. At sight of the ladies of whom we have been speaking this lad began to shout

explanations, showing that he had been detained, that his courser was volatile of temper, and that there had been a disagreement between it and himself near the Ramble.

The grave young lady remonstrated against the loud voice, and gave cautious counsel against the risks of inexperienced horse-boys.

"Oh, Julia, that's always your way!" answered my young gentleman. "You think I can't ride, and try to frighten me. Wait, now, and I'll show you by-and-by."

"So they're not altogether alone, you see," whispered Mr. Timmerton.

"Charley," said the young lady whom he had called Julia, "you have no need to hold the curb so close. Let it loose; the pony is restless."

In fact the little animal had grown quite nervous, and impatiently pelted the Park with his fore-feet. But Master Charley, with a self-confidence not inconsistent with the age of thirteen, persisted in the endeavor to manage every thing in his own way. From dancing the pony went on to prancing, and presently executed movements so eccentric as to alarm his rider, who suddenly dropped theory and curb with one accord. Unexpectedly released, the pony furthermore sprang forward full against the stately young lady's horse, disturbing her balance and jostling the reins from her hand—a mishap that would not have occurred but for the anxiety with which she was watching the adventures of Master Charles. Now two animals were moved from their propriety, and people began to turn and gaze. The lady's position was awkward, for, losing the reins, she lost also the power of control. Mr. Timmerton started to her aid. But, springing sideways, her horse touched the edge of the uncompleted bank. A misstep here would be perilous. The younger lady whimpered. Master Charley cried aloud without helping matters. Mr. Stafford took a quick view of the emergency, and with a single motion turned his horse toward the declivity, pushed his spur vigorously, and darted beyond the limit of the Concourse. As he passed outside the lady her horse was crowded back to a firmer position, and by a sudden gesture he restored her reins. Her safety was secured, but Mr. Stafford was less fortunate. His effort to turn abruptly back was unavailing. The loose stones slid, the horse plunged once or twice, then fell upon his side, rolling half-way down the bank, and crushing his rider among the jagged stones. There was a great outcry, then a rush and a crowd; and every thought of the pleasures of the day was chilled for all who saw the handsome gentleman's torn and bleeding frame as they carried him inanimate away.

III.

When Mr. Stafford opened his mind's eyes—or, to put it more formally, when he returned to consciousness—he found himself where, under the circumstances, he would naturally expect to be, in his own apartments. For an hour he lay

with his senses half unclosed, weakly questioning himself as to why he was at home, and why he was in bed; why his legs and arms hurt him if he stirred them; why the room was so dark and still; and why the people whom he saw moving softly about did not speak to him. He was too languid to ask aloud for any information. It was pleasanter to conjecture tranquilly, and wait for recollection to shape itself before him. Gradually the outlines of the accident arose in his mind; dimly at first, afterward more clearly. He remembered the two ladies and their opposite characteristics, the impending danger and his effort to avert it. Having remembered this much, he felt a little curiosity as to the sequel, but had not energy enough to make inquiries. He therefore turned about and went to sleep.

He awoke presently with a great appetite, and cried out in a voice which he meant to make loud, but which denied his intentions, for food. A gentleman approached him cautiously.

"Why, Timmerton, glad to see you," said Mr. Stafford, recognizing his friend; "but what's the matter? Just look at you. What a guy! What are you so solemn about?"

"Hush, Harry," answered Mr. Timmerton, "don't talk much. You have been very ill."

"Ill! I'm not ill. I'm only sore. I want to get up"—and he made a futile attempt to lift himself upon an elbow.

"Lie quiet, Harry—do!" said Timmerton. "You can't get up. You have been sick a fortnight. This is the first time you have known me."

"Have I been sick a fortnight?" said Mr. Stafford. "Well, that is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life. I didn't know it."

"No, indeed. You haven't known much since you fell."

"Oh yes, to be sure, I fell," interrupted Stafford. "Tell me about it. What happened?"

"Not now. To-morrow."

"But I insist on knowing what became of the tall—"

"Hush; if you talk now I'll never tell you. Your doctor says you must keep quiet."

A person who had been seated at a little distance rose and moved toward the door.

"Who's that?" said Stafford.

"That's your nurse," said Timmerton.

"Well, send her away. I don't want any nurse. I'm well enough now."

"Does he seem better, Mr. Timmerton?" asked the nurse, near the door.

"I think a great deal better," said Timmerton. "Not flushed; no signs of much fever, and he knows what he's about, you see."

"Then I shall go," said the nurse. "I will send to inquire this evening."

"Hallo," said Stafford, as the door was opened, "there are two of them. I saw them both. I distinctly saw a pair. I haven't got two nurses, have I?"

"One is an assistant," said Timmerton, as they went out.

"An assistant! Why, have I been so bad as that—and for only a fortnight? Well, I sha'n't want them any more. Tell me about the Park. No, you needn't; I'm sleepy."

He had forgotten the hunger with which he woke up, and did not consider it until the next morning, when, after a long slumber, he awoke feeble but unmistakably convalescent.

IV.

"You are a lucky fellow," said Mr. Timmerton.

"I should think so," said Mr. Stafford. "My legs and arms are constantly reminding me of it."

"Nevertheless," continued Mr. Timmerton. "I would care less for the chances of getting an occasional pitch-off, if I could feel sure of such capital treatment as you have had."

"My doctor is a clever fellow," acknowledged Mr. Stafford.

"It's not the doctor. He says himself that he could have done very little without the constant and patient care your nurse gave to you. The case was serious, my boy. Few men ever get a second rap on the skull like that of yours."

"You don't tell me so. There's nothing the matter with my skull."

"It's over now; and you feel the lighter bruises the most. Do you know, Harry, that you talked stuff for a week."

"What sort of stuff?"

"Oh, the worst; poetry, and politics, and every thing."

"Why, then, I was out of my head."

"Miles—leagues. You haven't been in it or near it for two weeks."

"Bless me! It's too late to be frightened now. Do no good. It was very bad, then."

"Monstrous! You needed uninterrupted attention, and that of the most delicate kind. And you had it."

"Oh, that's my 'luck,' is it?"

"That's your luck; and now about the nurse."

"What about her?"

"What will you do?"

"Why, hasn't she been paid? Send her something extra to buy pipes with or snuff."

"Harry, one thing is sure. She saved your life."

"That's her trade, Fred; at least one-half of it. Saving or losing it makes no difference to her, I suppose."

"Well, it didn't seem so to me. I have been here every day, mind, and seen the whole."

"Thank you, Fred; I know you have done every thing for me."

"Will you go and thank your nurse when you get better? That would be more to the purpose. I have done nothing. A man is of no use when you are sick."

"What should I go and thank a nurse for? Well, have her brought here some day and I'll thank her."

"She can't come any more, she says, now that you are nearly recovered."

"Dear me; what's the matter? she has another place, perhaps."

"Possibly. Will you go?"

"I suppose I must, since you make a point of it. Fred, what ever became of the beautiful icicle?"

"Which one?"

"The one that upset me."

"The little one?"

"No, she upset *you*; moreover, she was not an icicle. The grand one I mean. The Minerva."

"Oh yes! I don't wonder she is in your mind. You had a good deal to say about her last week. In fact you talked about very little else."

"Good gracious! Did I devote my precious delirium to her?"

"Exclusively."

"Now, Fred, she isn't worthy of it. But you said I talked politics. She is not a politic."

"I said 'poetry and politics.'"

"True, so you did. I wonder what the devil she thought of me spinning over those sharp stones. I dare say she laughed."

"Perhaps she did; I was too busy about you to notice."

"No; I don't believe she laughed. That would be too extravagant an emotion for her to betray. I have no doubt she thought it was a highly indecorous caper of mine."

"What, to preserve her life? Oh, do her justice, Harry."

"Was I her life-preserver? Come, that's good. 'Minerva and her life-preserver.' That's poetry; but don't be afraid, I'm not delirious again."

"Day after to-morrow, Harry, we may get out and see your nurse a minute."

"Bother the nurse."

"So you did, abundantly, when she had you in charge. She's *your* life-preserver, remember."

"That's all very well; but when I am recalling the vision of the most beautiful woman in the world why conjure snuffy nurses and all sorts of abominations? Let me alone, I want to think."

Mr. Timmerton went away laughing.

V.

A day or two later, on a Saturday, Mr. Stafford was able to creep into a carriage.

"We will ride up to the Park, Fred, and look at the Concourse," he said to his faithful escort, Mr. Timmerton.

"Why the Concourse?" asked Mr. Timmerton.

"I am curious to see the spot of my accident. There is one stone especially to which I desire to apologize. I almost broke it with my head. Besides, we might—"

"Might what?"

"No matter."

"I tell you what, Harry, we will stop on the way and give your nurse a little call."

"Can I never get rid of that eternal nurse?"

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I hoped you had forgotten her. Well, for the sake of peace, let us go and have it all over with. Take me where you please."

The carriage rolled through Fifth Avenue. Turning a corner it stopped before a mansion too elegant to appear the fit abode of nurses.

"Why, Fred, is the creature in attendance upon somebody? I can't go into a stranger's house to see a nurse."

"Come along," said Mr. Timmerton, "I've fixed every thing. She rather expects you."

Mr. Stafford languidly suffered himself to be conducted up the steps, his countenance expressing some wonder and more impatience. They entered, and cards were given by Mr. Timmerton. Impatience gradually faded from Mr. Stafford's features, and wonder grew as they stood within one of the most charming drawing-rooms he had ever entered. He was about to question his friend with some eagerness when steps resounded in the hall. The door opened.

I do not know whether it was "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" that Mr. Stafford exclaimed, or some more familiar phrase of astonishment and awe. Probably it was something more modern and less classical. But whatever it might have been it indicated a state of feeling at least as acute as that of Hamlet when confronted by the late respected.

For, look you, Hamlet had been warned of the apparition, and had steeled his senses beforehand. At least he had the opportunity of doing so. But here, without a sign of premonition, was poor Harry Stafford thrust into the presence of the very woman upon whom his thoughts had rested, in sickness and health, since the first moment he beheld her—into the presence of the frigid beauty, of the lady he had saved from an ugly danger, taking the catastrophe upon himself.

It was really too bad of Mr. Fred Timmerton; and yet that gentleman stood smiling—yes, almost laughing—for at least forty seconds without vouchsafing a word of elucidation. Mr. Stafford, nervous and weak from his illness, turned to him beseechingly. His first idea had been that one of the young ladies had been injured as well as himself, and that the same nurse might have been called to attend upon both. Next a crowd of thoughts hustled upon his mind until he felt quite faint and uneasy.

Mr. Timmerton stepped forward to relieve the embarrassment. The younger lady of the Park had also entered the drawing-room. They stood together awaiting a presentation.

"Mr. Stafford," said Mr. Timmerton, "I am rejoiced to make you acquainted with your nurse, Miss Daisley."

I would wish readers of a vigorous imagination to picture to themselves Mr. Stafford's feelings. No others can. As for describing them, I am ashamed to say how many pens have been broken by the present narrator in the attempt.

Tremulously rising, and supported by his companion, he glanced timidly at the stately beauty, remembered all he had conceived of her hard-

ness and coldness, dashed away a kindling hope, and turned to the glowing and sympathetic little maiden by her side.

"I can never thank you enough, Miss Daisley," he began.

"No, Harry, not that Miss 'Daisley,'" interrupted Timmerton—"the other one."

"Ah, this is too much," said Mr. Stafford; and feeling quite unable to stand, he sat down very abruptly among the cushions of an easy-chair.

"We were at first afraid it *was* too much," said Miss Daisley, sitting near him; "but we presently found the danger could be averted. But oh, Mr. Stafford, how you have suffered, and for us—for—for me!"

"I did not mean the hurt was too much," said Stafford; "that was nothing. I beg you not to think of it."

"I can not help thinking of it. Remember, I have been your nurse for more than a week, and I know what befell you better, perhaps, than you can."

Harry Stafford thought he had never heard so beautiful a voice in his life. But at the last remark he became suddenly confused, and grew red.

"What ails you?" said Miss Daisley; "have you come out too soon?"

"Oh no," said Harry—"no, indeed." And he secretly thought that if he could have known the truth he would not have waited till that late day to meet his nurse. He conceived at the moment a wrathful sentiment toward Mr. Timmerton, and resolved to have it out with him at the earliest opportunity for being so reticent. His confusion came from remembering that his friend had told him the burden of his long delirium was nothing else but Miss Daisley.

"Did I say many foolish things while I was sick, Miss Daisley?" he asked.

And now it was the young lady's turn to betray uneasiness. "No," she said—"at least I do not remember. No, I think not."

"Whatever I may have said," urged Mr. Stafford, "I wish you would believe—and it is the truth—that within a few minutes I have learned that I made the wildest mistake of my life when I first saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Stafford!"

"Indeed I did. I thought of you—"

"No matter, do not tell me now; tell me some other time."

Stafford felt convinced that she at least partly divined what he would say; and as it was an awkward confession at the best, he was glad enough to be relieved. Timmerton and the younger lady, who had until now conversed apart, drew near.

"You wish to know how I came to be your nurse, as Mr. Timmerton calls me," resumed Miss Daisley.

"No; like the blessings of the fairies, you do not need to be accounted for. No, I accept the fact thankfully, and that is enough."

"That's very pretty, but nevertheless I must tell you, else you would think— Well, I

must tell you. When you fell I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved, and as Mr. Timmerton was lifting you I begged him to give me your name and your address. After I reached home I sent papa to learn how serious your injury was. He was very fully sensible of what we owed you, and felt as much anxiety as any of us—as I did. He brought back word that your head was affected, and the fever was so violent that the physician had very little hope for you unless he could secure the attendance of some person who would enter thoroughly and heartily into his plans for your restoration. He wanted a more considerate and thoughtful nurse than any he could call upon. Was it presumptuous in me, Mr. Stafford, to think that I might do? I had never seen much illness; but this was a case where I could not but feel that my sense of gratitude ought to teach me many things that I wanted in experience. At any rate, I felt it a serious duty to make the trial. Mamma was astonished, as she will tell you presently, but she did not refuse. She only went about the next day and made inquiries; and as she found friends of her own who knew good things of you, she was quite at ease. There it is, Mr. Stafford—a long story, to be sure, but I felt it right that you should know precisely how it came about."

Mr. Stafford was much agitated. "I am very deeply moved," he said, "by your generosity and your courage. I can not even attempt to tell you how much."

"Do not speak of it," she answered. "The doctor tried me, and did not find me wanting, and I am proud enough of the praises he gave me. He did not seem to think I had a motive, and that if you had not saved my life, perhaps I should have had less resolution and determination to help you back to health."

"Here is mamma," said the younger Miss Daisley.

Mrs. Daisley entered, an ample, beaming matron, with a bearing which betrayed the origin of her older daughter's dignity, and a ripe beauty which warranted the comeliness of both of them. To her the invalid was presented, and the conversation was general for half an hour. Mrs. Daisley admitted that her daughter's suggestion of assuming a sanitary commission in favor of a strange gentleman had amazed her, but added that the case seemed too urgent and too immediate in its claims upon them to justify refusal. Many pleasant things were said, especially between Mr. Timmerton and the younger sister, who seemed to act upon the best understanding in the world.

"But we were going up to the Park," said Timmerton, suddenly; at which a disagreeable sensation shot across Mr. Stafford's mind. "Bad taste that fellow Timmerton shows sometimes," thought he.

"Perhaps Miss Daisley will go with us," added Timmerton; whereupon Mr. Stafford reconsidered his reflection, and thought there was a spark of sense in Timmerton after all.

"But Miss Laura and I," continued Timmerton, indicating the little sister, "have almost decided to go on horseback, if Mrs. Daisley will permit, and if Miss Daisley will consent to be burdened with Mr. Stafford an hour or two longer.

Stafford utterly reversed his hasty judgment, and decided that no other man was gifted with so keen a perception, so kind a heart, so cultivated a style, and so brilliant a rhetoric as Timmerton.

"I see no objection," said Mrs. Daisley, with an air of imperial concession.

Miss Daisley simply rose and said she would be ready in one minute, then disappeared with her sister and was gone half an hour.

She returned refulgent. The time had not been wasted. She was a work of ingenuity and art. Her bonnet could not be viewed without emotion. It seemed to float like a fairy shell on the waves of her rich hair. The summer bonnets of 1862 deserve a lyrie. They are all beautiful. Looking at them, you can not believe there is war in the land. Miss Daisley's was one of the fairest of the fair. To describe it adequately would consume an episodical page at least, so I reluctantly forsake it.

Mr. Timmerton's was one of those natures that stops at no half-way point of friendliness. "You can start now, if you please," he said, "and Miss Laura and I will overtake you."

Mr. Stafford looked his gratitude. He knew that if there were one thing on earth that Timmerton would *not* do, that thing was to overtake them.

Then, gently aided by the fair young girl to whom he now felt he owed a devotion that he would pay with all the integrity of his heart, he replaced himself in the earriage. As he was taking leave of Mrs. Daisley at the door, Mr. Timmerton said, his eyes twinkling, "We'll catch you presently, Harry."

VI.

All had passed as Miss Daisley had related; only her version was but the cold outline of facts. The warm coloring of incident and feeling was afterward revealed to the invalid by Timmerton. She had witnessed the accident with real anguish. It was a mishap accepted for her sake, and she was one to appreciate a chivalrous deed. Her first impulse was to dismount and proffer aid and comfort; but she saw that prompt attention was given, and felt how useless any intervention of hers would be. As for the little Laura she burst into tears. Miss Daisley only waited to ask the sufferer's address from Mr. Timmerton, and then rode home without speaking a word.

Her mother took fright at the notion of her ministering to a stranger, even to one who had put forth so eloquent a claim to tenderest consideration. There was no precedent for such a proceeding. It was rash, undignified, unfeminine, and all that. What would people say? But Miss Julia Daisley was a young lady of res-

olution, and in the simplest way she brought both mother and father to her way of thinking. "I believe he saved my life," she said, "and I am a poor thing if I can not risk a little discomfort to help save his. Laura will go with me. Oh, mamma, I wish to do it; I ought to do it. I saw him all maimed and bleeding, and for me. Would you have me so ungrateful?"

So, although there was no precedent, Miss Daisley was suffered to be human. The physician applauded her zeal. "Oh, I am only giving him his own again," she said, smiling sweetly. Of course she grew fond of her patient; I shall make no mystery of that. It is just a woman's nature to love (more or less) whatever she is kind to. The best expedient for an unfavored suitor would be to break, not his heart, but his leg, or his arm. Thus he would gain pity, and perhaps care and anxious thought. Having the head of his adored, he might speedily count on her heart; and then he could afford a wooden leg, if need be.

Then Mr. Stafford was certainly a man worth thinking of more than a little. He was a handsome fellow; and, though his reason was astray, he said things that did not displease the lady. He talked much of the cold and stately beauty of the Park, and wondered if his will could ever melt her. Then she redoubled her care, for she could not bear to think he should not some day see his error.

There is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add one feather's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her courage rises as her hopes recede. The grim spectre that hovers and threatens may appall her, but she gives no sign. Her eye is clear and gentle; her voice soft and sweet as the breath of summer; her touch so tender that the simplest kindly office soothes like a caress. The dawn of her smile chases away suffering as light dispels the mists of the universe. There is balm in her very presence. Her delicate instinct teaches a thousand arts of comfort and consolation which experience might study in vain. There is a wisdom above science in her loving heart. She knows no sacrifice—wonders if you speak of any. She is calmest at times when men yield to a turbulent sorrow. She chains her emotions with her sense of vigilant duty. In her weakness she is stronger than the strong. This mastery of self—this purity of devotion—this eager and unsleeping watchfulness—this radiant reflection of hope and trust—this outpouring of all that nature, lofty and true, can lavish—do they not mark the noblest heroism of humanity? From woman life comes; she feels that it is hers to guard it. How well will she not guard it! And when she has restored it to you—when the peril is past and you meet with no ill of yours to bind her sympathy—take care, for she will plague you to the brink of the grave again, if you give her the chance.

Miss Laura came daily with her sister, and

her anxiety for Stafford's recovery was quite as lively, if not as deep, as Julia's. Her nature, however, was not so intense; and then it was not *her* safety that had been imperiled; so she had leisure to think of other things. Mr. Timmerton succeeded in making himself one of these. He was an active thing, and a very present thing, and it would have been difficult to overlook him under any circumstances. As affairs stood it was impossible.

The day after the accident Mr. Timmerton and Miss Laura Daisley sat together at a window of Mr. Stafford's parlor. Miss Julia was seeking counsel from the physician, in the sick-room. Timmerton was much excited. Stafford's condition was precarious, and in his delirium he had refused to recognize his friend. As Timmerton spoke of it his voice broke, and great tears came running from his eyes.

"Poor Mr. Timmerton!" said Laura, softly, woman-like, overlooking the sad cause for a moment, in her sympathy with the nearer distress beside her. And she put her little hand upon his with a momentary soft touch, and then hurried it away, and hid it from human view in the folds of her handkerchief.

Timmerton brightened directly. He said he thought, oh! he was sure, Harry would soon get better. I am afraid it was no very logical process of reasoning that brought this result to his mind. Why should a tremulous touch of Laura Daisley's hand restore his confidence? But it surely did.

"And poor Mr. Stafford!" said Laura, self-reproachful for her tardiness. "Oh! that terrible, terrible fall!"

A dextrous idea possessed Mr. Timmerton.

"And to think," he said, "it might have been your sister!"

It was now the young girl's turn to whimper.

"Poor Miss Laura!" said he—and he mussed the handkerchief and squeezed her little hand.

He was a sly wretch, was Mr. Timmerton.

VII.

The carriage entered the Park. Miss Daisley and Mr. Timmerton had not appeared, and yet no remark had been made upon their absence. It is a question whether it had been even noticed.

In the midst of all Harry Stafford's happiness—and his happiness was of that kind which is never told in words, nor ever can be, however we may try—there was a weight which bitterly oppressed him. He longed to throw it off, but hardly dared.

"Mr. Stafford."

"Yes, Miss Daisley."

"We are close in sight of—of what I can hardly bear to speak of."

"To be sure. There it is. Why, it is nearly finished now. There can be no more accidents."

"You make so light of it!"

"I wish I could tell you what cause I have for feeling light about it."

"Tell me."

"It was a cheap price to pay for what I—for what I—"

"Ah! Mr. Stafford, I meant to say something when we came in sight of that place."

"Tell me."

"I *never* can! Let me see—can I? I meant to say [timidly] that you might finish about what you had thought of me. I interrupted you at home."

This was the very opportunity Stafford had yearned for, yet knew not how to improve. So he began, not very courageously:

"I am ashamed to own it to you, Miss Daisley. I only tell you that I may also say how wrong, and foolish, and cruelly unjust I was."

"Oh, Mr. Stafford!"

"Yes, indeed. When I first saw you, riding here, and waiting on the Concourse—forgive me; I did not know you then."

"But you haven't told me."

"Ah! true. I thought you were cold and unfeeling."

"Oh!"

"That you were severe and forbidding."

"Oh!"

"That you could be unkind and heartless."

"Oh! oh! Mr. Stafford, did you think all that of me?"

"It was detestable of me, was it not? You never can forgive me."

"You did think that?"

"I am afraid I did—only for the moment."

"Well, there, Mr. Stafford, I knew it."

"What! you knew it?"

"I did."

"Oh, I told you when I was ill, and unconscious of what I did say."

"No. I heard you at the time."

"At the time!"

"You spoke softly, but not softly enough. I heard you."

"And what could you have thought?"

"I thought—I thought it was not quite true or just; and I thought it was a pity I should never have the opportunity of proving that I was better than I seemed; for I do not like to be thought too badly of."

"Dear, kind Miss Daisley!"

"And, Mr. Stafford, if I felt one shade less of regret than I otherwise should at your misfortune, it was because I saw how I might try to make you know you had done me a little wrong."

"Miss Julia, I should be a brute if I did not love you for what you say and for what you have done; you know that. But you do not know that now I love you better than any thing and every thing else in the whole world."

"Oh! Mr. Stafford!"

"You are willing to let me say this, Julia; you are not angry with me, good Julia, kind little Julia, dear Julia."

"What, Mr. Stafford, a cold, harsh thing like me?"

"Oh, spare me that."

"Not a woman, but a statue?"
 "My very words!"
 "Not a heart about her?"
 "Be good to me again."
 "But that last is true," murmured the young girl, mysteriously.

"Julia!"
 "To err is human."
 "And to forgive, divine."
 "Wait, let me think a moment," and she leaned back and closed her eyes. She had played at coquetry a thousand times, but she could not do it now. She tried, as the half dozen preceding sentences show, but failed.

"I know you saved my life," she presently said, smiling gently, "and I did the little I could to help save yours. I do believe that perhaps we belong to one another."

"My darling; now tell me, what do you think they will say at home?"

"At my home?"

"Certainly, yours."

"I think papa knows that I love you."

"And your mother?"

"I am sure she does."

After that they sat and rode quietly, and no word passed between them until, nearing the Concourse again, Miss Daisley said,

"I see Laura."

"And there is Fred," said Harry, "on the Concourse. They see us."

"And they are coming to us."

"They may come now, but had they come earlier—" and Mr. Stafford made a mock threatening gesture.

Miss Daisley positively did not blush, only laughed.

Salutations passed as the equestrians drew near. Mr. Timmertont was beckoned to receive a whisper from Mr. Stafford.

"Fred, I never can thank you enough."

"What for?" (*sotto voce.*)

"Why, for keeping away for an hour."

"Oh, my boy, you needn't thank me, I did it for myself."

"For yourself?"

"To be sure."

"What?"

"Yes!!

"I too!!!"

Any body that chooses may guess what those last three mystic utterances implied, but I shall not explain them.

The handsome four looked very knowingly at one another. Now not a word had passed with the sisters, yet I verily believe there was no secret between them at that moment. There exists among women a telegraph system too fine to be ever mastered by the masculine understanding.

The orchestra stood up. At Mr. Dodworth's tap came this:



"It is the Wedding March," said Mr. Timmertont.

Nobody else spoke. But was it the sunlight that suddenly flashed across those four young faces, or the full tide of hope, and joy, and faith bounding ruddy from their hearts, and, as it glowed and beamed, openly telling the secret of their dearest thoughts in that happy hour? Ah, that happy hour! There is none other like it,

to glorify the present, to gild the future, to turn the thorny ways of life to paths of bounteous promise, to lift the earth to paradise. If its spell could only last! We have been liberal with our party—smoothed their way and lent their wishes every comfort from the beginning. There they are, the four of them. Let us give them the last favor, and say good-by while the radiant influence still enfolds them.

ROLL-CALL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried;
 "Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
 And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
 This time no answer followed the call;
 Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
 Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
 These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

ROMOLA.

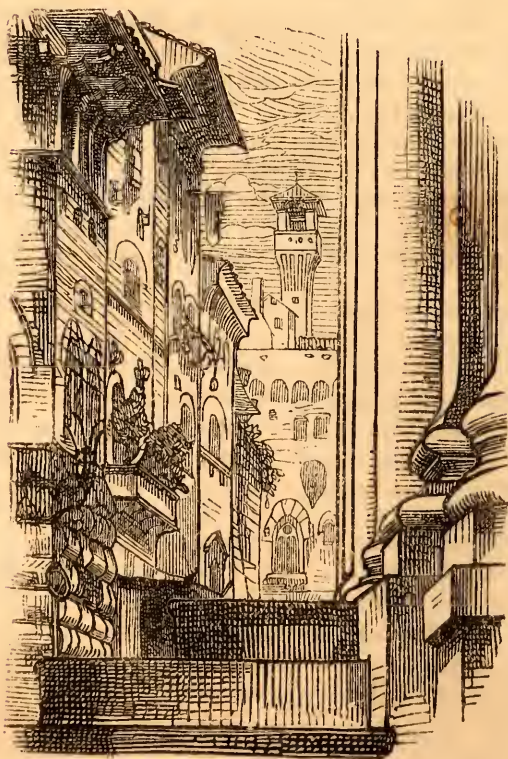
BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DYING MESSAGE.

WHEN Romola arrived at the entrance of San Marco she found one of the Frati waiting there in expectation of her arrival. Monna Brigida retired into the adjoining church, and Romola was conducted to the door of the chapter-house in the outer cloister, whither the invalid had been conveyed; no woman being allowed admission beyond this precinct.

When the door opened the subdued external light blending with that of two tapers placed behind a truckle-bed showed the emaciated face of Fra Luca, with the tonsured crown of golden hair above it, and with deep-sunken hazel eyes fixed on a small crucifix which he held before him. He was propped up into nearly a sitting posture; and Romola was just conscious, as she threw aside her veil, that there was another monk standing by the bed, with the black cowl drawn over his head, and that he moved toward the door as she entered; just conscious that in the back-ground there was a crucified form rising high and pale, on the frescoed wall, and pale faces of sorrow looking out from it below.



The next moment her eyes met Fra Luca's as they looked up at her from the crucifix, and she was absorbed in that pang of recognition which identified this monkish emaciated form with the image of her fair young brother.

"Dino!" she said, in a voice like a low cry of pain. But she did not bend toward him; she held herself erect, and paused at two yards' distance from him. There was an unconquerable repulsion for her in that monkish aspect; it seemed to her the brand of the dastardly undutifulness which had left her father desolate—of the groveling superstition which could give such undutifulness the name of piety. Her father, whose proud sincerity and simplicity of life had made him one of the few frank pagans of his time, had brought her up with a silent ignoring of any claims the Church could have to regulate the belief and action of beings with a cultivated reason; the Church, in her mind, belonged to that actual life of the mixed multitude from which they had always lived apart, and she had no ideas that could render her brother's course an object of any other feeling than incurious, indignant contempt. Yet the lovingness of Romola's soul had clung to that image in the past, and while she stood rigidly aloof there was a yearning search in her eyes for something too faintly discernible.

But there was no corresponding emotion in the face of the monk. He looked at the little sister returned to him in her full womanly beauty, with the far-off gaze of a revisiting spirit.

"My sister!" he said, with feeble and interrupted but yet distinct utterance, "it is well thou hast not longer delayed to come, for I have a message to deliver to thee, and my time is short."

Romola took a step nearer: the message, she thought, would be one of affectionate penitence to her father, and her heart began to open. Nothing could wipe out the long years of desertion; but the culprit, looking back on those years with the sense of irremediable wrong committed, would call forth pity. Now, at the last, there would be understanding and forgiveness. Dino would pour out some natural filial feeling; he would ask questions about his father's blindness—how rapidly it had come on? how the long dark days had been filled? what the life was now in the home where he himself had been nourished?—and the last message from the dying lips would be one of tenderness and regret.

"Romola," Fra Luca began again, "I have had a vision concerning thee. Thrice I have had it in the last two months: each time it has been clearer. Therefore I came from Fiesole, deeming it a message from heaven that I was bound to deliver. And I gather a promise of mercy to thee in this, that my breath is preserved in order to—"

The difficult breathing which continually interrupted him would not let him finish the sentence.

Romola had felt her heart chilling again. It

was a vision, then, this message—one of those visions she had so often heard her father allude to with bitterness. Her indignation rushed to her lips.

"Dino, I thought you had some words to send to my father. You forsook him when his sight was failing; you made his life very desolate. Have you never cared about that? never repented? What is this religion of yours, that places visions before natural duties?"

The deep-sunken hazel eyes turned slowly toward her, and rested upon her in silence for some moments, as if he were meditating whether he should answer her.

"No," he said at last—speaking, as before, in a low passionless tone, as if his voice were that of some spirit not human, speaking through dying human organs. "No; I have never repented fleeing from the stifling poison-breath of sin that was hot and thick around me, and threatened to steal over my senses like besotting wine. My father could not hear the voice that called me night and day; he knew nothing of the demon-tempters that tried to drag me back from following it. My father has lived amidst human sin and misery without believing in them: he has been like one busy picking shining stones in a mine, while there was a world dying of plague above him. I spoke, but he listened with scorn. I told him the studies he wished me to live for were either childish trifling—dead toys—or else they must be made warm and living by pulses that beat to worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts: for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts made all the substance of the poetry and history he wanted me to bend my eyes on continually."

"Has not my father led a pure and noble life, then?" Romola burst forth, unable to hear in silence this implied accusation against her father. "He has sought no worldly honors; he has been truthful; he has denied himself all luxuries; he has lived like one of the ancient sages. He never wished you to live for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts; he wished you to live as he himself has done, according to the purest maxims of philosophy, in which he brought you up."

Romola spoke partly by rote, as all ardent and sympathetic young creatures do; but she spoke with intense belief. The pink flush was in her face, and she quivered from head to foot. Her brother was again slow to answer, looking at her passionate face with strange passionless eyes.

"What were the maxims of philosophy to me? They told me to be strong, when I felt myself weak; when I was ready, like the blessed Saint Benedict, to roll myself among thorns, and court smarting wounds as a deliverance from temptation. For the Divine love had sought me, and penetrated me, and created a great need in me; like a seed that wants room to grow. I had been brought up in carelessness of the true faith; I had not studied the doctrines of our religion; but it seemed to take possession

of me like a rising flood. I felt that there was a life of perfect love and purity for the soul, in which there would be no uneasy hunger after pleasure, no tormenting questions, no fear of suffering. Before I knew the history of the saints I had a foreshadowing of their ecstasy. For the same truth had penetrated even into pagan philosophy; that it is a bliss within the reach of man to die to mortal needs, and live in the life of God as the Unseen Perfectness. But to attain that I must forsake the world; I must have no affection, no hope, that wedded me to that which passeth away; I must live with my fellow-beings only as human souls related to the eternal unseen life. That need was urging me continually; it came over me in visions when my mind fell away weary from the vain words which record the passions of dead men; it came over me after I had been tempted into sin, and turned away with loathing from the scent of the emptied cup. And in visions I saw the meaning of the Crucifix."

He paused, breathing hard for a minute or two; but Romola was not prompted to speak again. It was useless for her mind to attempt any contact with the mind of this unearthly brother: as useless as for her hand to try and grasp a shadow. He went on as soon as his heaving chest was quieter.

"I felt whom I must follow: but I saw that even among the servants of the Cross who professed to have renounced the world, my soul would be stifled with the fumes of hypocrisy and lust and pride. God had not chosen me, as he chose Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, to wrestle with evil in the church and in the world. He called upon me to flee: I took the sacred vows and I fled—fled to lands where danger and scorn and want bore me continually, like angels, to repose on the bosom of God. I have lived the life of a hermit; I have ministered to pilgrims: but my task has been short; the veil has worn very thin that divides me from my everlasting rest. I came back to Florence that—"

"Dino, you *did* want to know if my father was alive," interrupted Romola, the picture of that suffering life touching her again with the desire for union and forgiveness.

"—that before I die I might urge others of our brethren to study the Eastern tongues, as I had not done, and go out to greater ends than I did, and I find them already bent on the work. And since I came, Romola, I have felt that I was sent partly to thee—not to renew the bonds of earthly affection, but to deliver the heavenly warning conveyed in a vision. For I have had that vision thrice. And through all the years since first the Divine voice called me, while I was yet in the world, I have been taught and guided by visions. For in the painful linking together of our waking thoughts we can never be sure that we have not mingled our own error with the light we have prayed for; but in visions and dreams we are passive, and our souls are as an instrument in the Divine hand. There-

fore listen, and speak not again—for the time is short."

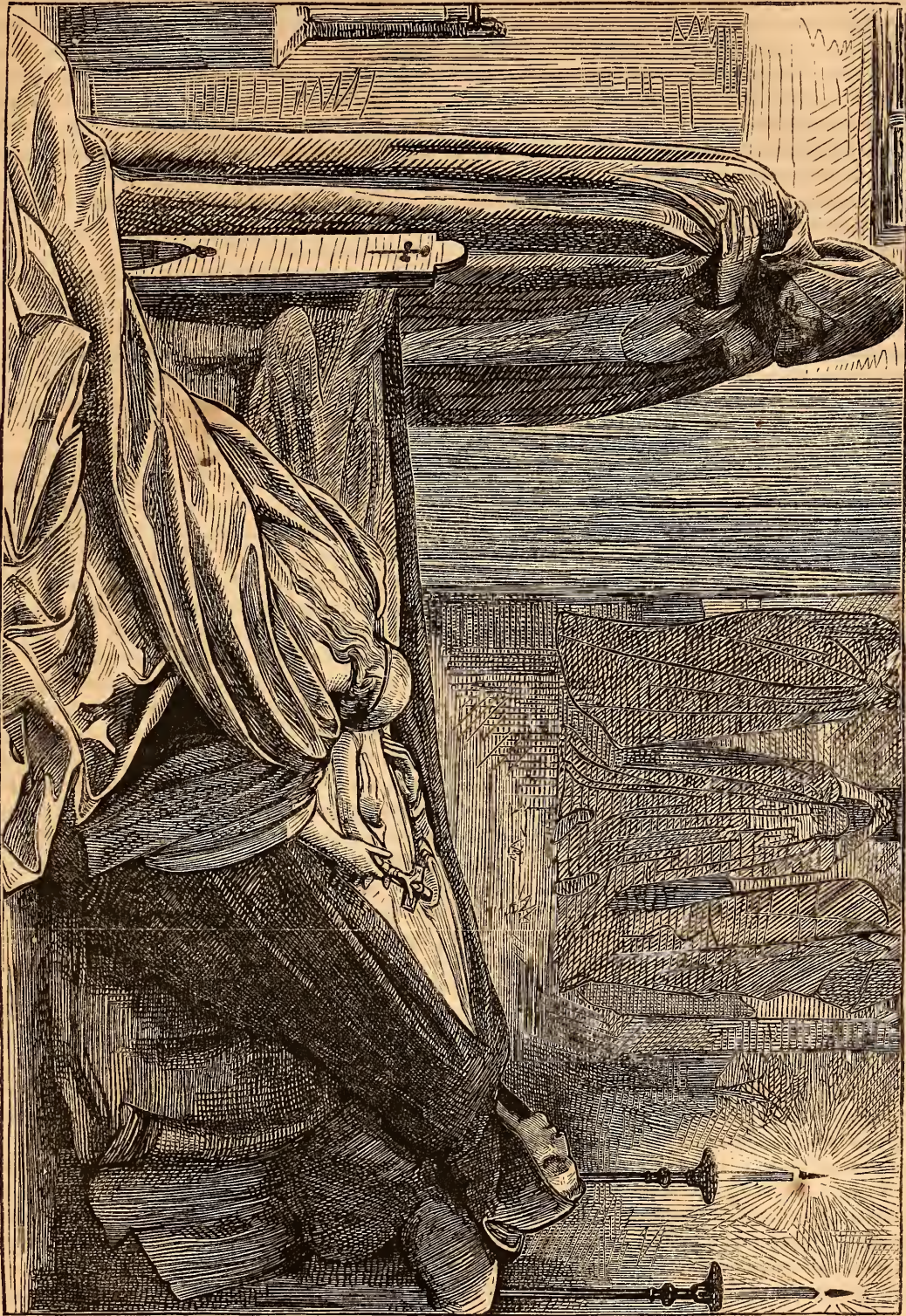
Romola's mind recoiled strongly from listening to this vision. Her indignation had subsided, but it was only because she had felt the distance between her brother and herself widening. But while Fra Luca was speaking the figure of another monk had entered, and again stood on the other side of the bed, with the cowl drawn over his head.

"Kneel, my daughter, for the Angel of Death is present, and waits while the message of Heaven is delivered: bend thy pride before it is bent for thee by a yoke of iron," said a strong rich voice, startlingly in contrast with Fra Luca's. The tone was not that of imperious command, but of quiet self-possession and assurance of the right, blended with benignity. Romola, vibrating to the sound, looked round at the figure on the opposite side of the bed. His face was hardly discernible under the shadow of the cowl, and her eyes fell at once on his hands, which were folded across his breast and lay in relief on the edge of his black mantle. They had a marked physiognomy which enforced the influence of the voice: they were very beautiful and almost of transparent delicacy. Romola's disposition to rebel against command, doubly active in the presence of monks, whom she had been taught to despise, would have fixed itself on any repulsive detail as a point of support. But the face was hidden, and the hands seemed to have an appeal in them against all hardness. The next moment the right hand took the crucifix to relieve the fatigued grasp of Fra Luca, and the left touched his lips with a wet sponge which lay near. In the act of bending the cowl was pushed back, and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was the high arched nose, the prominent under lip, the coronet of thick dark hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-gray eyes, shining mildly under auburn eyelashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness. Romola felt certain they were the features of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, the prior of San Marco, whom she had chiefly thought of as more offensive than other monks, because he was more noisy. Her rebellion was rising against the first impression, which had almost forced her to bend her knees.

"Kneel, my daughter," the penetrating voice said again; "the pride of the body is a barrier against the gifts that purify the soul."

He was looking at her with mild fixedness while he spoke, and again she felt that subtle mysterious influence of a personality by which it has been given to some rare men to move their fellows.

Slowly Romola fell on her knees, and in the very act a tremor came over her; in the renunciation of her proud erectness; her mental attitude seemed changed, and she found herself in



THE DYING MESSAGE.

a new state of passiveness. Her brother began to speak again.

"Romola, in the deep night, as I lay awake, I saw my father's room—the library—with all the books and the marbles and the leggio, where I used to stand and read; and I saw you—you were revealed to me as I see you now, pale, with long hair, sitting before my father's chair. And at the leggio stood a man whose face I could not see—I looked, and looked, and it was a blank to me, even as a painting effaced; and I saw him move and take thee, Romola, by the hand; and then I saw thee take my father by the hand,

and you went all three down the stone steps into the streets, the man whose face was a blank to me leading the way. And you stood at the altar in Santa Croce, and the priest who married you had the face of death; and the graves opened, and the dead in their shrouds rose and followed you like a bridal train. And you passed on through the streets and the gates into the valley, and it seemed to me that he who led you hurried you more than you could bear, and the dead were weary of following you, and turned back to their graves. And at last you came to a stony place where there was no water, and no trees or

herbage; but instead of water, I saw written parchment unrolling itself every where, and instead of trees and herbage I saw men of bronze and marble springing up and crowding round you; and my father was faint for want of water and fell to the ground; and the man whose face was a blank loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went I could see his face; and it was the face of the Great Tempter. And thou, Romola, didst wring thy hands and seek for water, and there was none. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to mock thee and hold out cups of water, and when thou didst grasp them and put them to my father's lips they turned to parchment. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to turn into demons and snatch my father's body from thee, and the parchments shriveled up, and blood ran every where instead of them, and fire upon the blood, till they all vanished, and the plain was bare and stony again, and thou wast alone in the midst of it. And then it seemed that the night fell and I saw no more.....Thrice I have had that vision, Romola. I believe it is a revelation meant for thee—to warn thee against marriage as a temptation of the enemy—it calls upon thee to dedicate thyself—”

His pauses had gradually become longer and more frequent, and he was now compelled to cease by a severe fit of gasping, in which his eyes were turned on the crucifix as on a light that was vanishing. Presently he found strength to speak again, but in a feebler, scarcely audible tone.

“To renounce the vain philosophy and corrupt thoughts of the heathens: for in the hour of sorrow and death their pride will turn to mockery, and the unclean gods will—”

The words died away.

In spite of the thought that was at work in Romola, telling her that this vision was no more than a dream, fed by youthful memories and ideal convictions, a strange awe had come over her. Her mind was not apt to be assailed by sickly fancies; she had the vivid intellect and the healthy human passion, which are too keenly alive to the constant relations of things to have any morbid craving after the exceptional. Still the images of the vision she despised jarred and distressed her like painful and cruel cries. And it was the first time she had witnessed the struggle with approaching death: her young life had been sombre, but she had known nothing of the utmost human needs; no acute suffering—no heart-cutting sorrow; and this brother, come back to her in his hour of supreme agony, was like a sudden awful apparition from an invisible world. The pale faces of sorrow in the fresco on the opposite wall seemed to have come nearer, and to make one company with the pale face on the bed.

“Frate,” said the dying voice.

Fra Girolamo leaned down. But no other word came for some moments.

“Romola,” it said next.

She leaned forward too: but again there was silence. The words were struggling in vain.

“Fra Girolamo, give her—”

“The crucifix,” said the voice of Fra Girolamo.

No other sound came from the dying lips.

“Dino!” said Romola, with a low but piercing cry, as the certainty came upon her that the silence of misunderstanding could never be broken.

“Take the crucifix, my daughter,” said Fra Girolamo, after a few minutes. “His eyes behold it no more.”

Romola stretched out her hand to the crucifix, and this act appeared to relieve the tension of her mind. A great sob burst from her. She bowed her head by the side of her dead brother, and wept aloud. It seemed to her as if this first vision of death must alter the daylight for her forever more.

Fra Girolamo moved toward the door, and called in a *fra converso* who was waiting outside. Then he went up to Romola, and said in a tone of gentle command, “Rise, my daughter, and be comforted. Our brother is with the blessed. He has left you the crucifix in remembrance of the heavenly warning—that it may be a beacon to you in the darkness.”

She rose from her knees, trembling, folded her veil over her head, and hid the crucifix under her mantle. Fra Girolamo then led the way out into the cloistered court, lit now only by the stars and by a lantern which was held by some one near the entrance. Several other figures in the dress of the dignified laity were grouped about the same spot. They were some of the numerous frequenters of San Marco, who had come to visit the Prior, and having heard that he was in attendance on the dying brother in the chapter-house had awaited him here.

Romola was dimly conscious of footsteps and rustling forms moving aside: she heard the voice of Fra Girolamo, saying, in a low tone, “Our brother is departed;” she felt a hand laid on her arm. The next moment the door was opened, and she was out in the wide piazza of San Marco, with no one but Monna Brigida and the servant carrying the lantern.

The fresh sense of space revived her, and helped her to recover her self-mastery. The scene which had just closed upon her was terribly distinct and vivid, but it began to narrow under the returning impressions of the life that lay outside it. She hastened her steps with nervous anxiety to be again with her father—and with Tito—for were they not together in her absence? The images of that vision, while they clung about her like a hideous dream not yet to be shaken off, made her yearn all the more for the beloved faces and voices that would assure her of her waking life.

Tito, we know, was not with Bardo; his destiny was being shaped by a guilty consciousness, urging on him the despairing belief that by this time Romola possessed the knowledge which would lead to their final separation.

And the lips that could have conveyed that knowledge were forever closed. The prevision

that Fra Luca's words had imparted to Romola had been such as comes from the shadowy region where human souls seek wisdom apart from the human sympathies which are the very life and substance of our wisdom; the revelation that might have come from the simple questions of filial and brotherly affection had been carried into irrevocable silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FLORENTINE JOKE.

EARLY the next morning Tito was returning from Bratti's shop in the narrow thoroughfare of the Ferravecchj. The Genoese stranger had carried away the onyx ring, and Tito was carrying away fifty florins. It did just cross his mind that if, after all, Fortune, by one of her able devices, saved him from the necessity of quitting Florence, it would be better for him not to have parted with his ring, since he had been understood to wear it for the sake of peculiar memories and predilections; still it was a slight matter, not worth dwelling on with any emphasis, and in those moments he had lost his confidence in fortune. The feverish excitement of the first alarm which had impelled his mind to travel into the future had given place to a dull, regretful lassitude. He cared so much for the pleasures that could only come to him through the good opinion of his fellow-men, that he wished now he had never risked ignominy by shrinking from what his fellow-men called obligations. But our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness; and that dreadful vitality of deeds was pressing hard on Tito for the first time.

He was going back to his lodgings in the Piazza di San Giovanni, but he avoided passing through the Mercato Vecchio, which was his nearest way, lest he should see Tessa. He was not in the humor to seek any thing; he could only await the first sign of his altering lot.

The piazza with its sights of beauty was lit up by that warm morning sunlight under which the autumn dew still lingers, and which invites to an idlesse undulled by fatigue. It was a festival morning too, when the soft warmth seems to steal over one with a special invitation to lounge and gaze. The signs of the fair were present here too; in the spaces round the octagonal baptistery stalls were being spread with fruit and flowers, and here and there laden mules were standing quietly absorbed in their nose-bags, while their drivers were perhaps gone through the hospitable sacred doors to kneel before the Blessed Virgin on this morning of her Nativity. On the broad marble steps of the Duomo there were scattered groups of beggars and gossiping talkers; here an old crone with white hair and hard sunburned face encouraging

a round-capped baby to try its tiny bare feet on the warmed marble, while a dog sitting near snuffed at the performance suspiciously; there a couple of shaggy-headed boys leaning to watch a small pale cripple who was cutting a face on a cherry-stone; and above them on the wide platform men were making changing knots in laughing desultory chat, or else were standing in close couples gesticulating eagerly.

But the largest and most important company of loungers was that toward which Tito had to direct his steps. It was the busiest time of the day with Nello, and in this warm season and at an hour when clients were numerous, most men preferred being shaved under the pretty red and white awning in front of the shop rather than within narrow walls. It is not a sublime attitude for a man to sit with lathered chin thrown backward, and have his nose made a handle of; but to be shaved was a fashion of Florentine respectability, and it is astonishing how gravely men look at each other when they are all in the fashion. It was the hour of the day too when yesterday's crop of gossip was freshest, and the barber's tongue was always in its glory when his razor was busy; the deft activity of those two instruments seemed to be set going by a common spring. Tito foresaw that it would be impossible for him to escape being drawn into the circle; he must smile and retort, and look perfectly at his ease. Well! it was but the ordeal of swallowing bread and cheese pills after all. The man who let the mere anticipation of discovery choke him was simply a man of weak nerves. But just at that time Tito felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and no amount of previous resolution could prevent the very unpleasant sensation with which that sudden touch jarred him. His face, as he turned it round, betrayed the inward shock; but the owner of the hand that seemed to have such evil magic in it broke into a light laugh. He was a young man about Tito's own age, with keen features, small close-clipped head, and close-shaven lip and chin, giving the idea of a mind as little encumbered as possible with material that was not nervous. The keen eyes were bright with hope and friendliness, as so many other young eyes have been that have afterward closed on the world in bitterness and disappointment; for at that time there were none but pleasant predictions about Niccolò Macchiavelli, as a young man of promise, who was expected to mend the broken fortunes of his ancient family.

"Why, Melema, what evil dream did you have last night that you took my light grasp for that of a *sbirro* or something worse?"

"Ah, Messer Niccolò!" said Tito, recovering himself immediately; "it must have been an extra amount of dullness in my veins this morning that shuddered at the approach of your wit. But the fact is, I have had a bad night."

"That is unlucky, because you will be expected to shine without any obstructing fog to-day in the Rucellai Gardens. I take it for granted you are to be there."

"Messer Bernardo did me the honor to invite me," said Tito; "but I shall be engaged elsewhere."

"Ah! I remember, you are in love," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, "else you would never have such inconvenient engagements. Why, we are to eat a peacock and ortolans under the loggia among Bernardo Rucellai's rare trees; there are to be the choicest spirits in Florence and the choicest wines. Only as Piero de' Medici is to be there, the choice spirits may happen to be swamped in the capping of impromptu verses. I hate that game; it is a device for the triumph of small wits, who are always inspired the most by the smallest occasions."

"What is that you are saying about Piero de' Medici and small wits, Messer Niccolò?" said Nello, whose light figure was at that moment predominating over the Herculean frame of Niccolò Caparra. That famous worker in iron, whom we saw last with bared muscular arms and leathern apron in the Mercato Vecchio, was this morning dressed in holiday suit, and as he sat submissively while Nello skipped round him, lathered him, seized him by the nose, and scraped him with magical quickness, he looked much as a lion might if it had donned linen and tunic and was preparing to go into society.

"A private secretary will never rise in the world if he couples great and small in that way," continued Nello. "When great men are not allowed to marry their sons and daughters as they like, small men must not expect to marry their words as they like. Have you heard the news Bernardo Cennini here has been telling us? that Pagolantonio Soderini has given Ser Piero da Bibbiena a box on the ear for setting on Piero de' Medici to interfere with the marriage between young Tommaso Soderini and Fiammetta Strozzi, and is to be sent ambassador to Venice as a punishment?"

"I don't know which I envy him most," said Macchiavelli, "the offense or the punishment. The offense will make him the most popular man in all Florence, and the punishment will take him among the only people in Italy who have known how to manage their own affairs."

"Yes, if Soderini stays long enough at Venice," said Cennini, "he may chance to learn the Venetian fashion, and bring it home with him. The Soderini have been fast friends of the Medici, but what has happened is likely to open Pagolantonio's eyes to the good of our old Florentine trick of choosing a new harness when the old one galls us; if we have not quite lost the trick in these last fifty years."

"Not we," said Niccolò Caparra, who was rejoicing in the free use of his lips again. "Eat eggs in Lent and the snow will melt. That's what I say to our people when they get noisy over their cups at San Gallo, and talk of raising a *romor* (insurrection): I say, never do you plan a *romor*; you may as well try to fill Arno with buckets. When there's water enough Arno will be full, and that will not be till the torrent is ready."

"Caparra, that oracular speech of yours is due to my excellent shaving," said Nello. "You could never have made it with that dark rust on your chin. Ecco, Messer Bernardo, I am ready for you now. By-the-way, my *bel erudito*," continued Nello, as he saw Tito moving toward the door, "here has been old Maso seeking for you, but your nest was empty. He will come again presently. The old man looked mournful, and seemed in haste. I hope there is nothing wrong in the Via de' Bardi."

"Doubtless, Messer Tito knows that Bardo's son is dead," said Cronaca, who had just come up.

Tito's heart gave a leap—had the death happened before Romola saw him?

"No, I had not heard it," he said, with no more discomposure than the occasion seemed to warrant, turning and leaning against the door-post, as if he had given up his intention of going away. "I knew that his sister had gone to see him. Did he die before she arrived?"

"No," said Cronaca; "I was in San Marco at the time, and saw her come out from the chapter-house with Fra Girolamo, who told us that the dying man's breath had been preserved as by a miracle, that he might make a disclosure to his sister."

Tito felt that his fate was decided. Again his mind rushed over all the circumstances of his departure from Florence, and he conceived a plan of getting back his money from Cennini before the disclosure had become public. If he once had his money he need not stay long in endurance of scorching looks and biting words. He would wait now, and go away with Cennini and get the money from him at once. With that project in his mind he stood motionless—his hands in his belt, his eyes fixed absently on the ground. Nello, glancing at him, felt sure that he was absorbed in anxiety about Romola, and thought him such a pretty image of self-forgetful sadness that he just perceptibly pointed his razor at him, and gave a challenging look at Piero di Cosimo, whom he had never forgiven for his refusal to see any prognostics of character in his favorite's handsome face. Piero, who was leaning against the other door-post, close to Tito, shrugged his shoulders: the frequent recurrence of such challenges from Nello had changed the painter's first declaration of neutrality into a positive inclination to believe ill of the much-praised Greek.

"So you have got your Fra Girolamo back again, Cronaca?" said Nello. "I suppose we shall have him preaching again this next Advent," said Nello.

"And not before there is need," said Cronaca, gravely. "We have had the best testimony to his words since the last Quaresima; for even to the wicked wickedness has become a plague; and the ripeness of vice is turning to rottenness in the nostrils even of the vicious. There has not been a change since the Quaresima, either in Rome or at Florence, but has put a new seal on the Frate's words—that the harvest of

sin is ripe, and that God will reap it with a sword."

"I hope he has had a new vision, however," said Francesco Cei, sneeringly. "The old ones are somewhat stale. Can't your Frate get a poet to help out his imagination for him?"

"He has no lack of poets about him," said Cronaca, with quiet contempt, "but they are great poets and not little ones; so they are contented to be taught by him, and no more think the truth stale which God has given him to utter than they think the light of the moon is stale. But perhaps certain high prelates and princes who don't like the Frate's denunciations might be pleased to hear that, though Giovanni Pico, and Poliziano, and Marsilio Ficino, and most other men of mark in Florence reverence Fra Girolamo, Messer Francesco Cei despises him."

"Poliziano?" said Cei, with a scornful laugh. "Yes, doubtless he believes in your new Jonah; witness the fine oration he wrote for the envoys of Sienna, to tell Alexander the Sixth that the world and the church were never so well off as since he became Pope."

"Nay, Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling, "a various scholar must have various opinions. And as for the Frate, whatever we may think of his saintliness, you judge his preaching too narrowly. The secret of oratory lies not in saying new things, but in saying things with a certain power that moves the hearers—without which, as old Filelfo has said, your speaker deserves to be called, 'non oratorem, sed aratorem.' And, according to that test, Fra Girolamo is a great orator."

"That is true, Niccolò," said Cennini, speaking from the shaving chair, "but part of the secret lies in the prophetic visions. Our people—no offense to you, Cronaca—will run after any thing in the shape of a prophet, especially if he prophesies terrors and tribulations."

"Rather say, Cennini," answered Cronaca, "that the chief secret lies in the Frate's pure life and strong faith, which stamp him as a messenger of God."

"I admit it—I admit it," said Cennini, opening his palms, as he rose from the chair. "His life is spotless: no man has impeached it."

"He is satisfied with the pleasant lust of arrogance," Cei burst out, bitterly. "I can see it in that proud lip and satisfied eye of his. He hears the air filled with his own name—Fra Girolamo Savonarola, of Ferrara; the prophet, the saint, the mighty preacher, who frightens the very babies of Florence into laying down their wicked baubles."

"Come, come, Francesco, you are out of humor with waiting," said the conciliatory Nello. "Let me stop your mouth with a little lather. I must not have my friend Cronaca made angry: I have a regard for his chin; and his chin is in no respect altered since he became a *piagnone*. And for my own part, I confess, when the Frate was preaching in the Duomo last Advent, I got into such a trick of slipping in to listen to him,

that I might have turned *piagnone* too, if I had not been hindered by the liberal nature of my art—and also by the length of the sermons, which are sometimes a good while before they get to the moving point. But as Messer Niccolò here says, the Frate lays hold of the people by some power over and above his prophetic visions. Monks and nuns who prophesy are not of that rareness. For what says Luigi Pulci? 'Dombruno's sharp-cutting cimiter had the fame of being enchanted; but,' says Messer Luigi, 'I am rather of opinion that it cut sharp because it was of strongly-tempered steel.' Yes, yes; paternosters may shave clean, but they must be said over a good razor."

"See, Nello!" said Macchiavelli, "what doctor is this advancing on his Bucephalus? I thought your piazza was free from those furred and scarlet-robed lackeys of death. This man looks as if he had had some such night adventure as Boccaccio's Maestro Simone, and had his bonnet and mantle pickled a little in the gutter; though he himself is as sleek as a miller's rat."

"A-ah!" said Nello, with a low, long-drawn intonation, as he looked up toward the advancing figure—a round-headed, round-bodied personage, seated on a raw young horse, which held its nose out with an air of threatening obstinacy, and by a constant effort to back and go off in an oblique line showed free views about authority very much in advance of the age.

"And I have a few more adventures in pickle for him," continued Nello, in an under-tone, "which I hope will drive his inquiring nostrils to another quarter of the city. He's a doctor from Padua; they say he has been at Prato for three months, and now he's come to Florence to see what he can net. But his great trick is making rounds among the contadini. And do you note those great saddle-bags he carries? They are to hold the fat capons, and eggs, and meal he levies on silly clowns with whom coin is scarce. He vends his own secret medicines, so he keeps away from the doors of the *speziali* (druggists); and for this last week he has taken to sitting in my piazza for two or three hours every day, and making it a resort for asthmas and squalling *bambini*. It stirs my gall to see the toad-faced quack fingering the greasy quatrinis, or bagging a pigeon in exchange for his pills and powders. But I'll put a few thorns in his saddle, else I'm no Florentine. Laudamus! he is coming to be shaved; that's what I've waited for. Messer Bernardo, go not away—wait; you shall see a rare bit of fooling, which I devised two days ago. Here, Sandro!"

Nello whispered in the ear of Sandro, who rolled his solemn eyes, nodded, and following up these signs of understanding with a slow smile, took to his heels with surprising rapidity.

"How is it with you, Maestro Tacco?" said Nello, as the doctor, with difficulty, brought his horse's head round toward the barber's shop. "That is a fine young horse of yours, but something raw in the mouth, eh?"

"He is an accursed beast, the *vermocene* seize him!" said Maestro Tacco, with a burst of irritation, descending from his saddle and fastening the old bridle, mended with string, to an iron staple in the wall. "Nevertheless," he added, recollecting himself, "a sound beast and a valuable, for one who wanted to purchase, and get a profit by training him. I had him cheap."

"Rather too hard riding for a man who carries your weight of learning: eh, Maestro?" said Nello. "You seem hot."

"Truly, I am likely to be hot," said the doctor, taking off his bonnet, and giving to full view a bald low head and flat broad face, with high ears, wide lipless mouth, round eyes, and deep arched lines above the projecting eyebrows, which altogether made Nello's epithet "toad-faced" dubiously complimentary to the blameless batrachian. "Riding from Peretola, when the sun is high, is not the same thing as kicking your heels on a bench in the shade, like your Florence doctors. Moreover, I have had not a little pulling to get through the carts and mules into the Mercato to find out the husband of a certain Monna Ghita who had had a fatal seizure before I was called in; and if it had not been that I had to demand my fees—"

"Monna Ghita!" said Nello, as the perspiring doctor interrupted himself to rub his head and face. "Peace be with her angry soul! The Mercato will want a whip the more if her tongue is laid to rest."

Tito, who had roused himself from his abstraction and was listening to the dialogue, felt a new rush of the vague half-formed ideas about Tessa, which had passed through his mind the evening before: if Monna Ghita were really taken out of the way it would be easier for him to see Tessa again—whenever he wanted to see her.

"*Gnaffè*, maestro," Nello went on, in a sympathizing tone, "you are the slave of rude mortals, who, but for you, would die like brutes, without help of pill or powder. It is pitiful to see your learned lymph oozing from your pores as if it were mere vulgar moisture. You think my shaving will cool and disencumber you? One moment and I have done with Messer Francesco here. It seems to me a thousand years till I wait upon a man who carries all the science of Arabia in his head and saddle-bags. Ecco!"

Nello held up the shaving cloth with an air of invitation, and Maestro Tacco advanced and seated himself under a preoccupation with his heat and his self-importance, which made him quite deaf to the irony conveyed in Nello's officiously friendly tones.

"It is but fitting that a great medicus like you," said Nello, adjusting the cloth, "should be shaved by the same razor that has shaved the illustrious Antonio Benevieni, the greatest master of the chirurgic art."

"The chirurgic art!" interrupted the doctor, with an air of contemptuous disgust. "Is it your Florentine fashion to put the masters of the science of medicine on a level with men

who do carpentry on broken limbs, and sew up wounds like tailors, and carve away excrescences as a butcher trims meat. *Via!* A manual art, such as any artificer might learn, and which has been practiced by simple barbers like yourself—on a level with the noble science of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna, which penetrates into the occult influences of the stars, and plants, and gems!—a science locked up from the vulgar!"

"No, in truth, maestro," said Nello, using his lather very deliberately, as if he wanted to prolong the operation to the utmost—"I never thought of placing them on a level: I know your science comes next to the miracles of Holy Church for mystery. But there, you see, is the pity of it"—here Nello fell into a tone of regretful sympathy—"your high science is sealed from the profane and the vulgar, and so you become an object of envy and slander. I grieve to say it, but there are low fellows in this city—mere *sgherri*, who go about in night-caps and long beards, and make it their business to sprinkle gall in every man's broth who is prospering. Let me tell you—for you are a stranger—this is a city where every man had need carry a large nail ready to fasten on the wheel of Fortune when his side happens to be uppermost. Already there are stories—mere fables, doubtless—beginning to be buzzed about concerning you, that make me wish I could hear of your being well on your way to Arezzo. I would not have a man of your metal stoned; for though San Stefano was stoned, he was not great in medicine like San Cosmo and San Damiano....."

"What stories? what fables?" stammered Maestro Tacco. "What do you mean?"

"*Lasso!* I fear me you are come into the trap for your cheese, Maestro. The fact is, there is a company of evil youths who go prowling about the houses of our citizens carrying sharp tools in their pockets; no sort of door, or window, or shutter but they will pierce it. They are possessed with a diabolical patience to watch the doings of people who fancy themselves private. It must be they who have done it—it must be they who have spread the stories about you and your medicines. Have you by chance detected any small aperture in your door or window shutter? No? *Ebbene*, I advise you to look—for it is now commonly talked of that you have been seen in your dwelling at the Canto di Paglia making your secret specifics by night: pounding dried toads in a mortar, compounding a salve out of mashed worms, and making your pills from the dried livers of rats which you mix with saliva emitted during the utterance of a blasphemous incantation—which indeed these witnesses profess to repeat."

"It is a pack of lies!" exclaimed the doctor, struggling to get utterance, and then desisting in alarm at the approaching razor.

"It is not to me or any of this respectable company that you need to say that, *dottore*. We are not the heads to plant such carrots as those in. But what of that? What are a hand-

ful of reasonable men against a crowd with stones in their hands? There are those among us who think Cecco d'Ascoli was an innocent sage—and we all know how he was burned alive for being wiser than his fellows. It is not by living at Padua that you can learn to know Florentines. My belief is, they would stone the Holy Father himself if they could find a good excuse for it; and they are persuaded that you are a *nigromante*, who is trying to raise the pestilence by selling secret medicines—and I am told your specifics have in truth an evil smell."

"It is false!" burst out the doctor, as Nello moved away his razor. "It is false! I will show the pills and the powders to these honorable signori—and the salve—it has an excellent odor—an odor of—of salve." He started up with the lather on his chin, and the cloth round his neck, to search in his saddle-bag for the belied medicines, and Nello in an instant adroitly shifted the shaving-chair till it was in the close vicinity of the horse's head, while Sandro, who had now returned, at a sign from his master, placed himself near the bridle.

"Behold *messeri*!" said the doctor, bringing a small box of medicines and opening it before them. "Let any signor apply this box to his nostrils and he will find an honest odor of medicaments—not indeed of pounded gems, or rare vegetables from the East, or stones found in the bodies of birds; for I practice on the diseases of the vulgar, for whom Heaven has provided cheaper and less powerful remedies according to their degree: and there are even remedies known to our science which are entirely free of cost—as the new *tussis* may be counteracted in the poor, who can pay for no specifics, by a resolute holding of the breath. And here is a paste which is even of savory odor, and is infallible against melancholia, being concocted under the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus—and I have seen it allay spasms."

"Stay, maestro," said Nello, while the doctor had his lathered face turned toward the group near the door, eagerly holding out his box and lifting out one specific after another; "here comes a crying contadina with her baby. Doubtless she is in search of you; it is perhaps an opportunity for you to show this honorable company a proof of your skill. Here, *buona donna*! here is the famous doctor. Why, what is the matter with the sweet *bambino*?"

This question was addressed to a sturdy-looking, broad-shouldered contadina, with her head-drapery folded about her face so that little was to be seen but a bronzed nose and a pair of dark eyes and eyebrows. She carried her child packed up in the stiff mummy-shaped case in which Italian babies have been from time immemorial introduced into society, turning its face a little toward her bosom, and making those sorrowful grimaces which women are in the habit of using as a sort of pulleys to draw down reluctant tears.

"Oh, for the love of the holy Madonna!" said the woman with a wailing voice, will you

look at my poor *bambinetto*? I know I can't pay you for it, but I took it into the Nunziata last night, and it's turned a worse color than before; it's the convulsions. But when I was holding it before the Santissima Nunziata, I remembered they said there was a new doctor come who cured every thing; and so I thought it might be the will of the Madonna that I should bring it to you."

"Sit down, maestro, sit down," said Nello. "Here is an opportunity for you; here are honorable witnesses who will declare before the Magnificent Council of Eight that they have seen you practicing honestly and relieving a poor woman's child. And then if your life is in danger, the Magnificent Eight will put you in prison a little while just to insure your safety, and after that their *sbirri* will conduct you out of Florence, by night, as they did the zealous Frate Minore, who preached against the Jews. What! our people are given to stone-throwing; but we have magistrates."

The doctor, unable to refuse, seated himself in the shaving chair, trembling, half with fear and half with rage, and by this time quite unconscious of the lather which Nello had laid on with such profuseness. He deposited his medicine-case on his knees, took out his precious spectacles (wondrous Florentine device!) from his wallet, lodged them carefully above his flat nose and high ears, and lifting up his brows, turned toward the applicant.

"O Santiddio! look at him," said the woman, with a more piteous wail than ever, as she held out the small mummy, which had its head completely concealed by dingy drapery wound round the head of the portable cradle, but seemed to be struggling and crying in a demoniacal fashion under this imprisonment. "The fit is on him! *Ohimè*! I know what a color he is; it's the evil-eye—oh!"

The doctor, anxiously holding his knees together to support his box, bent his spectacles toward the baby, and said, cautiously, "It may be a new disease; unwind these rags, Monna!"

The contadina, with sudden energy, snatched off the encircling linen, when out struggled—scratching, grinning, and screaming—what the doctor in his fright fully believed to be a demon, but what Tito recognized as Vaiano's monkey, made more formidable by an artificial blackness, such as might have come from a hasty rubbing up the chimney.

Up started the unfortunate doctor, letting his medicine box fall, and away jumped the no less terrified and indignant monkey, finding the first resting-place for his claws on the horse's mane, which he used as a sort of rope-ladder till he had fairly found his equilibrium, when he continued to clutch it as a bridle. The horse wanted no spur under such a rider, and, the already loosened bridle offering no resistance, darted off across the piazza with the monkey clutching, grinning, and blinking, on his neck.

"*Il cavallo! Il Diavolo!*" was now shouted on all sides by the idle rascals who had gathered



A FLORENTINE JOKE.

from all quarters of the piazza, and was echoed in tones of alarm by the stall-keepers, whose vested interests seemed in some danger; while the doctor, out of his wits with confused terror at the Devil, the possible stoning, and the escape of his horse, took to his heels with spectacles on nose, lathered face, and the shaving-cloth about his neck, crying, "Stop him! stop him! for a powder—a florin—stop him for a florin!" while the lads, outstripping him, clapped their hands and shouted encouragement to the runaway.

The *cerretano*, who had not bargained for the

flight of his monkey along with the horse, had caught up his petticoats with much celerity, and showed a pair of parti-colored hose above his contadina's shoes, far in advance of the doctor. And away went the grotesque race up the Corso degli Adimari—the horse with the singular jockey, the contadina with the remarkable hose, and the doctor in lather and spectacles, with furred mantle outflying.

It was a scene such as Florentines loved, from the potent and reverend *signor* going to council in his lucco, down to the grinning youngster,

who felt himself master of all situations when his bag was filled with smooth stones from the convenient dry bed of the torrent. The gray-headed Bernardo Cennini laughed no less heartily than the younger men, and Nello was triumphantly secure of the general admiration.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, snapping his fingers when the first burst of laughter was subsiding. "I have cleared my piazza of that unsavory fly-trap, *mi pare*. Maestro Tacco will no more come here again to sit for patients than he will take to licking marble for his dinner."

"You are going toward the Piazza della Signoria, Messer Bernardo," said Macchiavelli. "I will go with you, and we shall perhaps see who has deserved the *palo* among these racers. Come, Melema, will you go too?"

It had been precisely Tito's intention to accompany Cennini, but before he had gone many steps he was called back by Nello, who saw Maso approaching.

Maso's message was from Romola. She wished Tito to go to the Via de' Bardi as soon as possible. She would see him under the loggia, at the top of the house, as she wished to speak to him alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER THE LOGGIA.

THE *loggia* at the top of Bardo's house rose above the buildings on each side of it, and formed a gallery round quadrangular walls. On the side toward the street the roof was supported by columns; but on the remaining sides, by a wall pierced with arched openings, so that at the back, looking over a crowd of irregular, poorly-built dwellings toward the hill of Bogoli, Romola could at all times have a walk sheltered from observation. Near one of those arched openings, close to the door by which he had entered the *loggia*, Tito awaited her, with a sickening sense of the sunlight that slanted before him and mingled itself with the ruin of his hopes. He had never for a moment relied on Romola's passion for him as likely to be too strong for the repulsion created by the discovery of his secret; he had not the presumptuous vanity which might have hindered him from feeling that her love had the same root with her belief in him. But as he imagined her coming toward him in her radiant majesty, made so lovably mortal by her soft hazel eyes, he fell into wishing that she had been something lower, if it were only that she might let him clasp her and kiss her before they parted. He had had no real caress from her—nothing but now and then a long glance, a kiss, a pressure of the hand; and he had so often longed that they should be alone together. They were going to be alone now; but he saw her standing inexorably aloof from him. His heart gave a great throb as he saw the door move: Romola was there. It was all like a flash of lightning: he felt, rather than saw, the glory

about her head, the tearful appealing eyes; he felt, rather than heard, the cry of love with which she said, "Tito!"

And in the same moment she was in his arms, and sobbing with her face against his.

How poor Romola had yearned through the watches of the night to see that bright face! The new image of death; the strange bewildering doubt infused into her by the story of a life removed from her understanding and sympathy; the haunting vision, which she seemed not only to hear uttered by the low gasping voice, but to live through, as if it had been her own dream, had made her more conscious than ever that it was Tito who had first brought the warm stream of hope and gladness into her life, and who had first turned away the keen edge of pain in the remembrance of her brother. She would tell Tito every thing; there was no one else to whom she could tell it. She had been restraining herself in the presence of her father all the morning; but now that long pent-up sob might come forth. Proud and self-controlled to all the world besides, Romola was as simple and unreserved as a child in her love for Tito. She had been quite contented with the days when they had only looked at each other; but now, when she felt the need of clinging to him, there was no thought that hindered her.

"My Romola! my goddess!" Tito murmured with passionate fondness, as he clasped her gently, and kissed the thick golden ripples on her neck. He was in paradise: disgrace, shame, parting—there was no fear of them any longer. This happiness was too strong to be marred by the sense that Romola was deceived in him; nay, he could only rejoice in her delusion; for, after all, concealment had been wisdom. The only thing he could regret was his needless dread; if, indeed, the dread had not been worth suffering for the sake of this sudden rapture.

The sob had satisfied itself, and Romola raised her head. Neither of them spoke; they stood looking at each other's faces with that sweet wonder which belongs to young love—she with her long white hands on the dark-brown curls, and he with his dark fingers bathed in the streaming gold. Each was so beautiful to the other; each was experiencing that undisturbed mutual consciousness for the first time. The cold pressure of a new sadness on Romola's heart made her linger the more in that silent soothing sense of nearness and love; and Tito could not even seek to press his lips to hers, because that would be change.

"Tito," she said, at last, "it has been altogether painful. But I must tell you every thing. Your strength will help me to resist the impressions that will not be shaken off by reason."

"I know, Romola—I know he is dead," said Tito; and the long lustrous eyes told nothing of the many wishes that would have brought about that death long ago if there had been such potency in mere wishes. Romola only read her own pure thoughts in their dark depths, as we read letters in happy dreams.

"So changed, Tito! It pierced me to think that it was Diuo. And so strangely hard: not a word to my father—nothing but a vision that he wanted to tell me. And yet it was so piteous—the struggling breath, and the eyes that seemed to look toward the crucifix, and yet not to see it. I shall never forget it; it seems as if it would come between me and every thing I shall look at."

Romola's heart swelled again, so that she was forced to break off. But the need she felt to disburden her mind to Tito urged her to repress the rising anguish. When she began to speak again her thoughts had traveled a little.

"It was strange, Tito. The vision was about our marriage, and yet he knew nothing of you."

"What was it, my Romola? Sit down and tell me," said Tito, leading her to the bench that stood near. A fear had come across him lest the vision should somehow or other relate to Baldassarre; and this sudden change of feeling prompted him to seek a change of position.

Romola told him all that had passed from her entrance into San Marco, hardly leaving out one of her brother's words which had burned themselves into her memory as they were spoken. But when she was at the end of the vision she paused; the rest came too vividly before her to be uttered, and she sat looking at the distance almost unconscious for the moment that Tito was near her. *His* mind was at ease now; that vague vision had passed over him like white mist, and left no mark. But he was silent, expecting her to speak again.

"I took it," she went on, as if Tito had been reading her thoughts; "I took the crucifix; it is down below in my bedroom."

"And now, *angiol mio*," said Tito, entreatingly; "you will banish these ghastly thoughts. The vision was an ordinary monkish vision, bred of fasting and fanatical ideas. It surely has no weight with you."

"No, Tito; no. But poor Dino, *he* believed it was a divine message. It is strange," she went on, meditatively, "this life of men possessed with fervid beliefs that seem like madness to their fellow-beings. Dino was not a vulgar fanatic; and that Fra Girolamo, his very voice seems to have penetrated me with a sense that there is some truth in what moves them—some truth of which I know nothing."

"It was only because your feelings were highly wrought, my Romola. Your brother's state of mind was no more than a form of that theosophy which has been the common disease of excitable dreamy minds in all ages; the same ideas that your father's old antagonist, Marsilio Ficino, pores over in the New Platonists; only your brother's passionate nature drove him to act out what other men write and talk about. And for Fra Girolamo, he is simply a narrow-minded monk, with a gift for preaching and infusing terror into the multitude. Any words or any voice would have shaken you at that moment. When your mind has had a little repose, you will judge of such things as you have always done before."

"Not about poor Dino," said Romola. "I was angry with him; my heart seemed to close against him while he was speaking; but since then I have thought less of what was in my own mind, and more of what was in his. Oh, Tito! it was very piteous to see his young life coming to an end in that way. That yearning look at the crucifix when he was gasping for breath—I can never forget it. Last night I looked at the crucifix a long while, and tried to see that it would help him, until at last it seemed to me by the lamplight as if the suffering face shed pity."

"*Romola mia*, promise me to resist such thoughts; they are fit for sickly nuns, not for my golden-tressed Aurora, who looks made to scatter all such twilight fantasies. Try not to think of them now; we shall not long be alone together."

The last words were uttered in a tone of tender beseeching, and he turned her face toward him with a gentle touch of his right hand.

Romola had had her eyes fixed absently on the arched opening, but she had not seen the distant hill; she had all the while been in the chapter-house, looking at the pale images of sorrow and death.

Tito's touch and beseeching voice recalled her, and now in the warm sunlight she saw that rich dark beauty which seemed to gather round it all images of joy—purple vines festooned between the elms, the strong corn perfecting itself under the vibrating heat, bright-winged creatures hurrying and resting among the flowers, round limbs beating the earth in gladness, with cymbals held aloft; light melodies chanted to the thrilling rhythm of strings—all objects and all sounds that tell of Nature reveling in her force. Strange, bewildering transition from those pale images of sorrow and death to this bright youthfulness, as of a sun-god who knew nothing of night! What thought could reconcile that worn anguish in her brother's face—that straining after something invisible—with this satisfied strength and beauty, and make it intelligible that they belonged to the same world? Or was there never any reconciling of them—but only a blind worship of clashing deities, first in mad joy and then in wailing? Romola for the first time felt this questioning need like a sudden uneasy dizziness and want of something to grasp; it was an experience hardly longer than a sigh, for the eager theorizing of ages is compressed, as in a seed, in the momentary want of a single mind. But there was no answer to meet the need, and it vanished before the returning rush of young sympathy with the glad loving beauty that beamed upon her in new radiance, like the dawn after we have looked away from it to the gray west.

"Your mind lingers apart from our love, my Romola," Tito said, with a soft reproachful murmur. "It seems a forgotten thing to you."

She looked at the beseeching eyes in silence till the sadness all melted out of her own.

"My joy!" she said, in her full clear voice.

"Do you really care for me enough, then, to

banish those chill fancies, or shall you always be suspecting me as the Great Tempter?" said Tito, with his bright smile.

"How should I not care for you more than for every thing else? Every thing I had felt before in all my life—about my father, and about my loneliness—was a preparation to love you. You would laugh at me, Tito, if you knew what sort of man I used to think I should marry—some scholar with deep lines in his face, like Alamanno Rinuccini, and with rather gray hair, who would agree with my father in taking the side of the Aristotelians, and be willing to live with him. I used to think about the love I read of in the poets, but I never dreamed that any thing like that could happen to me here in Florence in our old library. And then *you* came, Tito, and were so much to my father, and I began to believe that life could be happy for me too."

"My goddess! is there any woman like you?" said Tito, with a mixture of fondness and wondering admiration at the blended majesty and simplicity in her.

"But, dearest," he went on, rather timidly, "if you minded more about our marriage you would persuade your father and Messer Bernardo not to think of any more delays. But you seem not to mind about it."

"Yes, Tito, I will, I do mind. But I am sure my godfather will urge more delay now because of Dino's death. He has never agreed with my father about disowning Dino, and you know he has always said that we ought to wait until you have been at least a year in Florence. Do not think hardly of my godfather. I know he is prejudiced and narrow, but yet he is very noble. He has often said that it is folly in my father to want to keep his library apart, that it may bear his name; yet he would try to get my father's wish carried out. That seems to me very great and noble—that power of respecting a feeling which he does not share or understand."

"I have no rancor against Messer Bernardo for thinking you too precious for me, my Romola," said Tito; and that was true. "But your father, then, knows of his son's death?"

"Yes, I told him—I could not help it—I told him where I had been, and that I had seen Dino die; but nothing else; and he has commanded me not to speak of it again. But he has been very silent this morning, and has had those restless movements which always go to my heart; they look as if he were trying to get outside the prison of his blindness. Let us go to him now. I had persuaded him to try to sleep, because he slept little in the night. Your voice will soothe him, Tito; it always does."

"And not one kiss? I have not had one," said Tito, in his gentle reproachful tone, which gave him an air of dependence very charming in a creature with those rare gifts that seem to excuse presumption.

The sweet pink flush spread itself with the quickness of light over Romola's face and neck as she bent toward him. It seemed impossible that their kisses could ever become common things.

"Let us walk once round the *loggia*," said Romola, "before we go down."

"There is something grim and grave to me always about Florence," said Tito, as they paused in the front of the house, where they could see over the opposite roofs to the other side of the river, "and even in its merriment there is something shrill and hard—biting rather than gay. I wish we lived in Southern Italy, where thought is broken not by weariness, but by delicious languors such as never seem to come over the '*ingenia acerrima Florentina*.' I should like to see you under that southern sun, lying among the flowers, subdued into mere enjoyment, while I bent over you and touched the lute and sang to you some little unconscious strain that seemed all one with the light and the warmth. You have never known that happiness of the nymphs, my Romola."

"No, Tito; but I have dreamed of it often since you came. I am very thirsty for a deep draught of joy—for a life all bright like you. But we will not think of it now, Tito; it seems to me as if there would always be pale sad faces among the flowers, and eyes that look in vain. Let us go."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Tito left the Via de' Bardi that day in exultant satisfaction at finding himself thoroughly free from the threatened peril, his thoughts, no longer claimed by the immediate presence of Romola and her father, recurred to those futile hours of dread in which he was conscious of having not only felt but acted as he would not have done if he had had a truer foresight. He would not have parted with his ring; for Romola, and others to whom it was a familiar object, would be a little struck with the apparent sordidness of parting with a gem he had professedly cherished, unless he feigned as a reason the desire to make some special gift with the purchase-money; and Tito had at that moment a nauseating weariness of simulation. He was well out of the possible consequences that might have fallen on him from that initial deception, and it was no longer a load on his mind; kind fortune had brought him immunity, and he thought it was only fair that she should. Who was hurt by it? Any results to Baldassarre were too problematical to be taken into account. But he wanted now to be free from any hidden shackles that would gall him, though ever so little, under his ties to Romola. He was not aware that that very delight in immunity which prompted resolutions not to entangle himself again was deadening the sensibilities which alone could save him from entanglement.

But after all the sale of the ring was a slight matter. Was it also a slight matter that little Tessa was under a delusion which would doubtless fill her small head with expectations doomed to disappointment? Should he try to see

the little thing alone again and undeceive her at once, or should he leave the disclosure to time and chance? Happy dreams are pleasant, and they easily come to an end with daylight and the stir of life. The sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing! It was impossible not to think of her. Tito thought he should like some time to take her a present that would please her, and just learn if her step-father treated her more cruelly now her mother was dead. Or, should he at once undeceive Tessa, and then tell Romola about her, so that they might find some happier lot for the poor thing? No: that unfortunate little incident of the *cerretano* and the marriage, and his allowing Tessa to part from him in delusion, must never be known to Romola, and since no enlightenment could expel it from Tessa's mind, there would always be a risk of betrayal; besides, even little Tessa might have some gall in her when she found herself disappointed in her love—yes, she *must* be a little in love with him, and that might make it well that he should not see her again. Yet it was a trifling adventure such as a country girl would perhaps ponder on till some ruddy *contadino* made acceptable love to her, when she would break her resolution of secrecy and get at the truth that she was free. *Dunque*—good-by, Tessa! kindest wishes! Tito had made up his mind that the silly little affair of the *cerretano* should have no further consequences for himself; and people are apt to think that resolutions made on their own behalf will be firm. As for the fifty-five florins, the purchase-money of the ring, Tito had made up his mind what to do with some of them; he would carry out a pretty ingenious thought which would make him more at ease in accounting for the absence of his ring to Romola, and would also serve him as a means of guarding her mind from the recurrence of those monkish fancies which were especially repugnant to him; and with this thought in his mind he went to the Via Gualfonda to find Piero di Cosimo, the artist who, at that time, was pre-eminent in the fantastic mythological design which Tito's purpose required.

Entering the court on which Piero's dwelling opened, Tito found the heavy iron knocker on the door thickly bound round with wool and ingeniously fastened with cords. Remembering the painter's practice of stuffing his ears against obtrusive noises, Tito was not much surprised at this mode of defense against visitors' thunder, and betook himself first to tapping modestly with his knuckles, and then to a more importunate attempt to shake the door. In vain! Tito was moving away, blaming himself for wasting his time on this visit, instead of waiting till he saw the painter again at Nello's, when a little girl entered the court with a basket of eggs on her arm, went up to the door, and standing on tip-toe, pushed up a small iron plate that ran in grooves, and putting her mouth to the aperture thus disclosed, called out in a piping voice, "Messer Piero!"

In a few moments Tito heard the sound of

bolts, the door opened, and Piero presented himself in a red night-cap and a loose brown serge tunic, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. He darted a look of surprise at Tito, but without further notice of him stretched out his hand to take the basket from the child, re-entered the house, and presently returning with the empty basket, said, "How much to pay?"

"Two *grossoni*, Messer Piero; they are all ready boiled, my mother says."

Piero took the coin out of the leathern *scarsella* at his belt, and the little maiden trotted away, not without a few upward glances of awed admiration at the surprising young signor.

Piero's glance was much less complimentary as he said,

"What do you want at my door, Messer Greco? I saw you this morning at Nello's; if you had asked me then, I could have told you that I see no man in this house without knowing his business and agreeing with him beforehand."

"Pardon, Messer Piero," said Tito, with his imperturbable good-humor; "I acted without sufficient reflection. I remembered nothing but your admirable skill in inventing pretty caprices, when a sudden desire for something of that sort prompted me to come to you."

The painter's manners were too notoriously odd to all the world for this reception to be held a special affront; but even if Tito had suspected any offensive intention, the impulse to resentment would have been less strong in him than the desire to conquer good-will.

Piero made a grimace which was habitual with him when he was spoken to with flattering suavity. He grinned, stretched out the corners of his mouth, and pressed down his brows, so as to defy any divination of his feelings under that kind of stroking.

"And what may that need be?" he said, after a moment's pause. In his heart he was tempted by the hinted opportunity of applying his invention.

"I want a very delicate miniature device taken from certain fables of the poets, which you will know how to combine for me. It must be painted on a wooden case—I will show you the size—in the form of a triptych. The inside may be simple gilding: it is on the outside I want the device. It is a favorite subject with you Florentines—the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; but I want it treated in a new way—a story in Ovid will give you the necessary hints. The young Bacchus must be seated in a ship, his head bound with clusters of grapes, and a spear entwined with vine-leaves in his hand: dark-berried ivy must wind about the masts and sails, the oars must be thyrsi, and flowers must wreath themselves about the poop; leopards and tigers must be crouching before him, and dolphins must be sporting round. But I want to have the fair-haired Ariadne with him, made immortal with her golden crown—that is not in Ovid's story, but no matter, you will conceive it all—and above there must be young

loves, such as you know how to paint, shooting with roses at the points of their arrows—"

"Say no more!" said Piero. "I have Ovid in the vulgar tongue. Find me the passage. I love not to be choked with other men's thoughts. You may come in."

Piero led the way through the first room, where a basket of eggs was deposited on the open hearth, near a heap of broken egg-shells and a bank of ashes. In strange keeping with that sordid litter there was a low bedstead of carved ebony, covered carelessly with a piece of rich Oriental carpet, that looked as if it had served to cover the steps to a Madonna's throne; and a carved *cassone*, or large chest, with painted devices on its sides and lid. There was hardly any other furniture in the large room, except casts, wooden steps, easels, and rough boxes, all festooned with cobwebs.

The next room was still larger, but it was also much more crowded. Apparently Piero was keeping the *fésta*, for the double door underneath the window which admitted the painter's light from above was thrown open, and showed a garden, or rather thicket, in which fig-trees and vines grew in tangled, trailing wildness among nettles and hemlocks, and a tall cypress lifted its dark head from a stifling mass of yellowing mulberry-leaves. It seemed as if that dank luxuriance had begun to penetrate even within the walls of the wide and lofty room; for in one corner, amidst a confused heap of carved marble fragments and rusty armor, tufts of long grass and dark feathery fennel had made their way, and a large stone vase, tilted on one side, seemed to be pouring out the ivy that streamed around. All about the walls hung pen and oil sketches of fantastic sea-monsters; dances of satyrs and menads; Saint Margaret's resurrection out of the devouring dragon; Madonnas with the supernal light upon them; studies of plants and grotesque heads; and on irregular rough shelves a few books were scattered among great drooping bunches of corn, bullocks' horns, pieces of dried honey-comb, stones with patches of rare-colored lichen, skulls and bones, peacocks' feathers, and large birds' wings. Rising from among the dirty litter of the floor were lay figures—one in the frock of a Vallombrosan monk, strangely surmounted by a helmet with barred visor, another smothered with brocade and skins hastily tossed over it. Among this heterogeneous still life, several speckled and white pigeons were perched or strutting, too tame to fly at the entrance of men; three corpulent toads were crawling in an intimate friendly way near the door-stone; and a white rabbit, apparently the model for that which was frightening Cupid in the picture of Mars and Venus, placed on the central easel, was twitching its nose with much content on a box full of bran.

"And now, Messer Greco," said Piero, signing to Tito to sit down on a low stool near the door, and then standing over him with folded arms, "don't be trying to see every thing at once, like Messer Domeneddio, but let me

know how large you would have this same triptych."

Tito indicated the desired dimensions, and Piero marked them on a piece of paper.

"And now for the book," said Piero, reaching down a manuscript volume.

"There's nothing about the Ariadne there," said Tito, giving him the passage: "but you will remember I want the crowned Ariadne by the side of the young Bacchus; she must have golden hair."

"Ha!" said Piero, abruptly, pursing up his lips again. "And you want them to be likenesses, eh?" he added, looking down into Tito's face.

Tito laughed and blushed. "I know you are great at portraits, Messer Piero; but I could not ask Ariadne to sit for you, because the painting is a secret."

"There it is! I want her to sit to me. Giovanni Vespucci wants me to paint him a picture of *Œdipus* and *Antigone* at *Colonus*, as he has expounded it to me: I have a fancy for the subject, and I want Bardo and his daughter to sit for it. Now, you ask them; and then I'll put the likeness into Ariadne."

"Agreed, if I can prevail with them. And your price for the Bacchus and Ariadne?"

"*Baie!* If you get them to let me paint them, that will pay me. I'd rather not have your money: you may pay for the case."

"And when shall I sit for you?" said Tito, "for if we have one likeness, we must have two."

"I don't want *your* likeness—I've got it already," said Piero, "only I've made you look frightened. I must take the fright out of it for Bacchus."

As he was speaking Piero laid down the book and went to look among some paintings, propped with their faces against the wall. He returned with an oil-sketch in his hand.

"I call this as good a bit of portrait as I ever did," he said, looking at it, as he advanced. "Yours is a face that expresses fear well, because it's naturally a bright one. I noticed it the first time I saw you. The rest of the picture is hardly sketched; but I've painted *you* in thoroughly."

Piero turned the sketch and held it toward Tito's eyes. He saw himself with his right hand uplifted, holding a wine-cup in the attitude of triumphant joy, but with his face turned away from the cup with an expression of such intense fear in the dilated eyes and pallid lips that he felt a cold stream through his veins, as if he were being thrown into sympathy with his imaged self.

"You are beginning to look like it already," said Piero, with a short laugh, moving the picture away again. "He's seeing a ghost—that fine young man. I shall finish it some day, when I've settled what sort of ghost is the most terrible—whether it should look solid, like a dead man come to life, or half transparent, like a mist."

Tito, rather ashamed of himself for this strange and sudden sensitiveness, so opposed to his usual easy self-command, said, carelessly:

"That is a subject after your own heart, Messer Piero—a revel interrupted by a ghost. You seem to love the blending of the terrible with the gay. I suppose that is the reason your shelves are so well furnished with death's-heads, while you are painting those roguish loves who are running away with the armor of Mars. I begin to think you are a Cynic philosopher in the pleasant disguise of a cunning painter."

"Not I, Messer Greco; a philosopher is the last sort of animal I would choose to resemble. I find it enough to live, without spinning lies to account for life. Fowls cackle, asses bray, women chatter, and philosophers spin false reasons—that's the effect the sight of the world brings out of them. Well, I am an animal that paints instead of cackling, or braying, or spinning lies. And now, I think, our business is done; you'll keep to your side of the bargain about the *Œdipus* and *Antigone*?"

"I will do my best," said Tito—on this strong hint, immediately moving toward the door.

"And you'll let me know at Nello's. No need to come here again."

"I understand," said Tito, laughingly, lifting his hand in sign of friendly parting.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD MAN'S HOPE.

MESSER BERNARDO DEL NERO was as inexorable as Romola had expected in his advice that the marriage should be deferred till Easter, and in this matter Bardo was entirely under the ascendancy of his sagacious and practical friend. Nevertheless, Bernardo himself, though he was as far as ever from any susceptibility to the personal fascination in Tito which was felt by others, could not altogether resist that argument of success which is always powerful with men of the world. Tito was making his way rapidly in high quarters. He was especially growing in favor with the young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, who had even spoken of Tito's forming part of his learned retinue on an approaching journey to Rome; and the bright young Greek, who had a tongue that was always ready without ever being quarrelsome, was more and more wished for at gay suppers in the Via Larga, and at Florentine games in which he had no pretension to excel, and could admire the incomparable skill of Piero de' Medici in the most graceful manner in the world. By an unfailing law of sequence, Tito's reputation as an agreeable companion in "magnificent" society made his learning and talent appear more lustrous; and he was really accomplished enough to prevent an exaggerated estimate from being hazardous to him. Messer Bernardo had old prejudices and attachments which now began to argue down the newer and feebler prejudice against the

young Greek stranger who was rather too supple. To the old Florentine it was impossible to despise the recommendation of standing well with the best Florentine families, and since Tito began to be thoroughly received into that circle whose views were the unquestioned standard of social value, it seemed irrational not to admit that there was no longer any check to satisfaction in the prospect of such a son-in-law for Bardo, and such a husband for Romola. It was undeniable that Tito's coming had been the dawn of a new life for both father and daughter, and the first promise had even been surpassed. The blind old scholar—whose proud truthfulness would never enter into that commerce of feigned and preposterous admiration which, varied by a corresponding measurelessness in vituperation, made the woof of all learned intercourse—had fallen into neglect even among his fellow-citizens, and when he was alluded to at all, it had long been usual to say that though his blindness and loss of his son were pitiable misfortunes, he was tiresome in contending for the value of his own labors; and that his discontent was a little inconsistent in a man who had been openly regardless of religious rites, and in days past had refused offers made to him from various quarters, if he would only take orders, without which it was not easy for patrons to provide for every scholar. But since Tito's coming, there was no longer the same monotony in the thought that Bardo's name suggested; the old man, it was understood, had left off his complaints, and the fair daughter was no longer to be shut up in dowerless pride, waiting for a *parentado*. The winning manners and growing favor of the handsome Greek who was expected to enter into the double relation of son and husband helped to make the new interest a thoroughly friendly one, and it was no longer a rare occurrence when a visitor enlivened the quiet library. Elderly men came from that indefinite prompting to renew former intercourse which arises when an old acquaintance begins to be newly talked about; and young men whom Tito had asked leave to bring once, found it easy to go again when they overtook him on his way to the Via de' Bardi, and, resting their hands on his shoulder, fell into easy chat with him. For it was pleasant to look at Romola's beauty: to see her, like old Firenzuola's type of womanly majesty, "sitting with a certain grandeur, speaking with gravity, smiling with modesty, and casting around, as it were, an odor of queenliness;"* and she seemed to unfold like a strong white lily under this genial breath of admiration and homage; it was all one to her with her new bright life in Tito's love.

Tito had even been the means of strengthening the hope in Bardo's mind that he might be-

* "Quando una donna è grande, ben formata, porta ben sua persona, siede con una certa grandezza, parla con gravità, ride con modestia, e finalmente getta quasi un odor di Regina; allora noi diciamo quella donna pare una maestà, ella ha una maestà."

FIRENZUOLA: *Della Bellezza delle Donne.*

fore his death receive the longed-for security concerning his library: that it should not be merged in another collection; that it should not be transferred to a body of monks, and be called by the name of a monastery; but that it should remain forever the Bardi Library, for the use of Florentines. For the old habit of trusting in the Medici could not die out while their influence was still the strongest lever in the State; and Tito, once possessing the ear of the Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, might do more even than Messer Bernardo toward winning the desired interest, for he could demonstrate to a learned audience the peculiar value of Bardo's collection. Tito himself talked sanguinely of such a result, willing to cheer the old man, and conscious that Romola repaid those gentle words to her father with a sort of adoration that no direct tribute to herself could have won from her.

This question of the library was the subject of more than one discussion with Bernardo del Nero when Christmas was turned and the prospect of the marriage was becoming near—but always out of Bardo's hearing. For Bardo nursed a vague belief, which they dared not disturb, that his property, apart from the library, was adequate to meet all demands. He would not even, except under a momentary pressure of angry despondency, admit to himself that the will by which he had disinherited Dino would leave Romola the heir of nothing but debts; or that he needed any thing from patronage beyond the security that a separate locality should be assigned to his library, in return for a deed of gift by which he made it over to the Florentine Republic.

"My opinion is," said Bernardo to Romola, in a consultation they had under the loggia, "that since you are to be married, and Messer Tito will have a competent income, we should begin to wind up the affairs, and ascertain exactly the sum that would be necessary to save the library from being touched, instead of letting the debts accumulate any longer. Your father needs nothing but his shred of mutton and his maccheroni every day, and I think Messer Tito may engage to supply that for the years that remain; he can let it be in place of the *morgencap*."

"Tito has always known that my life is bound up with my father's," said Romola, flushing; "and he is better to my father than I am: he delights in making him happy."

"Ah, he's not made of the same clay as other men, is he?" said Bernardo, smiling. "Thy father has thought of shutting woman's folly out of thee by cramming thee with Greek and Latin; but thou hast been as ready to believe in the first pair of bright eyes and the first soft words that have come within reach of thee, as if thou couldst say nothing by heart but Paternosters, like other Christian men's daughters."

"Now, godfather," said Romola, shaking her head playfully, "as if it were only bright eyes and soft words that made me love Tito! You

know better. You know I love my father and you because you are both good; and I love Tito, too, because he is so good. I see it, I feel it, in every thing he says and does. And he is handsome, too: why should I not love him the better for that? It seems to me beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks. You know *you* must have been a very handsome youth, godfather"—she looked up with one of her happy, loving smiles at the stately old man—"you were about as tall as Tito, and you had very fine eyes; only you looked a little sterner and prouder, and—"

"And Romola likes to have all the pride to herself?" said Bernardo, not inaccessible to this pretty coaxing. "However, it is well that in one way Tito's demands are more modest than those of any Florentine husband of fitting rank that we should have been likely to find for you; he wants no dowry."

So it was settled in that way between Messer Bernardo del Nero, Romola, and Tito. Bardo assented with a wave of the hand when Bernardo told him that he thought it would be well now to begin to sell property and clear off debts—being accustomed to think of debts and property as a sort of thick wood that his imagination never even penetrated, still less got beyond. And Tito set about winning Messer Bernardo's respect by inquiring, with his ready faculty, into Florentine money-matters, the secrets of the *Monti* or public funds, the values of real property, and the profits of banking.

"You will soon forget that Tito is not a Florentine, godfather," said Romola. "See how he is learning every thing about Florence!"

"It seems to me he is one of the *demoni*, who are of no particular country, child," said Bernardo, smiling. "His mind is a little too nimble to be weighted with all the stuff we men carry about in our hearts."

Romola smiled too, in happy confidence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAY OF THE BETROTHAL.

It was the last week of the Carnival, and the streets of Florence were at their fullest and noisiest: there were the masked processions, chanting songs, indispensable now they had once been introduced by Lorenzo; there was the favorite *rigoletto*, or round dance, footed in *piazza* under the blue frosty sky; there were practical jokes of all sorts, from throwing comfits to throwing stones—especially stones. For the boys and striplings, always a strong element in Florentine crowds, became at the height of Carnival-time as loud and unmanageable as tree-crickets, and it was their immemorial privilege to bar the way with poles to all passengers, until a tribute had been paid toward furnishing these lovers of strong sensations with suppers and bonfires; to conclude with the standing entertainment of stone-throwing, which was

not entirely monotonous, since the consequent maiming was various, and it was not always a single person who was killed. So that the pleasures of the Carnival were of a checkered kind, and if a painter were called upon to represent them truly, he would have to make a picture in which there would be so much grossness and barbarity that it must be turned with its face to the wall, except when it was taken down for the grave historical purpose of justifying a reforming zeal which, in ignorance of the facts, might be unfairly condemned for its narrowness. Still there was much of that more innocent picturesque merriment which is never wanting among a people with quick animal spirits and sensitive organs: there was not the heavy sottishness which belongs to the thicker northern blood, nor the stealthy fierceness which, in the more southern regions of the peninsula, makes the brawl lead to the dagger-thrust.

It was the high morning, but the merry spirits of the Carnival were still inclined to lounge and recapitulate the last night's jests, when Tito Melema was walking at a brisk pace on the way to the Via de' Bardi. Young Bernardo Dovizi, who now looks at us out of Raphael's portrait as the keen-eyed Cardinal da Bibbiena, was with him; and as they went, they held animated talk about some subject that had evidently no relation to the sights and sounds through which they were pushing their way along the Por' Santa Maria. Nevertheless, as they discussed, smiled, and gesticulated, they both, from time to time, cast quick glances around them, and at the turning toward the Lung' Arno, leading to the Ponte Rubaconte, Tito had become aware, in one of these rapid surveys, that there was some one not far off him by whom he very much desired not to be recognized at that moment. His time and thoughts were thoroughly preoccupied, for he was looking forward to a unique occasion in his life—he was preparing for his betrothal, which was to take place on the evening of this very day. The ceremony had been resolved upon rather suddenly; for although preparations toward the marriage had been going forward for some time—chiefly in the application of Tito's florins to the fitting-up of rooms in Bardo's dwelling, which, the library excepted, had always been scantily furnished—it had been intended to defer both the betrothal and the marriage until Easter, when Tito's year of probation, insisted on by Bernardo del Nero, would have been complete. But when an express proposition had come that Tito should follow the Cardinal Giovanni to Rome to help Bernardo Dovizi with his superior knowledge of Greek in arranging a library, and there was no possibility of declining what lay so plainly on the road to advancement, he had become urgent in his entreaties that the betrothal might take place before his departure: there would be the less delay before the marriage on his return, and it would be less painful to part if he and Romola were outwardly as well as inwardly pledged to each other—if he had a claim which defied Messer Bernardo or any one

else to nullify it. For the betrothal, at which rings were exchanged and mutual contracts were signed, made more than half the legality of marriage, which was completed on a separate occasion by the nuptial benediction. Romola's feeling had met Tito's in this wish, and the consent of the elders had been won.

And now Tito was hastening, amidst arrangements for his departure the next day, to snatch a morning visit to Romola, to say and hear any last words that were needful to be said before their meeting for the betrothal in the evening. It was not a time when any recognition could be pleasant that was at all likely to detain him; still less a recognition by Tessa. And it was unmistakably Tessa whom he had caught sight of moving along, with a timid and forlorn look, toward that very turn of the Lung' Arno which he was just rounding. As he continued his talk with the young Dovizi, he had an uncomfortable under-current of consciousness which told him that Tessa had seen him and would certainly follow him: there was no escaping her along this direct road by the Arno, and over the Ponte Rubaconte. But she would not dare to speak to him or approach him while he was not alone, and he would continue to keep Dovizi with him till they reached Bardo's door. He quickened his pace, and took up new threads of talk; but all the while the sense that Tessa was behind him, though he had no physical evidence of the fact, grew stronger and stronger; it was very irritating—perhaps all the more so because a certain tenderness and pity for the poor little thing made the determination to escape without any visible notice of her a not altogether agreeable resource. Yet Tito persevered and carried his companion to the door, cleverly managing his *addio* without turning his face in a direction where it was possible for him to see an importunate pair of blue eyes; and as he went up the stone steps, he tried to get rid of unpleasant thoughts by saying to himself that, after all, Tessa might not have seen him, or, if she had, might not have followed him.

But—perhaps because that possibility could not be relied on strongly—when the visit was over, he came out of the door-way with a quick step and an air of unconsciousness as to any thing that might be on his right hand or his left. Our eyes are so constructed, however, that they take in a wide angle without asking leave of our will; and Tito knew that there was a little figure in a white hood standing near the door-way—knew it quite well, before he felt a hand laid on his arm. It was a real grasp, and not a light, timid touch; for poor Tessa, seeing his rapid step, had started forward with a desperate effort. But when he stopped and turned toward her her face wore a frightened look, as if she dreaded the effect of her boldness.

"Tessa!" said Tito, with more sharpness in his voice than she had ever heard in it before. "Why are you here? You must not follow me—you must not stand about door-places waiting for me."

Her blue eyes widened with tears, and she said nothing. Tito was afraid of something worse than ridicule if he were seen in the Via de' Bardi with a girlish contadina looking pathetically at him. It was a street of high, silent-looking dwellings, not of traffic; but Bernardo del Nero, or some one almost as dangerous, might come up at any moment. Even if it had not been the day of his betrothal, the incident would have been awkward and annoying. Yet it would be brutal—it was impossible—to drive Tessa away with harsh words. That accursed folly of his with the *cerretano*—that it should have lain buried in a quiet way for months, and now start up before him, as this unseasonable crop of vexation! He could not speak harshly, but he spoke hurriedly.

"Tessa, I can not—must not talk to you here. I will go on to the bridge and wait for you there. Follow me slowly."

He turned and walked fast to the Ponte Rubaconte, and there leaned against the wall of one of the quaint little houses that rise at even distances on the bridge, looking toward the way by which Tessa would come. It would have softened a much harder heart than Tito's to see the little thing advancing with her round face much paled and saddened since he had parted from it at the door of the "Nunziata." Happily it was the least frequented of the bridges, and there were scarcely any passengers on it at this moment. He lost no time in speaking as soon as she came near him.

"Now, Tessa, I have very little time. You must not cry. Why did you follow me this morning? You must not do so again."

"I thought," said Tessa, speaking in a whisper, and struggling against a sob that *would* rise immediately at this new voice of Tito's—"I thought you wouldn't be so long before you came to take care of me again. And the *patrigno* beats me, and I can't bear it any longer. And always when I come for a holiday I walk about to find you, and I can't. Oh, please don't send me away from you again! It has been so long, and I cry so now, because you never come to me. I can't help it, for the days are so long, and I don't mind about the goats or kids, or any thing—and I can't—"

The sobs came fast now, and the great tears. Tito felt that he could not do otherwise than comfort her. Send her away—yes; that he *must* do, at once. But it was all the more impossible to tell her any thing that would leave her in a state of hopeless grief. He saw new trouble in the back-ground, but the difficulty of the moment was too pressing for him to weigh consequences.

"Tessa, my little one," he said, in his old carressing tones, "you must not cry. Bear with the cross *patrigno* a little longer. I will come back to you. But I'm going now to Rome—a long, long way off. I shall come back in a few weeks, and then I promise you to come and see you. Promise me to be good and wait for me."

It was the well-remembered voice again, and

the mere sound was half enough to soothe Tessa. She looked up at him with wide trusting eyes, that still glittered with tears, sobbing all the while, in spite of her utmost efforts to obey him. Again he said, in a gentle voice,

"Promise me, my Tessa."

"Yes," she whispered. "But you won't be long?"

"No, not long. But I must go now. And remember what I told you, Tessa. Nobody must know that you ever see me, else you will lose me forever. And now, when I have left you, go straight home, and never follow me again. Wait till I come to you. Good-by, my little Tessa: I *will* come."

There was no help for it; he must turn and leave her without looking behind him to see how she bore it, for he had no time to spare. When he did look round he was in the Via de' Benci, where there was no seeing what was happening on the bridge; but Tessa was too trusting and obedient not to do just what he had told her.

Yes, the difficulty was at an end for that day; yet this return of Tessa to him, at a moment when it was impossible for him to put an end to all difficulty with her by undeceiving her, was an unpleasant incident to carry in his memory. But Tito's mind was just now thoroughly penetrated with a hopeful first love, associated with all happy prospects flattering to his ambition; and that future necessity of grieving Tessa could be scarcely more to him than the far-off cry of some little suffering animal buried in the thicket, to a merry cavalcade in the sunny plain. When, for the second time that day, Tito was hastening across the Ponte Rubaconte, the thought of Tessa caused no perceptible diminution of his happiness. He was well muffled in his mantle, less, perhaps, to protect him from the cold than from the additional notice that would have been drawn upon him by his dainty apparel. He leaped up the stone steps by two at a time, and said, hurriedly, to Maso, who met him,

"Where is the damigella?"

"In the library; she is quite ready, and Monna Brigida and Messer Bernardo are already there with Ser Braccio, but none of the rest of the company."

"Ask her to give me a few minutes alone; I will await her in the *salotto*."

Tito entered a room which had been fitted up in the utmost contrast with the half-pallid, half-sombre tints of the library. The walls were brightly frescoed with "caprices" of nymphs and loves sporting under the blue among flowers and birds. The only furniture besides the red leather seats and the central table were two tall white vases, and a young faun playing the flute, modeled by a promising youth named Michelangelo Buonarrotti. It was a room that gave a sense of being in the sunny open air.

Tito kept his mantle round him, and looked toward the door. It was not long before Romola entered, all white and gold, more than ever like a tall lily. Her white silk garment was bound

by a golden girdle, which fell with large tassels; and above that was the rippling gold of her hair, surmounted by the white mist of her long veil, which was fastened on her brow by a band of pearls, the gift of Bernardo del Nero, and was now parted off her face so that it all floated backward.

"*Regina mia!*" said Tito, as he took her hand and kissed it, still keeping his mantle round him. He could not help going backward to look at her again, while she stood in calm delight, with that exquisite self-consciousness which rises under the gaze of admiring love.

"Romola, will you show me the next room now?" said Tito, checking himself with the remembrance that the time might be short. "You said I should see it when you had arranged every thing."

Without speaking she led the way into a long narrow room, painted brightly like the other, but only with birds and flowers. The furniture in it was all old; there were old faded objects for feminine use or ornament, arranged in an open cabinet between the two narrow windows; above the cabinet was the portrait of Romola's mother; and below this, on the top of the cabinet, stood the crucifix which Romola had brought from San Marco.

"I have brought something under my mantle," said Tito, smiling; and throwing off the large loose garment, he showed the little tabernacle which had been painted by Piero di Cosimo. The painter had carried out Tito's intention charmingly, and so far had atoned for his long delay. "Do you know what this is for, my Romola?" added Tito, taking her by the hand, and leading her toward the cabinet. "It is a little shrine, which is to hide away from you forever that remembrancer of sadness. You have done with sadness now; and we will bury all images of it—bury them in a tomb of joy. See!"

A slight quiver passed across Romola's face as Tito took hold of the crucifix. But she had no wish to prevent his purpose; on the contrary, she herself wished to subdue certain importunate memories and questionings which still flitted like unexplained shadows across her happier thought.

He opened the triptych and placed the crucifix within the central space; then closing it again, taking out the key, and setting the little tabernacle in the spot where the crucifix had stood, said:

"Now, Romola, look and see if you are satisfied with the portraits old Piero has made of us. Is it not a dainty device? and the credit of choosing it is mine."

"Ah, it is you—it is perfect!" said Romola, looking with moist joyful eyes at the miniature Bacchus, with his purple clusters. "And I am Ariadne, and you are crowning me! Yes, it is true, Tito; you have crowned my poor life."

They held each other's hands while she spoke, and both looked at their imaged selves. But the reality was far more beautiful; she all lily-

white and golden, and he with his dark glowing beauty above the purple red-bordered tunic.

"And it was our good strange Piero who painted it?" said Romola. "Did you put it into his head to paint me as Antigone, that he might have my likeness for this?"

"No, it was he who made my getting leave for him to paint you and your father a condition of his doing this for me."

"Ah, I see now what it was you gave up your precious ring for. I perceived you had some cunning plan to give me pleasure."

Tito did not blench. Romola's little illusions about himself had long ceased to cause him any thing but satisfaction. He only smiled and said:

"I might have spared my ring; Piero will accept no money from me; he thinks himself paid by painting you. And now, while I am away, you will look every day at those pretty symbols of our life together—the ship on the calm sea, and the ivy that never withers, and those Loves that have left off wounding us and shower soft petals that are like our kisses; and the leopards and tigers, they are the troubles of your life that are all quelled now; and the strange sea-monsters, with their merry eyes—let us see—they are the dull passages in the heavy books, which have begun to be amusing since we have sat by each other."

"*Tito mio!*" said Romola, in a half laughing voice of love; "but you will give me the key?" she added, holding out her hand for it.

"Not at all!" said Tito, with playful decision, opening his scarsella and dropping in the little key. "I shall drown it in the Arno."

"But if I ever wanted to look at the crucifix again?"

"Ah! for that very reason it is hidden—hidden by these images of youth and joy."

He pressed a light kiss on her brow, and she said no more, ready to submit, like all strong souls, when she felt no valid reason for resistance.

And then they joined the waiting company, which made a dignified little procession as it passed along the Ponte Rubaconte toward Santa Croce. Slowly it passed, for Bardo, unaccustomed for years to leave his own house, walked with a more timid step than usual; and that slow pace suited well with the gouty dignity of Messer Bartolommeo Scala, who graced the occasion by his presence, along with his daughter Alessandra. It was customary to have very long troops of kindred and friends at the *sposalizio*, or betrothal, and it had even been found necessary in time past to limit the number by law to no more than *four hundred*—two hundred on each side; for since the guests were all feasted after this initial ceremony, as well as after the *nozze*, or marriage, the very first stage of matrimony had become a ruinous expense, as that scholarly Benedict, Leonardo Bruno, complained in his own case. But Bardo, who in his poverty had kept himself proudly free from any appearance of claiming the advantages attached to a powerful family name, would have

no invitations given on the strength of mere friendship; and the modest procession of twenty that followed the *sposi* were, with three or four exceptions, friends of Bardo's and Tito's, selected on personal grounds.

Bernardo del Nero walked as a vanguard before Bardo, who was led on the right by Tito, while Romola held her father's other hand. Bardo had himself been married at Santa Croce, and had insisted on Romola's being betrothed and married there rather than in the little church of Santa Lucia close by their house, because he had a complete mental vision of the grand church where he hoped that a burial might be granted him among the Florentines who had deserved well. Happily the way was short and direct, and lay aloof from the loudest riot of the Carnival, if only they could return before any dances or shows began in the great piazza of Santa Croce. The west was red as they passed the bridge, and shed a mellow light on the pretty procession, which had a touch of solemnity in the presence of the blind father. But when the ceremony was over, and Tito and Romola came out on to the broad steps of the church, with the golden links of destiny on their fingers, the evening had deepened into struggling starlight and the servants had their torches lit.

As they came out a strange dreary chant, as of a *Miserere*, met their ears, and they saw that at the extreme end of the piazza there seemed to be a stream of people impelled by something approaching from the Borgo de' Greci.

"It is one of their masked processions, I suppose," said Tito, who was now alone with Romola, while Bernardo took charge of Bardo.

And as he spoke there came slowly into view, at a height far above the heads of the onlookers, a huge and ghastly image of Winged Time with his scythe and hour-glass, surrounded by his winged children, the Hours. He was mounted on a high car completely covered with black, and the bullocks that drew the car were also covered with black, their horns alone standing out white above the gloom; so that in the sombre shadow of the houses it seemed to those at a distance as if Time and his children were apparitions floating through the air. And behind them came what looked like a troop of the sheeted dead gliding above blackness. And as they glided slowly they chanted in a wailing strain.

A cold horror seized on Romola, for at the first moment it seemed as if her brother's vision, which could never be effaced from her mind, was being half fulfilled. She clung to Tito, who, divining what was in her thoughts, said:

"What dismal fooling sometimes pleases your Florentines! Doubtless this is an invention of Piero di Cosimo, who loves such grim merri-ment."

"Tito, I wish it had not happened. It will deepen the images of that vision which I would fain be rid of."

"Nay, Romola, you will look only at the images of our happiness now. I have locked all sadness away from you."

"But it is still there—it is only hidden," said Romola, in a low tone, hardly conscious that she spoke.

"See, they are all gone now!" said Tito. "You will forget this ghastly mummery when we are in the light and can see each other's eyes. My Ariadne must never look backward now—only forward to Easter, when she will triumph with her Care-dispeller."

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE.

HAVING lived for forty-seven years of my life (I am now fifty-eight) in that peculiar circle of English society in which the middle classes somehow blend with the upper—a circle in which the artist and the soldier become connected with royalty and all those intermediate varieties of rank which go to make up an aristocracy—I have never attached much value to the accidents which have continually brought me into contact with some of the most remarkable people of the present century. But I find myself now a member of a lettered community to whom nothing is indifferent which relates to the men and women who have filled a certain space in the world's thought, and I therefore ransack the stores of my memory to supply a few pages of pleasant reading to the manifold admirers of *Harper's Magazine*. There may not be much in these souvenirs to cast light on character or alter the impressions already received of the distinguished individuals I shall bring on the *tapis*; but they all have the advantage of being quite true, and new.

GEORGE III.

I have placed George III. at the head of my list. Why? Not that I ever saw him, to my recollection, but because he is associated in my mind with an act of kindness to my relative, Mrs. Siddons, the illustrious tragédienne, which I heard described, in long after years, by her second son George. She was a reader to the Royal Family. Early in 1803 the King entered the room where she was engaged with one of the princesses. Her son George was with her.

"Ha! who's this? who's this?" exclaimed the monarch.

"My son, your Majesty."

"What do you intend to do with him? what? what? No actor—no—only one Siddons—only one Siddons!"

Mrs. S. replied that she had not determined upon any profession for him.

"Send him to India—India—fine place—very fine place—make a fortune there."

The tragédienne had not interest enough to obtain an appointment for him in the India service. The King abruptly left the room; presently returning, he handed her a letter written by Sir Herbert Taylor, and signed by himself, directing that one of the best civil appointments should be given to Mr. George Siddons. Campbell mentions the fact of the appointment being thus

bestowed, but does not give the characteristic language of the kind-hearted, obstinate old monarch. George Siddons went to India, and remained there nearly forty years. He latterly held the lucrative office of Collector of Customs. He was a polished, high-minded gentleman, well read in Shakspeare, of a kind and liberal, but not of an energetic temperament, or he would have advanced, under Court auspices, to the highest position under the Government.

MRS. SIDDONS.

I saw Mrs. Siddons act twice—once in Lady Macbeth and once in Queen Katharine; but I often, when a boy, heard her read in private. She has never been approached in either of the characters I have named. She played three or four times after her formal retirement from the stage, and always for the benefit of her younger brother, Charles Kemble, excepting on the first occasion of my seeing her, in 1816, when she returned for one night, at the request of Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, and the Princess Charlotte of Wales. I was behind the scenes, down near the proscenium, peeping through one of the old doors which then flanked the fore-part of the stage. I watched with a thrill of terror the wondrous expression of Lady Macbeth's countenance; I saw as plainly as I see the paper on which I now write that she had made up her mind to have Duncan murdered, but wished her husband to participate in the act which was to make them temporally great. "Thy face, my Thane," etc., was uttered in soul-searching tones, and John Kemble, who played Macbeth, hung his head as if he could not withstand her penetrating gaze or the language which interpreted aright the ambitious whisperings of his own heart. The Princess Charlotte and her consort expressed themselves delighted and grateful when the performance was over, and as I was standing by when her Royal Highness spoke her thanks, I received, for my own share in looking on, a gracious smile. People must live under a monarchy to appreciate the charm of a princely courtesy!

Mrs. Siddons's Queen Katharine was as great a personation every way as her Lady Macbeth. The famous passage, "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak!" which Harlowe has represented her in the act of uttering, invariably elicited seven distinct rounds of applause, during which she never altered her magnificent pose, and so gave time to the artist to study all the accessories of the group. But it was neither the commanding attitude nor the lofty tone which assured the nightly burst of enthusiasm. It was the manner in which Katharine shrunk from Campeius, and waved him off, preparatory to the grand enunciation of her special appeal to Wolsey, which made the *ensemble* so sublime.

JOHN KEMBLE.—EDMUND KEAN.

John Kemble was very great on the stage to the last moment of his career; but the public had got tired of his classicity and forsook him

for the more brilliant style of Edmund Kean, whose marvelous performances of Richard III., Othello, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Bertram, Ludovico Sforza, Macbeth, Richard of York, Octavian, and Marlowe's Jew of Malta, it was my great happiness to see. But I could not like Kean personally. He was esteemed "a good fellow," and I observed that Sheridan and Lord Byron (then on the Drury Lane Committee of Management) petted the saviour of their property a good deal, but his habits and general companions were low. John Kemble was not averse to "potations pottle deep," which certainly enfeebled his constitution and prematurely destroyed his mighty artistic powers and energies; yet, to my youthful apprehension, there was a wide difference between drinking port-wine with noblemen at their own dwellings, and soaking gin and water in the Coal Hole Tavern with inferior players and sporting satellites.

BYRON.—SHERIDAN.—LADY LOVELACE.

I spoke to Lord Byron once, or, rather, he spoke to me. It was in 1815. Sheridan took me with him to Drury Lane, and between the acts of a play he led me into the saloon at the back of the boxes. Lord Byron, in a dark-blue dress coat, broad white trowsers, his shirt-collar turned down, his digits encased in kid gloves, and a hat under his arm, was leaning in a studied attitude against a pillar. Sheridan led me up to him—mentioned who I was—and instantly moved away. Byron said something to me about the "dim religious light" of the saloon, and as I saw Sheridan going away I ran after him. I suspect I was not the only one after the poor hunted debtor that night, which may have accounted for his rapid exit. Byron followed. We got into the Green Room. The two authors again spoke, Byron quoted some poetry. Sheridan exclaimed "Nonsense!" or "Humbug!"—I forget which—and hurried me away. I never saw either of these remarkable men again.

In the following year Sheridan passed away, and Byron married and then parted from his wife. Whatever may have been the real causes of their separation, Lady Byron always entertained the highest reverence for his genius. Forty years later I paid a visit to Lady Lovelace ("Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!"), and on my remarking to one of her boys, in the library, that I was surprised at the absence of Lord Byron's works, he said, "Oh, gran'ma has them in a library all to themselves. She won't allow grandpa's works to be associated with others." He said this with perfect childlike simplicity.

NAPOLÉON I.

Four years now elapsed, during which period I was at a French college learning the art-military, and the science (so difficult to an English youth) of living upon soup maigre and haricots. And then I was sent to India to fight the battles of the East India Company.

Our ship was one of those selected to pay pe-

ridical visits to St. Helena, and carry supplies for the ships of war at the station and for the imperial exile and his suite. Major Parlbby, an officer of the Madras army, who was one of my fellow-passengers, sought permission to pay his respects to "General Bonaparte." Sir Hudson Lowe sent to inquire if it would be agreeable to the unhappy prisoner to receive a party of English officers. It did please him. I accompanied Major Parlbby, with three other officers, one a Captain in the navy. Napoleon's appearance distressed me. I believed him to have been a tyrant, the bitterest enemy of England, the most selfish of all successful military geniuses, a sanguinary monster who was responsible for an immense amount of bloodshed, and very properly a *détenu* at St. Helena. But his melancholy pierced me, his graceful, paternal manner fascinated me. At the close of the interview, he said to me, "*Vous allez commencer votre carrière militaire*"—"You are about to begin your military career, may it have a happier termination than mine!" I stifled my emotions for the moment, but the words often brought tears up from my heart in after-years. From the date of that interesting interview I could understand the influence of Napoleon over all around him.

BISHOP HEBER.

Seven years passed in India in the performance of military and magisterial duties (for the paucity of civil officers imposed even upon subalterns responsible judicial offices), shut me out of the society to which I had been accustomed, and I began to despair of ever seeing anybody of the least European note again, when accident brought me *vis-à-vis* with the admirable Reginald Heber. I went to Bombay from the fortress of Severndroog, where I was on duty, to enjoy a month's leave of absence. There was an amateur theatre in the town, and being so slim that I could have "crept through an Alderman's thumb ring," I was invited to play Lady Percy in Henry IV. ("a plague upon sighing and grief," I am now fitter for Falstaff!) I accepted the invitation. A few days later Bishop Heber arrived to visit the western part of his diocese, which then comprehended all India. I called to pay my respects. Having known my illustrious relative, he asked me to dinner. I stated that I was pledged to play Lady Percy. "Oh, how sorry I am," he exclaimed, "that I did not know there was to be a play! I would have fixed my party for another day. I have invited the Governor, the Judges, the Commander-in-Chief—can I put them off?" My reply was, "Certainly not, my Lord!" "Well," he rejoined, "as I can not go myself, Mrs. Heber shall attend the theatre at all events." And so she did. I mention the circumstance to illustrate the tolerant spirit of that most benign and excellent man. He remained some time with us, preaching every Sabbath and administering the sacrament. How we loved him! How we (I mean the whole society of Bombay, compris-

ing as it did many men remarkable for their classical and Oriental learning) sought his rich and unaffected conversation!

One of the principal Episcopalian ministers had transgressed the laws, and availed himself of the influence which his sacred calling conferred to corrupt the mind of the beautiful wife of a colonel of artillery. Heber had to investigate the case. He conducted the delicate inquiry with the utmost prudence; and after making every allowance for the infirmities of humanity, deemed it his duty to deprive the offending clergyman of his gown and send him to Europe. In his "Journal" he charitably suppressed all mention of the delinquency he had been called upon to chastise. Mrs. Heber, however, a coarse-minded woman, less scrupulous about such matters, included the Bishop's private remarks in a posthumous second edition of the "Journal," which much outraged the feelings of the families concerned, and revived the sort of scandal on which small communities subsist.

ELLISTON.—WALLACK.

From India I returned to England in 1826. The first night after my arrival I went to Drury Lane Theatre to see Elliston play Falstaff. A more unctuous knight it would be difficult to conceive. Macready was the impetuous Hotspur, and James W. Wallack, who has so worthily upheld the legitimate drama in America, was the Prince. I need not say it was a fine chivalrous piece of acting on Wallack's part. Elliston, however, ruined the play and himself by falling on the stage dead-drunk when he came to the passage—"Hal, if thou seest me down in the battle, and bestride me so, 'tis a point of friendship." Elliston had not that hold upon the affections of the public which made them tolerant of the escapades of a Cooke or a Kean. One transgression annihilated his theatrical career.

WALTER SCOTT.

Pressed by the relatives of a brother officer to pay a visit to Scotland, I proceeded in August, 1826, to Edinburgh, and became the guest of my friend, the Rev. E. Ramsay, now the beloved Dean Ramsay, whose late works on Scottish character and phraseology have created so much interest both in England and America. Mr. Ramsay showed me the lions of the modern Athens, then comprising Jeffrey, Christopher North, Andrew Thomson, and Sir Walter Scott. I was introduced to Scott at the Sessions House. I shall never forget the impression he made on me. When we entered the Court the judges had risen, the people, the advocates, the writers, etc., had dispersed. Scott sat alone, writing. We stood for a few moments watching him. Presently he looked up. The light from his keen, dark eyes shot through me. I insensibly acknowledged the presence of a mighty spirit. He rose, limped toward us. Mr. Ramsay presented me. Sir Walter took my hand.

"Eh, a soldier, eh! To judge from your countenance I should say a good comic actor spoiled!"

I don't think that I quite relished the compliment, for I loved the military better than the theatrical profession. At the same time, as an amateur performer at our India theatres, I was not altogether displeased with this tribute to my histrionic capacity. Sir Walter dined with us that day. The conversation was so purely local, referring to people and things quite foreign to me, that I sat silent, merely saying to myself, "Well, only think, I am sitting at the same table with the author of 'Waverley!'"

I was subsequently invited to Abbotsford, and enjoyed the day very much indeed. Sir Walter had a story to tell about every dagger and every quagha. It is a pity he did not transmit his stories to the old ciceroni who show strangers about the house. We should not have such replies as, "I dinna ken," to every other question put by anxious tourists.

GEORGE CANNING.—NAPOLEON PORTRAITS.

A letter from Calcutta, offering me a valuable appointment as editor of a daily paper, recalled me from Scotland. I could not, however, think of returning to the East until I had visited France. And, by a happy accident, Mr. Canning, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, was induced to invite me to accompany him on a visit he was about to make to our Ambassador, the late Lord Granville. I remember that the simplicity of Mr. Canning's attire (he always wore black, and a white cravat), destitute of orders and decorations of any kind, attracted much of the attention of the French *noblesse*, returned *émigrés* of the Polignac and Artois cast, who were covered with stars and ribbons.

But the event of the greatest interest to me during that brief visit to Paris was the removal of the prohibition of the sale of portraits and busts of Napoleon. From 1815 until 1826 the French populace had not been permitted to look upon the effigies of their former idol. Bourbon timidity, augmented by Bourbon folly and misgovernment, had at first created an apprehension that the sight of the well-known and once well-loved countenance would revive all the old sympathies with the Consulate and the Empire, and endanger the stability of the throne. But ten years, it was fancied, would suffice to efface all reminiscences of the false glory in which France had reveled, and that now the old features might be contemplated with placidity. The decree went forth. The day was beautiful. I sallied out for a stroll. At every step I came upon a shop where portraits of Napoleon, under every variety of circumstance, were exposed for sale. The bronze stores were beset by crowds purchasing equestrian figures of the Emperor—miniature Vendôme columns, busts with the petit chapeau, busts with the laurel crown, busts with the bare head and the thin hair so picturesquely described by Lamartine. In the Boulevards old soldiers, with tears in their eyes, bought rude col-

ored lithographs of *le petit caporal*—"et, voyez vous, le redingote gris!" Charles X. rose immensely in the good opinion of the French people through this concession to their smothered love. He was believed, and not unreasonably, to be much under the influence of the Jesuits; yet, on the night of the *exposé* of the Napoleonic images, I saw *Tartuffe* at the Théâtre Français, with Madame Mars for Dorine—ineffaceable recollection!—and when the Huissier said, "Nous vivons sous un Prince ennemi de la crime!" the house rang with acclamations. I sat in Mr. Canning's box, and he applauded as earnestly as any one in the *parterre* or *paradis*; but I do not believe he thought Charles X. so thoroughly opposed to the villainy of the *callotins*. Indeed I am sure he did not.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.—SKRZNECKI.

Back to India for three more years, and then a long, long journey on horseback through Persia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, Hanover, and Holland, and so across the channel to England. But there was one stoppage on the way. It was 1830. The flames of revolution were burning in France, in Holland, and in Poland. An army of 30,000 Poles, led by the brave Skrznecki, was endeavoring to assist the claims of the oppressed, involuntary subjects of the Czar to a rational measure of liberty; and an army of 200,000 Russians maintained the ascendancy of the autocrat. The struggle was brief and sanguinary. The fate of Poland was sealed on the fields of Ostrolenka and Gronow. Inspired with a wish to see more service and to fight for the cause of liberty, I managed to join the Polish army, only in time to share in its retreat and dispersion. Skrznecki received Austrian protection at Linz, and I subsequently joined him there. He was the noblest fellow I ever knew—the finest soldier, the most polished gentleman, the most truly religious man. Many a happy evening did I pass in his company. Like every earnest Roman Catholic he was a sincere propagandist, and believed there was no chance whatever for heretics excepting in repentance and apostasy. He made magnificent efforts to convert me, and was surprised if not indignant that I was not satisfied with "*Il faut croire!*" as a clenching argument in favor of transubstantiation.

My time becoming short, I tore myself away to continue my equestrian tour into Bohemia and Prussia, and when I got to Berlin and met old Count Mostowka, who had been Governor of Warsaw, we often spoke of our common friend Skrznecki. "Ah," said the Count, "he was an admirable general! He only needed one qualification to make him great—success!" Skrznecki subsequently removed to Belgium and obtained a command in Leopold's army. He brought it into a high state of discipline, and from what I afterward saw of that army in the camp at Beverloo, I should say that *les braves Belges* of today will not imitate their illustrious predecessors of Waterloo should events call them into the field.

FANNY KEMBLE.

I did not reach London until the spring of 1832, and had just time to see Fanny Kemble play Julia in the "Hunchback."

"Do it! nor leave the act to me!"

There was the ring of the rich old metal again! I gloried in her just success, but having to leave London early the next morning I could not pay my respects. My stay in England was very brief, only just long enough to dine with my "Honorable Masters," the East India Directors, and to appear at some of the literary coteries where poor "L. E. L.," Jerdan, T. K. Hervey, Ainsworth, S. Lover, Marryatt, Mrs. Crawford, D. L. Richardson, St. John, and similar "small fry of literature," were wont to assemble.

MACAULAY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

On resuming my editorial duties in India I had the happiness to become acquainted with Macaulay, whose friendship I afterward enjoyed to within a few days of his death. Macaulay was sent out to India by the Whig Government, with an appointment of £10,000 per annum, in recompense of a splendid speech he had made on the Reform Bill, and another on the Bill for renewing the East India Company's charter. The appointment was that of president of a law commission whose business it was to prepare a code of laws adapted to the heterogeneous community of British India. Down to 1833 justice was administered after the principles of the Common Law of England, modified to meet Hindoo usage and Mohammedan law. Out of this system, with all its attendant precedents, government regulations, exceptions, etc., a complication had arisen which set all attempt to proceed upon equitable principles completely at defiance. The courts were a scene of chaos. Macaulay and his compeers—able law-officers and financiers drawn from different parts of India—were to restore order and uniformity. They began by calling for returns, reports, statements, and similar documentary machinery which was to form the basis and leverage of their operations. Macaulay saw that at least a twelvemonth would elapse before a sufficiency could be collected from the various functionaries scattered over India wherewith to make a beginning.

He accordingly determined to pass his time in drawing his salary and writing for the *Edinburgh Review*! He began with his famous criticism on the "Life of Sir James Mackintosh" by his son. Macaulay loved the father—every one loved Mackintosh who knew him—and despised the son. I met Macaulay at dinner at Lord William Bentinck's, and having been introduced to him by Mr. George Siddons, we got into conversation. He had finished the article, he said, and he wished to send it to England. Safety required that it should be sent in triplicate. But he disliked the labor of transcription, and he could not depend upon the native copyists. Would I print half a dozen copies for him? Of course I would. The next day he

came to my office with the manuscript. It was in a fine bold hand, upon foolscap paper. I consigned it to my head printer. When I read the proofs I was so much struck with the beauty and power of the whole composition that I entreated Macaulay's permission to reprint it in my newspaper, in anticipation of the appearance in India of the *Edinburgh Review*. Impossible! The editor of the *Edinburgh* was a despot in his way. He would probably expunge a large portion of the article, either from want of space, or a disagreement in opinion with the author. I could hardly believe this possible, but I dared not press the point, and Macaulay ultimately proved to be right. Napier cut away fourteen pages!

MACAULAY IN INDIA.

Macaulay now resolved to write a History of India, and with this view began to visit remarkable localities and to collect rare material. He was distressed that no vestige of the Black Hole of Calcutta remained, for the sufferings of the prisoners on that dreadful night, which he has so powerfully described in his sketch of Lord Clive, filled his imagination. He was, if possible, more dismayed when he found that the field of Plassey, the scene of Clive's victory over Suraj-oo-Dowlah, which has been said to have laid the foundation of the British empire in India, had been entirely washed away in the overflows of the Ganges. He was fain, therefore, to content himself with a visit to Benares, rendered memorable by the courage displayed by Warren Hastings in his contest with Chéyt Sing, and a close examination of the multitudinous records placed at his command. Macaulay returned to England in 1837, having enjoyed his salary for three years, and accumulated material for those admirable sketches of Hastings and Clive which he found occasion to publish in the *Edinburgh* in 1840 and 1841, when Gleig's and Malcolm's books afforded him the means of showing how much more vivid a biographer the critic could be than the men who professed to write the lives of distinguished individuals. No one remembers or quotes Gleig's "Warren Hastings;" few persons treasure Malcolm's "Clive;" but who has not read Macaulay's splendid epitomes?

Macaulay's departure from India was not regretted. He led a comparatively secluded life, in the society of his sister and her husband, Sir Charles Trevelyan, of the Bengal Civil Service, who afterward became Governor of Madras. His only public act was to draft a scheme of law which deprived the European settler of the right he had hitherto enjoyed of appealing from the courts in the interior to the Supreme Court of Judicature at the presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The effect of this was to place the European planter at the mercy of the native judges (Hindoos and Mohammedans), whose local connections biased their judgments, even if they were not accessible to corruption. The Act was called "The Black Act." It drew forth innumerable remonstrances.

I afterward saw much of Macaulay in England. He was greatly pleased with his elevation to the peerage. It was a tribute, he said, to literary reputation, and formed a good precedent. He regretted that Addison—whose memory above that of all men he venerated—had not died an earl. Macaulay was very susceptible of affectionate impressions, but he only loved high moral worth. His epitaphs on Lord William Bentinck, the enlightened Governor-General of India, and Sir Benjamin Malkin, a judge, sufficiently demonstrate the fervor and tenderness of his attachments.

SIR WILLOUGHBY COTTON.—THE HAVELOCKS.—
LADY SALE.

At the close of 1838, although I had now laid aside the sword altogether for the service of Captain Pen, I could not resist the temptation to ask permission to join the army which was about to march into Afghanistan, ostensibly to replace Shah Shujah upon the throne, but in reality to checkmate the Russians, who, using the Persians as the monkey used the cat's-paw, were stealthily advancing their physical and moral power toward the confines of India. My friend, General Sir Willoughby Cotton, was placed in command of one of the divisions of the army, and he very kindly invited me to join his staff. I accordingly engaged a palanquin and bearers, and in about ten or twelve days contrived to get over 1100 miles of ground, the last 300 through a country wasted by famine and the march of 15,000 men with their thousands of followers.

I was very cordially received by Sir Willoughby Cotton, and by him was introduced to Henry Havelock, then only a captain of infantry, and aid-de-camp to Sir Willoughby. Cotton was a man of fashion: he had, in his earlier days, been an aid and companion of George the Fourth, whose manner he imitated, and of whose peculiarities he had a large fund of anecdote. But Cotton was a good soldier nevertheless. He had served in the Peninsula, under Wellington, who esteemed his military talents; he had also commanded a brigade in the Burmese war of 1824-25, and during the latter operation had formed the acquaintance of Henry Havelock, in whom he at once discovered high military qualities. As Sir Willoughby had only one small sleeping tent attached to his banqueting marquee, Havelock invited me to share his tent, and thus arose an intimacy, the stronger, perhaps, that we were so unlike each other in every respect. I admired and respected him, and he tolerated me. He was grave and thoughtful, pious, brave, judicious. Always poor, because he married early in life, he had been unable to return to England when his regiments were recalled, and therefore obtained a transfer to the relieving regiment, which carried him to the bottom of the list of lieutenants. This occurring twice, he was forty years of age, or thereabout, before he obtained a company. Though rather taciturn in society, Havelock

was a cheerful companion in the tent and the morning ride. His mind was well stored. I used to tell him that the Bible and the Articles of War would form his library when he retired from the service; but this was only badinage, for no one was better read in history and the poets. Every now and then a word in admiration of Oliver Cromwell would slip out; but our mutual beau-ideal of the pure patriot and skillful leader was George Washington. Havelock vastly admired the Duke of Wellington, and had the Duke been a moral man he probably would have been preferred to Washington.

Havelock's brother, William, was a soldier of a very different stamp to himself. He was a dear fellow, notwithstanding. Chivalrous, daring, frank, generous, he was the idol of his regiment when in Spain. Napier records an instance of his intrepidity. But he was rash, and in later years when he rose to command became a very martinet. He was killed at the head of the 14th Light Dragoons in an action with the Sikhs at Ramnagur. Charles Havelock, a third brother, and a good soldier, is now, I believe, in America. At least I remember seeing it stated that his services had been accepted by President Lincoln.

During my stay with the army of Afghanistan I formed the acquaintance of Lady Sale, and we became such good friends that she insisted on my sharing her elephant howdah during a review of the army before Runjeet Singh, the ruler of the Punjab. Florentia Sale was at this time a burly lady of middle age; a strong-minded woman, whose manners smacked of a barrack education. She was the deity of the 13th Light Infantry, which her husband, Sir Robert, commanded, and when I drew her attention to the steady marching of the 3d Buffs (who, as Runjeet said, "moved like one wall"), she took a pinch of snuff and exclaimed, "Ah, well, give me the Light Infantry any day. I don't care for the marching. The fighting's what I look at!" The history of Lady Sale's captivity among the Afghans has been told by herself. They dramatized the incidents of the war at one of our London theatres a few years later, and I could not help being much amused when I saw her ladyship represented by a spare young lady of twenty—a veritable heroine—bestriding a white charger and tearing up impassable rocks, leaping terrific chasms, three feet wide and four feet deep, and achieving with sword and pistol more deeds of daring than Turk Gregory or Paul Jones.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The year 1843 found me again in England, after a long tour through Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, and France. Presented to Louis Philippe, I was admitted to the privilege of some conversation with him. He was curious to know the exact position of the French in India. A Colonel Dubois, whilom barber to the King of Oude, had been received as an envoy from that wretched sovereign, and cramming the French King with representations of the anxiety of the

ruler of Oude—a miserable sensualist, who left to his Vizier all state affairs—to form an alliance with France, received a cross and a service of Sèvres porcelain. Louis Philippe, astute as he was, had been singularly impressed with Dubois's statement, which it gave me very little trouble to demolish. The King spoke of the Algerian campaigns, the necessity for keeping a French army employed and amused. "*Les Français*," said he, "*ne sont que des petits enfans. Il faut qu'ils soient amusés aujourd'hui, et fottés demain!*" and he slapped the back of his hand significantly.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Soon after my arrival in London I had the supreme satisfaction of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington. A grand ball was given at Willis's Rooms—it was called *The Waverley Ball*, and its leading feature consisted in the formation of several sets of quadrilles, each of which was danced by sixteen couple costumed to represent the characters in one of Scott's novels. The crowd at the entrance to the rooms, as well as the crowd within, was immense. As I ascended the grand staircase I heard shouts from the crowd at the entrance. Turning round, I said aloud, "I wonder who they are shouting for?" The Duke of Wellington was at my elbow, and supposing I had addressed him, replied in his usual dry way: "I suppose it is either for you or I, Sir!" As I saw that the Duke would have had some difficulty in making his way through the throng to the upper end of the ball-room, I was glad to escape from my confusion, and atone for my apparent rudeness by opening a path for him. When we reached the upper end he bowed to me and said, "Thank you, Sir. I shall be glad to see you at Apsley House if you are fond of pictures."

THE DUKE AND WATERLOO PICTURES.

I need not say that I allowed very few days to elapse before I presented myself at the gate of the mansion, which still, in its protection of iron blinds, reminded the passer-by that the Duke had once found it necessary to protect his windows from mob fury. The Duke received me very kindly, and at once led me to the Waterloo gallery—a long room in which he was accustomed annually to entertain the old heroes of the great fight of June 18, 1815. Many of the pictures were the works of Wilkie, Jan Stein, Gainsborough, etc. There were numerous portraits of the Duke's companions in arms, and of Napoleon, whose military genius he seemed delighted to honor. There was a colossal statue of Napoleon at the foot of the stairs. There was but one picture of the battle of Waterloo in the gallery, and as it represented Napoleon and his staff with the British in the remote distance almost enveloped in smoke, I ventured to ask his Grace which was the best representation of the battle he had ever seen? "All bad, Sir. A battle can not be painted. It is continual motion. I chose this because I could not say it was false.

It is quieter than any of the others." He then proceeded to descant on the falsehoods perpetuated by painters.

"Now," said he, "there's Mr. Barker's painting of my meeting with Blucher on the field of Waterloo. It is absurd. He has made us in the act of saluting with our cocked hats. That was not the way of it at all. Blucher rushed up to me at La Belle Alliance, threw his arms round my neck, kissed me and covered me with mud! I see that Maclise has sent in a design for a fresco illustration of this event in the House of Lords; but from the description given of it in the papers, I fear it will be no nearer to the truth than Barker's."

There is a picture extant of the Duke showing the present Duchess, the Marchioness of Douro, the localities of the chief incidents at Waterloo. I remarked,

"The likeness of your Grace is good."

"Yes," he replied; "but the devil of it is that the whole picture is false. I never took the Marchioness to Belgium at all!"

Seeing him in a chatty humor, I ventured to inquire if it were true that he cried out, "Up Guards and at them!" at the crisis of Waterloo. He said: "It stands to reason I couldn't be such a d—d fool. I was a quarter of a mile away and couldn't have been heard. Maybe some of the staff called out to the Guards to rise out of the corn where they were lying down. I merely said—'Let the line advance.'"

On a later occasion I found the Duke in a Gallery of Illustrations, scrutinizing a picture of himself looking at the dead body of Crawford as it lay in a Spanish chapel after the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. I inquired, "Is it like, Sir?"

"All a lie," he answered. "I never was there; never saw Crawford after he fell."

So much for pictures. For a long time there was one—nay, more than one—exposed for sale representing Lord Cardigan leaping over a gun at Balaklava. When the Prince of Wales saw this he asked me, as I was standing by, whether Lord Cardigan really did accomplish the feat, and on my replying in the negative he exclaimed, "Then why do they perpetuate such errors?"

LADY BLESSINGTON AND HER SET.

I had not been long in London before I fell into my old circle of society, seeing occasionally Lady Blessington and D'Orsay, Louis Napoleon, Charles Dickens, the Napiers, Tom Hood, etc. The evenings passed at Kensington Gore (Lady Blessington's) were pleasant enough, because both the host and hostess had abundance of conversation of the most attractive and piquant character; and you were also sure to meet some of the outsiders of the aristocracy, whose irregularities of life had made them the heroes or heroines of innumerable adventures, and whose acquaintance was legion. It was curious to see so many English ladies with foreign titles. I could not quite understand it at first, but D'Orsay enlightened me. "You see," he observed,

"when an Englishman of the honorable name of Spiffens, or Snooks, separates from his wife, he does not like that she shall go through the world proclaiming she is a *divorcée*, and so casting discredit on his family. Therefore he purchases for her a small estate in Italy or in Germany which carries with it a feudal title, and thus Mrs. Snooks becomes the Baroness Fromaggia, or the Contessa Seccatura, or the Graafin Hogsfleisch, and takes her place in distinguished circles." He introduced me to one of the Baronesses—an elegant woman, once rich and young, now in her "uncertain" age, doing the literary lady upon a small pittance, and editing a quasi-fashionable journal. She was welcome at Lady Blessington's as long as she praised her ladyship's tedious stories, but woe betide the *honest* critic!

Louis Napoleon—then a refugee, awaiting the fullness of time, and lamenting (*à ce qu'on dit*) that it should be his destiny one day to superintend the sacking of London—was a frequent visitor at Gore House. I met him twice or thrice. He was generally reserved, but whatever he did say was marked by strong good sense and originality. To his honor be it recorded he did not forget the hospitalities of the unfortunate Lady Blessington. When he became Emperor he gave D'Orsay an appointment in connection with the Fine Arts, and paid much attention to his sister, the Duchess de Grammont. In 1856 I had occasion to visit Paris, and to seek an interview with the Emperor for the purpose of obtaining his patronage of an invention of a friend of mine, adapted to purposes of war. He was very cordial, and spoke with much feeling of the host and hostess of Gore House.

THE NAPIERS.

Naturally seeking military society, I was not long in making the acquaintance of Sir Charles and Sir William Napier—the one illustrious by his Indian conquests and his administrative capacity, the other distinguished by his rare powers as a military historian. They were both "live" men, of strong passions and prejudices, fearless in the expression of their sentiments, and obstinate in their adherence to opinions once formed. William Napier, with a profusion of white locks, a white beard and long mustache, his deep-set gray eyes glaring through his spectacles over a large aquiline nose, was the very impersonation of fierceness. Charles, a smaller man, with a milder expression, was equally ardent and uncompromising. If he anathematized any one—and the East India Company were favorite objects of his wrath—he spoke with scorching vehemence. But when these brave men and good soldiers were not excited by their personal animosities their conversation was a real treat. Both were accomplished scholars and men of world-wide experience. The new Minié rifle interested both brothers, yet, accustomed as they had been to see great victories obtained by Brown Bess, they could hardly reconcile themselves to

the introduction of a "new-fangled" weapon. Charles, to the last, upheld the bayonet, which, he feared, would be brought into disuse by the long shots. There was a little vanity in all this. The effectiveness of the modern rifle made the operations of the old smooth bores look very small. In this resistance to change Sir C. Napier resembled the Duke of Wellington, who was slow to believe in improvements. With him "the knapsack question was exhausted;" "leave well alone;" "it is folly to waste money in experiments." Such were the replies invariably given to suggested changes. It was not until 1849 that the Duke considered it necessary that an officer should be educated, and then he only came to the conclusion upon receiving a letter from a young lieutenant in which "physic" was spelled with an "f," and other orthographical eccentricities were apparent.

THOMAS HOOD.

Among the literati upon whom I occasionally stumbled there was, as I have said, Tom Hood. Poor Tom! What between his physical sufferings and his pecuniary troubles it is wonderful that he had so many "whims and oddities" at command. To the last he was humorous. His very miseries were themes for his own diversion. He seemed to derive comfort from the jokes to which his anguish gave rise. Even the personal annoyances from creditors which he experienced were suggestive of *bon mots*. One of his last effusions was leveled at Colburn, the publisher, whom he never could forgive. Colburn and Bentley were very fond of having celebrated authors as editors of their Magazines, evidently hoping that the notorious incapacity of such men for the delicate and harassing duties devolving on editors, who had to sit in judgment upon all sorts of productions, would be more than compensated by the extra demand which their fame would create for the periodicals. This was proved to be a mistake in the case of Campbell, Moore, Dickens, Bulwer, Hook, and Ainsworth; it was equally a blunder in the case of Tom Hood. But Hood's occupation of the editorial chair in Great Marlborough Street, where Colburn published his *New Monthly Magazine*, was not only a source of trouble in respect to his editorial incapacity, it led to the office being diurnally besieged by bill discounters and tradesmen to whom Hood was in debt. At length Tom was discharged, and obliged to seek a retreat at the *Hôtel Anglais*, Boulogne sur mer. To all the hungry creditors who called at Colburn's the answer was, "Mr. Hood has left England;" and at length, in a fit of spleen, Colburn (who was a little old man affecting juvenility) answered some applicants that he "did not know any body of the name of Hood." This galled poor Tom, who forthwith wrote the following, and sent it over to some friends in England. Hurst, who succeeded to the business of Colburn, entreated that it might not be published, and I believe to this hour it has not obtained publicity:

"For a season or two, in the columns of Puff,
I was reckoned a passable writer enough;
But alas for the favors of Fame!
My decline in repute is so very complete,
Since I quitted my seat in Great Marlborough Street,
That a Colburn don't know of my name.

"Now a Colburn I knew, of dimensions so small,
He seemed the next neighbor of nothing at all,
Yet in spirit a Dwarf may be big;
But his mind was so narrow, his person so slim,
No wonder that all I remember of him
Is a little boy's suit and a wig!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

Of Charles Dickens, whose family I had known in his boyhood, I saw but little excepting when he was in public. His incessant literary occupations, his amateur theatricals, his operations as chief agent for the execution of Miss Burdett Coutts's charitable actions, his visits abroad, and the necessity he was under of being much at the service of strange visitors, English and foreign (impelled by curiosity), gave him but little time for *tête-à-têtes* with old friends. We were all surprised at the announcement which he published in *Household Words* regarding his domestic *déménage*, but the ultimate separation from Mrs. Dickens occasioned no astonishment. Never were two people less suited to each other. He, ardent, sanguine, energetic, full of imagination and animated by powerful human sympathies: she, supine, frivolous, commonplace, passing her time between the nursery and the drawing-room. In his youth Charles Dickens had conceived a fondness for the picturesque scenery in the vicinity of Rochester, and vowed that if ever he became rich enough he would build a house at Gadshill and live there. Mrs. Dickens declared she would never leave London. Thereupon the parties joined issue. He did in time build the house, and as his wife would not accompany him thither he took his daughters and a suitable companion for them; and out of this event arose all the scandal with which England busied herself for some time. After Dickens had retired to the country he wrote "Great Expectations;" which is, in most respects, a great improvement upon the works which immediately preceded it. We know that Canary birds sing the sweeter when they are in separate cages. May not the isolation of the author have been the cause of the revival of that rich humor which imparted immortality to "Pickwick?"

Niell has already described Charles Dickens's "Readings" in these pages. It is needless for me, therefore, to attempt a sketch of him while reading the "Chimes." Suffice to say that his passion for the stage, which in his youth he had adopted as a profession—thus becoming the original of his own "Nicholas Nickleby"—finds ample gratification in the delineation of his own creations. Pathos is his forte, but he is not deficient in *vis comica*.

Apropos of "Nicholas Nickleby," how many of the *dramatis personæ* might be traced to living individuals who had fallen in Dickens's way! The Crummies' family came to this country on

a theatrical speculation some fifteen years since, and the quondam infant phenomenon is now the honored widow of a deceased General officer, who recently died from the effect of his noble exertions in the Union cause. Once, in the course of a journey into Cheshire, I came upon the whole of the Peerybingle family, including Tilly Slowboy (and the Cricket!); and Dickens has often said that he never invented characters but found them ready-made, only requiring a little height of color to make them presentable. The Cheeryble brothers, old Weller, Carker, Skimpole, old Dorritt, Barkis, Micawber are all types of a very large class. Dickens never moved in good society until he became eminent, and then he was only lionized. Hence his inability to delineate true gentlemen and real gentlewomen.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Among the many celebrities with whom accident brought me into contact I was perhaps more impressed by Lord Palmerston than any other. No man with the weight of a nation upon his shoulders appeared more completely at his ease—more profuse of *bonhomie*. I was introduced to him by a nobleman who had family sympathies with me; Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, himself the son of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated comic actress, and mistress of William IV., when Duke of Clarence. Lord Palmerston received me very cordially, called me familiarly by my name without the prefix "Mr."—even "my dear fellow"ed me in the course of conversation, and exposed his patronage system very unreservedly. I went to ask a favor of Lord Palmerston on behalf of an old soldier, who in earlier life had rendered service to the Duke of Clarence. Lord Palmerston was then Home Secretary, and in his hands lay the appointment of the Military Knights of Windsor. These Knights are composed of veteran officers of the army and navy who have seen service and are in a state of poverty. They are allowed a suite of apartments in Windsor Castle, coals, candles, and two shillings per diem—they are expected to appear occasionally in uniform, and to occupy their apartments for three months in each year. I mentioned the service which entitled the old officer to the favor I sought. "My dear fellow," said the Home Secretary, "no doubt your friend is a very worthy man and all that, and if William IV. had lived he would probably have rewarded him. But you know very well we only give away appointments to those who serve our party. Now I am asked for this very appointment by men who have greatly assisted us in Parliament—men who are still living, and whom it is of importance to oblige; so you see, my dear friend, the thing can't be done—and now let's talk of something else."

Frank, at any rate, thought I.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

To Lord Frederick Fitzclarence I owed an

introduction to the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, and now Commander-in-chief of the British army. The Duke is one of the kindest and high-spirited of men. Brought up in a regiment of dragoons, and forming at a very early period of his life a *liaison* with a second-rate *danseuse*, it was expected that his command would have been distinguished by favoritism and corruption. The whole tenor of his occupation of the office has falsified that expectation. From the very commencement of his duties he sought the assistance of all the oldest and ablest Generals in the service, deferring to their opinions and benefiting by their experience. He was accessible to all applicants, and manifested an honest anxiety to render justice to well-founded claims. Under him the army has been advanced in all the essentials of efficiency. He has encouraged good marksmen, enforced the importance of continual marchings out and encampments, and put an end to the extravagance and folly which, through the pernicious example of rich young officers, were ruining the messes. At his instance the standard of military education has been materially raised, and no one, however high his birth or great the political claims of his family, can obtain a commission in the British army out of his turn, or until he has passed a severe examination by able Professors, in the presence of the Council of Military Education, composed of able scientific officers.

And here let me remark, to the honor of America, that when an inquiry was instituted by the British Secretary at War, five years since, into the state of military education throughout the civilized world—in view to the introduction of its best features into the English College at Sandhurst—it was found that the “West Point system” was more complete and effective than

any other extant! I well remember hearing Colonel Lefroy, of the Artillery, observe, “Is it not singular that the Americans, who have the smallest army in the world, and little need of that, possess the best college and turn out the finest soldiers?” Little did he, or any one else, foresee how heavy a demand would soon be made upon the talent issuing from the West Point Academy by both Southerners and Northerners, or how completely the efforts of the Government to create good officers would be turned against itself!

The connection of the Duke of Cambridge with the *danseuse*, Miss Fairbrother, who is now known as Mrs. Fitzgeorge, has never been a source of corruption or intrigue, such as disgraced the career of the Duke of York. She is a woman of great discretion, and values the honor of his Royal Highness too highly to peril it by any interference. Of her five children two of the sons are in the army, and her daughter is married to a captain. The *liaison* is nevertheless a subject of great annoyance to Queen Victoria, in view of its possible influence upon the Prince of Wales.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

And now that I have got into the precincts of the Court I must arrest the course of my pen, for to unfold the diurnal operations of the admirable lady who wields the British sceptre, and show how fully the whole time of a constitutional sovereign is occupied, would require more space than I have a right to expect should be placed at my disposal. On another, and possibly no very remote occasion, I may be permitted to describe “The Queen and a Queen's day,” which will comprehend a full description of Court usages and a just tribute to rare worth in high places.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

JOHN KENNEY'S DOOM.

ON the evening but one after the trial was over Mr. Moulder entertained a few friends to supper at his apartments in Great St. Helen's, and it was generally understood that in doing so he intended to celebrate the triumph of Lady Mason. Through the whole affair he had been a strong partisan on her side, had expressed a very loud opinion in favor of Mr. Furnival, and had hoped that that scoundrel Dockwrath would get all that he deserved from the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass. When the hour of Mr. Dockwrath's punishment had come he had been hardly contented, but the inadequacy of Kenney's testimony had restored him to good-humor, and the verdict had made him triumphant.

“Didn't I know it, old fellow?” he had said, slapping his friend Snengkeld on the back.

“When such a low scoundrel as Dockwrath is pitted against a handsome woman like Lady Mason he'll not find a jury in England to give a verdict in his favor.” Then he asked Snengkeld to come to his little supper; and Kantwise also he invited, though Kantwise had shown Dockwrath tendencies throughout the whole affair—but Moulder was fond of Kantwise as a butt for his own sarcasm. Mrs. Smiley, too, was asked, as was natural, seeing that she was the betrothed bride of one of the heroes of the day; and Moulder, in the kindness of his heart, swore that he never was proud, and told Bridget Bolster that she would be welcome to take a share of what was going.

“Laws, M.,” said Mrs. Moulder, when she was told of this. “A chamber-maid from an inn! What will Mrs. Smiley say?”

“I ain't going to trouble myself with what Mother Smiley may say or think about my

friends. If she don't like it, she may do the other thing. What was she herself when you first knew her?"

"Yes, Moulder; but then money do make a difference, you know."

Bridget Bolster, however, was invited, and she came in spite of the grandeur of Mrs. Smiley. Kenneby also, of course, was there, but he was not in a happy frame of mind. Since that wretched hour in which he had heard himself described by the judge as too stupid to be held of any account by the jury he had become a melancholy, misanthropic man. The treatment which he received from Mr. Furnival had been very grievous to him, but he had borne with that, hoping that some word of eulogy from the judge would set him right in the public mind. But no such word had come, and poor John Kenneby felt that the cruel, hard world was too much for him. He had been with his sister that morning, and words had dropped from him which made her fear that he would wish to postpone his marriage for another space of ten years or so. "Brick-fields!" he had said. "What can such a one as I have to do with landed property? I am better as I am."

Mrs. Smiley, however, did not at all seem to think so, and welcomed John Kenneby back from Alston very warmly in spite of the disgrace to which he had been subjected. It was nothing to her that the judge had called her future lord a fool; nor indeed was it any thing to any one but himself. According to Moulder's views it was a matter of course that a witness should be abused. For what other purpose was he had into the court? But deep in the mind of poor Kenneby himself the injurious words lay festering. He had struggled hard to tell the truth, and in doing so had simply proved himself to be an ass. "I ain't fit to live with any body else but myself," he said to himself as he walked down Bishopsgate Street.

At this time Mrs. Smiley was not yet there. Bridget had arrived, and had been seated in a chair at one corner of the fire. Mrs. Moulder occupied one end of a sofa opposite, leaving the place of honor at the other end for Mrs. Smiley. Moulder sat immediately in front of the fire in his own easy-chair, and Snengkeld and Kantwise were on each side of him. They were of course discussing the trial when Mrs. Smiley was announced; and it was well that she made a diversion by her arrival, for words were beginning to run high.

"A jury of her countrymen has found her innocent," Moulder had said, with much heat; "and any one who says she's guilty after that is a libeler and a coward, to my way of thinking. If a jury of her countrymen don't make a woman innocent, what does?"

"Of course she's innocent," said Snengkeld, "from the very moment the words was spoken by the foreman. If any newspaper was to say she wasn't she'd have her action."

"That's all very well," said Kantwise, looking up to the ceiling with his eyes nearly shut.

"But you'll see. What'll you bet me, Mr. Moulder, that Joseph Mason don't get the property?"

"Gammon!" answered Moulder.

"Well, it may be gammon; but you'll see."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Mrs. Smiley, sailing into the room; "upon my word one hears all you say ever so far down the street."

"And I didn't care if they heard it right away to the Mansion House," said Moulder. "We ain't talking treason, nor yet highway robbery."

Then Mrs. Smiley was welcomed;—her bonnet was taken from her and her umbrella, and she was encouraged to spread herself out over the sofa. "Oh, Mrs. Bolster—the witness!" she said, when Mrs. Moulder went through some little ceremony of introduction. And from the tone of her voice it appeared that she was not quite satisfied that Mrs. Bolster should be there as a companion for herself.

"Yes, ma'am. I was the witness as had never signed but once," said Bridget, getting up and courtesying. Then she sat down again, folding her hands one over the other on her lap.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Smiley. "But where's the other witness, Mrs. Moulder? He's the one who is a deal more interesting to me. Ha, ha, ha! But as you all know it here, what's the good of not telling the truth? Ha, ha, ha!"

"John's here," said Mrs. Moulder. "Come, John, why don't you show yourself?"

"He's just alive, and that's about all you can say for him," said Moulder.

"Why, what's there been to kill him?" said Mrs. Smiley. "Well, John, I must say you're rather backward in coming forward, considering what there's been between us. You might have come and taken my shawl, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I might," said Kenneby, gloomily. "I hope I see you pretty well, Mrs. Smiley."

"Pretty bobbish, thank you. Only I think it might have been Maria between friends like us."

"He's sadly put about by this trial," whispered Mrs. Moulder. "You know he is so tender-hearted that he can't bear to be put upon like another."

"But you didn't want her to be found guilty; did you, John?"

"That I'm sure he didn't," said Moulder. "Why it was the way he gave his evidence that brought her off."

"It wasn't my wish to bring her off," said Kenneby; "nor was it my wish to make her guilty. All I wanted was to tell the truth and do my duty. But it was no use. I believe it never is any use."

"I think you did very well," said Moulder.

"I'm sure Lady Mason ought to be very much obliged to you," said Kantwise.

"Nobody needn't care for what's said to them in a court," said Snengkeld. "I remember when once they wanted to make out that I'd taken a parcel of teas—"

"Stolen, you mean, Sir," suggested Mrs. Smiley.

"Yes; stolen. But it was only done by the opposite side in court, and I didn't think a hap-porth of it. They knew where the teas was well enough."

"Speaking for myself," said Kenneby, "I must say I don't like it."

"But the paper as we signed," said Bridget, "wasn't the old gentleman's will—no more than this is;" and she lifted up her apron. "I'm rightly sure of that."

Then again the battle raged hot and furious, and Moulder became angry with his guest, Bridget Bolster. Kantwise finding himself supported in his views by the principal witness at the trial took heart against the tyranny of Moulder and expressed his opinion, while Mrs. Smiley, with a woman's customary dislike to another woman, sneered ill-naturedly at the idea of Lady Mason's innocence. Poor Kenneby had been forced to take the middle seat on the sofa between his bride and sister; but it did not appear that the honor of his position had any effect in lessening his gloom or mitigating the severity of the judgment which had been passed on him.

"Wasn't the old gentleman's will!" said Moulder, turning on poor Bridget in his anger with a growl. "But I say it was the old gentleman's will. You never dared say as much as that in court."

"I wasn't asked," said Bridget.

"You weren't asked! Yes, you was asked often enough."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Kantwise, "Mrs. Bolster's right in what she says as sure as your name's Moulder."

"Then as sure as my name's Moulder she's wrong. I suppose we're to think that a chap like you knows more about it than the jury! We all know who your friend is in the matter. I haven't forgot our dinner at Leeds, nor sha'n't in a hurry."

"Now, John," said Mrs. Smiley, "nobody can know the truth of this so well as you do. You've been as close as wax, as was all right till the lady was out of her troubles. That's done and over, and let us hear among friends how the matter really was." And then there was silence among them in order that his words might come forth freely.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Smiley with a tone of encouraging love. "There can't be any harm now; can there?"

"Out with it, John," said Moulder. "You're honest, any ways."

"There ain't no gammon about you," said Snengkeld.

"Mr. Kenneby can speak if he likes, no doubt," said Kantwise; "though maybe it mayn't be very pleasant to him to do so after all that's come and gone."

"There's nothing that's come and gone that need make our John hold his tongue," said Mrs. Moulder. "He mayn't be just as bright as some of those lawyers, but he's a deal more true-hearted."

"But he can't say as how it was the old gen-

tleman's will as we signed. I'm well assured of that," said Bridget.

But Kenneby, though thus called upon by the united strength of the company to solve all their doubts, still remained silent. "Come, lovey," said Mrs. Smiley, putting forth her hand and giving his arm a tender squeeze.

"If you've any thing to say to clear that woman's character," said Moulder, "you owe it to society to say it; because she is a woman, and because her enemies is villains." And then again there was silence while they waited for him.

"I think it will go with him to his grave," said Mrs. Smiley, very solemnly.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Snengkeld.

"Then he must give up all idea of taking a wife," said Moulder.

"He won't do that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Smiley.

"That he won't. Will you, John?" said his sister.

"There's no knowing what may happen to me in this world," said Kenneby, "but sometimes I almost think I ain't fit to live in it along with any body else."

"You'll make him fit, won't you, my dear?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"I don't exactly know what to say about it," said Mrs. Smiley. "If Mr. Kenneby ain't willing, I'm not the woman to bind him to his word, because I've had his promise over and over again, and could prove it by a number of witnesses before any jury in the land. I'm a independent woman as needn't be beholden to any man, and I should never think of damages. Smiley left me comfortable before all the world, and I don't know but what I'm a fool to think of changing. Any ways if Mr. Kenneby—"

"Come, John. Why don't you speak to her?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"And what am I to say?" said Kenneby, thrusting himself forth from between the ample folds of the two ladies' dresses. "I'm a blighted man; one on whom the finger of scorn has been pointed. His lordship said that I was—stupid; and perhaps I am."

"She don't think nothing of that, John."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smiley.

"As long as a man can pay twenty shillings in the pound and a trifle over, what does it matter if all the judges in the land was to call him stupid?" said Snengkeld.

"Stupid is as stupid does," said Kantwise.

"Stupid be d——," said Moulder.

"Mr. Moulder, there's ladies present," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Come, John, rouse yourself a bit," said his sister. "Nobody here thinks the worse of you for what the judge said."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smiley. "And as it becomes me to speak, I'll say my mind. I'm accustomed to speak freely before friends, and as we are all friends here, why should I be ashamed?"

"For the matter of that, nobody says you are," said Moulder.

"And I don't mean, Mr. Moulder. Why should I? I can pay my way, and do what I like with my own, and has people to mind me when I speak, and needn't mind nobody else myself—and that's more than every body can say. Here's John Kenneby and I is engaged as man and wife. He won't say as it's not so, I'll be bound."

"No," said Kenneby, "I'm engaged I know."

"When I accepted John Kenneby's hand and heart—and well I remember the beauteous language in which he expressed his feelings, and always shall—I told him that I respected him as a man that would do his duty by a woman, though perhaps he mightn't be so cute in the way of having much to say for himself as some others. 'What's the good,' said I, 'of a man's talking, if so be he's ashamed to meet the baker at the end of the week?' So I listened to the vows he made me, and have considered that he and I was as good as one. Now that he's been put upon by them lawyers, I'm not the woman to turn my back upon him."

"That you're not," said Moulder.

"No I ain't, Mr. Moulder; and so, John, there's my hand again, and you're free to take it if you like." And so saying she put forth her hand almost into his lap.

"Take it, John!" said Mrs. Moulder. But poor Kenneby himself did not seem to be very quick in availing himself of the happiness offered to him. He did raise his right arm slightly; but then he hesitated, and allowed it to fall again between him and his sister.

"Come, John, you know you mean it," said Mrs. Moulder. And then with both her hands she lifted his, and placed it bodily within the grasp of Mrs. Smiley's, which was still held forth to receive it.

"I know I'm engaged," said Kenneby.

"There's no mistake about it," said Moulder.

"There needn't be none," said Mrs. Smiley, softly blushing; "and I will say this of myself—as I have been tempted to give a promise, I'm not the woman to go back from my word. There's my hand, John; and I don't care though all the world hears me say so." And then they sat hand in hand for some seconds, during which poor Kenneby was unable to escape from the grasp of his bride elect. One may say that all chance of final escape for him was now gone by.

"But he can't say as how it was the old gentlemen's will as we signed," said Bridget, breaking the silence which ensued.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Kantwise, "as Mrs. Bolster has come back to that matter, I'll tell you something that will surprise you. My friend Mr. Moulder here, who is as hospitable a gentleman as I know any where, wouldn't just let me speak before."

"That's gammon, Kantwise. I never hindered you from speaking."

"How I do hate that word! If you knew my aversion, Mr. Moulder—"

"I can't pick my words for you, old fellow!"

"But what were you going to tell us, Mr. Kantwise?" said Mrs. Smiley.

"Something that will make all your hairs stand on end, I think." And then he paused and looked round upon them all. It was at this moment that Kenneby succeeded in getting his hand once more to himself. "Something that will surprise you all, or I'm very much mistaken. Lady Mason has confessed her guilt."

He had surprised them all. "You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Moulder.

"Confessed her guilt!" said Mrs. Smiley.

"But what guilt, Mr. Kantwise?"

"She forged the will," said Kantwise.

"I knew that all along," said Bridget Bolster.

"I'm d—d if I believe it," said Moulder.

"You can do as you like about that," said Kantwise; "but she has. And I'll tell you what's more: she and young Mason have already left Orley Farm and given it all up into Joseph Mason's hands."

"But didn't she get a verdict?" asked Snengkeld.

"Yes, she got a verdict. There's no doubt on earth about that."

"Then it's my opinion she can't make herself guilty if she wished it; and as for the property, she can't give it up. The jury has found a verdict and nobody can go beyond that. If any body tries she'll have her action against 'em." That was the law as laid down by Snengkeld.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Moulder.

"Dockwrath has told him. I'll bet a hat that Kantwise got it from Dockwrath."

It turned out that Kantwise had received his information from Dockwrath; but nevertheless, there was that in his manner, and in the nature of the story as it was told to them, that did produce belief. Moulder for a long time held out, but it became clear at last that even he was shaken; and now, even Kenneby acknowledged his conviction that the signature to the will was not his own.

"I know'd very well that I never did it twice," said Bridget Bolster, triumphantly, as she sat down to the supper table.

I am inclined to think that, upon the whole, the company in Great St. Helen's became more happy as the conviction grew upon them that a great and mysterious crime had been committed, which had baffled two courts of law, and had at last thrust itself forth into the open daylight through the workings of the criminal's conscience. When Kantwise had completed his story, the time had come in which it behooved Mrs. Moulder to descend to the lower regions, and give some aid in preparation of the supper. During her absence the matter was discussed in every way, and on her return, when she was laden with good things, she found that all the party was contented except Moulder and her brother.

"It's a very terrible thing," said Mrs. Smiley, later in the evening, as she sat with her steaming glass of rum and water before her. "Very

terrible indeed; ain't it, John? I do wish now I'd gone down and see'd her, I do indeed. Don't you, Mrs. Moulder?"

"If all this is true I should like just to have had a peep at her."

"At any rate we shall have pictures of her in all the papers," said Mrs. Smiley.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE LAST OF THE LAWYERS.

"I SHOULD have done my duty by you, Mr. Mason, which those men have not, and you would at this moment have been the owner of Orley Farm."

It will easily be known that these words were spoken by Mr. Dockwrath, and that they were addressed to Joseph Mason. The two men were seated together in Mr. Mason's lodgings at Alston, late on the morning after the verdict had been given, and Mr. Dockwrath was speaking out his mind with sufficient freedom. On the previous evening he had been content to put up with the misery of the unsuccessful man, and had not added any reproaches of his own. He also had been cowed by the verdict, and the two had been wretched and crest-fallen together. But the attorney since that had slept upon the matter, and had bethought himself that he at any rate would make out his little bill. He could show that Mr. Mason had ruined their joint affairs by his adherence to those London attorneys. Had Mr. Mason listened to the advice of his new adviser all would have been well. So at least Dockwrath was prepared to declare, finding that by so doing he would best pave the way for his own important claim.

But Mr. Mason was not a man to be bullied with tame endurance. "The firm bears the highest name in the profession, Sir," he said; "and I had just grounds for trusting them."

"And what has come of your just grounds, Mr. Mason? Where are you? That's the question. I say that Round and Crook have thrown you over. They have been hand and glove with old Furnival through the whole transaction; and I'll tell you what's more, Mr. Mason. I told you how it would be from the beginning."

"I'll move for a new trial."

"A new trial; and this a criminal prosecution! She's free of you now forever, and Orley Farm will belong to that son of hers till he chooses to sell it. It's a pity; that's all. I did my duty by you in a professional way, Mr. Mason; and you won't put the loss on my shoulders."

"I've been robbed—damnably robbed, that's all that I know."

"There's no mistake on earth about that, Mr. Mason; you have been robbed; and the worst of it is, the costs will be so heavy! You'll be going down to Yorkshire soon, I suppose, Sir."

"I don't know where I shall go?" said the squire of Groby, not content to be cross-questioned by the attorney from Hamworth.

"Because it's as well, I suppose, that we should settle something about the costs before you leave. I don't want to press for my money exactly now, but I shall be glad to know when I'm to get it."

"If you have any claim on me, Mr. Dockwrath, you can send it to Mr. Round."

"If I have any claim! What do you mean by that, Sir? And I shall send nothing in to Mr. Round. I have had quite enough of Mr. Round already. I told you from the beginning, Mr. Mason, that I would have nothing to do with this affair as connected with Mr. Round. I have devoted myself entirely to this matter since you were pleased to engage my services at Groby Park. It is not by my fault that you have failed. I think, Mr. Mason, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that." And then Dockwrath was silent for a moment, as though waiting for an answer.

"I have nothing to say upon the subject, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mason.

"But, by Heaven, something must be said. That won't do at all, Mr. Mason. I presume you do not think that I have been working like a slave for the last four months for nothing."

Mr. Mason was in truth an honest man, and did not wish that any one should work on his account for nothing; much less did he wish that such a one as Dockwrath should do so. But then, on the other side, in his present frame of mind he was by no means willing to yield any thing to any one. "I neither deny nor allow your claim, Mr. Dockwrath," said he. "But I shall pay nothing except through my regular lawyers. You can send your account to me if you please, but I shall send it on to Mr. Round without looking at it."

"Oh, that's to be the way, is it? That's your gratitude! Very well, Mr. Mason; I shall now know what to do. And I think you'll find—"

Here Mr. Dockwrath was interrupted by the lodging-house servant, who brought in a note for Mr. Mason. It was from Mr. Furnival, and the girl who delivered it said that the gentleman's messenger was waiting for an answer.

"SIR"—said the note—"A communication has been made to me this morning on the part of your brother, Mr. Lucius Mason, which may make it desirable that I should have an interview with you. If not inconvenient to you, I would ask you to meet me to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock at the chambers of your own lawyer, Mr. Round, in Bedford Row. I have already seen Mr. Round, and find that he can meet us."

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"THOMAS FURNIVAL.

"J. MASON, Esq., J.P. (of Groby Park)."

Mr. Furnival when he wrote this note had already been over to Orley Farm, and had seen Lucius Mason. He had been at the farm almost before daylight, and had come away with the assured conviction that the property must be abandoned by his client.

"We need not talk about it, Mr. Furnival," Lucius had said. "It must be so."

"You have discussed the matter with your mother?"

"No discussion is necessary, but she is quite aware of my intention. She is prepared to leave the place forever."

"But the income—"

"Belongs to my brother Joseph. Mr. Furnival, I think you may understand that the matter is one in which it is necessary that I should act, but as to which I trust I may not have to say many words. If you can not arrange this for me, I must go to Mr. Round."

Of course Mr. Furnival did understand it all. His client had been acquitted, and he had triumphed; but he had known for many a long day that the estate did belong of right to Mr. Mason of Groby; and though he had not suspected that Lucius would have been so told, he could not be surprised at the result of such telling. It was clear to him that Lady Mason had confessed, and that restitution would therefore be made.

"I will do your bidding," said he.

"And, Mr. Furnival, if it be possible, spare my mother." Then the meeting was over, and Mr. Furnival, returning to Hamworth, wrote his note to Mr. Joseph Mason.

Mr. Dockwrath had been interrupted by the messenger in the middle of his threat, but he caught the name of Furnival as the note was delivered. Then he watched Mr. Mason as he read it and read it again.

"If you please, Sir, I was to wait for an answer," said the girl.

Mr. Mason did not know what answer it would behoove him to give. He felt that he was among Philistines while dealing with all these lawyers, and yet he was at a loss in what way to reply to one without leaning upon another. "Look at that," he said, sulkily handing the note to Dockwrath.

"You must see Mr. Furnival, by all means," said Dockwrath. "But—"

"But what?"

"In your place I should not see him in the presence of Mr. Round, unless I was attended by an adviser on whom I could rely." Mr. Mason, having given a few moments' consideration to the matter, sat himself down and wrote a line to Mr. Furnival, saying that he would be in Bedford Row at the appointed time.

"I think you are quite right," said Dockwrath.

"But I shall go alone," said Mr. Mason.

"Oh, very well; you will of course judge for yourself. I can not say what may be the nature of the communication to be made; but if it be any thing touching the property, you will no doubt jeopardize your own interests by your imprudence."

"Good-morning, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mr. Mason.

"Oh, very well. Good-morning, Sir. You shall hear from me very shortly, Mr. Mason;

and I must say that, considering every thing, I do not know that I ever came across a gentleman who behaved himself worse in a peculiar position than you have done in yours." And so they parted.

Punctually at eleven o'clock on the following day Mr. Mason was in Bedford Row. "Mr. Furnival is with Mr. Round," said the clerk, "and will see you in two minutes." Then he was shown into the dingy office waiting-room, where he sat with his hat in his hand, for rather more than two minutes.

At that moment Mr. Round was describing to Mr. Furnival the manner in which he had been visited some weeks since by Sir Peregrine Orme. "Of course, Mr. Furnival, I knew which way the wind blew when I heard that."

"She must have told him every thing."

"No doubt, no doubt. At any rate he knew it all."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I promised to hold my tongue; and I kept my promise. Mat knows nothing about it to this day."

The whole history thus became gradually clear to Mr. Furnival's mind, and he could understand in what manner that marriage had been avoided. Mr. Round also understood it, and the two lawyers confessed together, that though the woman had deserved the punishment which had come upon her, her character was one which might have graced a better destiny. "And now, I suppose, my fortunate client may come in," said Mr. Round. Whereupon the fortunate client was released from his captivity, and brought into the sitting-room of the senior partner.

"Mr. Mason, Mr. Furnival," said the attorney, as soon as he had shaken hands with his client. "You know each other very well by name, gentlemen."

Mr. Mason was very stiff in his bearing and demeanor, but remarked that he had heard of Mr. Furnival before.

"All the world has heard of him," said Mr. Round. "He hasn't hid his light under a bushel." Whereupon Mr. Mason bowed, not quite understanding what was said to him.

"Mr. Mason," began the barrister, "I have a communication to make to you, very singular in its nature, and of great importance. It is one which I believe you will regard as being of considerable importance to yourself, and which is of still higher moment to my—my friend, Lady Mason."

"Lady Mason, Sir—" began the other; but Mr. Furnival stopped him.

"Allow me to interrupt you, Mr. Mason. I think it will be better that you should hear me before you commit yourself to any expression as to your relative."

"She is no relative of mine."

"But her son is. However, if you will allow me, I will go on. Having this communication to make, I thought it expedient for your own sake that it should be done in the presence of your own legal adviser and friend."

"Umph!" grunted the disappointed litigant.

"I have already explained to Mr. Round that which I am about to explain to you, and he was good enough to express himself as satisfied with the step which I am taking."

"Quite so, Mr. Mason. Mr. Furnival is behaving, and I believe has behaved throughout, in a manner becoming the very high position which he holds in his profession."

"I suppose he has done his best on his side," said Mason.

"Undoubtedly I have—as I should have done on yours, had it so chanced that I had been honored by holding a brief from your attorneys. But the communication which I am going to make now I make not as a lawyer but as a friend. Mr. Mason, my client Lady Mason, and her son Lucius Mason, are prepared to make over to you the full possession of the estate which they have held under the name of Orley Farm."

The tidings, as so given, were far from conveying to the sense of the hearer the full information which they bore. He heard the words, and at the moment conceived that Orley Farm was intended to come into his hands by some process to which it was thought desirable that he should be brought to agree. He was to be induced to buy it, or to be bought over from further opposition by some concession of an indefinitely future title. But that the estate was to become his at once, without purchase, and by the mere free-will of his hated relatives, was an idea that he did not realize.

"Mr. Furnival," he said, "what future steps I shall take I do not yet know. That I have been robbed of my property I am as firmly convinced now as ever. But I tell you fairly, and I tell Mr. Round so too, that I will have no dealings with that woman."

"Your father's widow, Sir," said Mr. Furnival, "is an unhappy lady, who is now doing her best to atone for the only fault of which I believe her to have been guilty. If you were not unreasonable as well as angry, you would understand that the proposition which I am now making to you is one which should force you to forgive any injury which she may hitherto have done to you. Your half-brother Lucius Mason has instructed me to make over to you the possession of Orley Farm." These last words Mr. Furnival uttered very slowly, fixing his keen gray eyes full upon the face of Joseph Mason as he did so, and then turning round to the attorney he said, "I presume your client will understand me now."

"The estate is yours, Mr. Mason," said Round. "You have nothing to do but to take possession of it."

"What do you mean?" said Mason, turning round upon Furnival.

"Exactly what I say. Your half-brother Lucius surrenders to you the estate."

"Without payment?"

"Yes; without payment. On his doing so you will of course absolve him from all liability

on account of the proceeds of the property while in his hands."

"That will be a matter of course," said Mr. Round.

"Then she has robbed me," said Mason, jumping up to his feet. "By —, the will was forged after all!"

"Mr. Mason," said Mr. Round, "if you have a spark of generosity in you, you will accept the offer made to you without asking any question. By no such questioning can you do yourself any good—nor can you do that poor lady any harm."

"I knew it was so," he said loudly, and as he spoke he twice walked the length of the room. "I knew it was so; twenty years ago I said the same. She forged the will. I ask you, as my lawyer, Mr. Round—did she not forge the will herself?"

"I shall answer no such question, Mr. Mason."

"Then by Heavens I'll expose you. If I spend the whole value of the estate in doing it I'll expose you, and have her punished yet. The slippery villain! For twenty years she has robbed me."

"Mr. Mason, you are forgetting yourself in your passion," said Mr. Furnival. "What you have to look for now is the recovery of the property." But here Mr. Furnival showed that he had not made himself master of Joseph Mason's character.

"No," shouted the angry man; "no, by Heaven! What I have first to look to is her punishment, and that of those who have assisted her. I knew she had done it—and Dockwraith knew it. Had I trusted him, she would now have been in jail."

Mr. Furnival and Mr. Round were both desirous of having the matter quietly arranged, and with this view were willing to put up with much. The man had been ill used. When he declared for the fortieth time that he had been robbed for twenty years, they could not deny it. When with horrid oaths he swore that that will had been a forgery, they could not contradict him. When he reviled the laws of his country, which had done so much to facilitate the escape of a criminal, they had no arguments to prove that he was wrong. They bore with him in his rage, hoping that a sense of his own self-interest might induce him to listen to reason. But it was all in vain. The property was sweet, but that sweetness was tasteless when compared to the sweetness of revenge.

"Nothing shall make me tamper with justice; nothing," said he.

"But even if it were as you say, you can not do any thing to her," said Round.

"I'll try," said Mason. "You have been my attorney, and what you know in the matter you are bound to tell. And I'll make you tell, Sir."

"Upon my word," said Round, "this is beyond bearing. Mr. Mason, I must trouble you to walk out of my office." And then he rang the bell. "Tell Mr. Mat I want to see him." But before that younger partner had joined his father Joseph Mason had gone. "Mat," said

the old man, "I don't interfere with you in many things, but on this I must insist. As long as my name is in the firm Mr. Joseph Mason of Groby shall not be among our customers."

"The man's a fool," said Mr. Furnival. "The end of all that will be that two years will go by before he gets his property; and in the mean time, the house and all about it will go to ruin."

In these days there was a delightful family concord between Mr. Furnival and his wife, and perhaps we may be allowed to hope that the peace was permanent. Martha Biggs had not been in Harley Street since we last saw her there, and was now walking round Red Lion Square by the hour with some kindred spirit, complaining bitterly of the return which had been made for her friendship. "What I endured, and what I was prepared to endure for that woman, no breathing creature can ever know," said Martha Biggs, to that other Martha; "and now—"

"I suppose the fact is he don't like to see you there," said the other.

"And is that a reason?" said our Martha. "Had I been in her place I would not have put my foot in his house again till I was assured that my friend should be as welcome there as myself. But then, perhaps, my ideas of friendship may be called romantic."

But though there were heart-burnings and war in Red Lion Square, there was sweet peace in Harley Street. Mrs. Furnival had learned that beyond all doubt Lady Mason was an unfortunate woman on whose behalf her husband was using his best energies as a lawyer; and though rumors had begun to reach her that were very injurious to the lady's character, she did not on that account feel animosity against her. Had Lady Mason been guilty of all the sins in the calendar except one, Mrs. Furnival could find it within her heart to forgive her.

But Sophia was now more interested about Lady Mason than was her mother, and during those days of the trial was much more eager to learn the news as it became known. She had said nothing to her mother about Lucius, nor had she said any thing as to Augustus Staveley. Miss Furnival was a lady who on such subjects did not want the assistance of a mother's counsel. Then, early on the morning that followed the trial, they heard the verdict and knew that Lady Mason was free.

"I am so glad!" said Mrs. Furnival; "and I am sure it was your papa's doing."

"But we will hope that she was really innocent," said Sophia.

"Oh yes, of course; and so I suppose she was. I am sure I hope so. But, nevertheless, we all know that it was going very much against her."

"I believe papa never thought she was guilty for a moment."

"I don't know, my dear; your papa never talks of the clients for whom he is engaged. But what a thing it is for Lucius! He would have lost every acre of the property."

"Yes; it's a great thing for him, certainly." And then she began to consider whether the standing held by Lucius Mason in the world was not even yet somewhat precarious.

It was on the same day—in the evening—that she received her lover's letter. She was alone when she read it, and she made herself quite master of its contents before she sat herself to think in what way it would be expedient that she should act. "I am bound to relinquish to my brother-in-law my title to Orley Farm." Why should he be so bound, unless—? And then she also came to that conclusion which Mr. Round had reached, and which Joseph Mason had reached, when they heard that the property was to be given up. "Yes, Sophia, I am a beggar," the letter went on to say. She was very sorry, deeply sorry; so, at least, she said to herself. As she sat there alone, she took out her handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes. Then, having restored it to her pocket, after moderate use, she refolded her letter, and put that into the same receptacle.

"Papa," said she, that evening, "what will Mr. Lucius Mason do now? will he remain at Orley Farm?"

"No, my dear. He will leave Orley Farm, and, I think, will go abroad with his mother."

"And who will have Orley Farm?"

"His brother Joseph, I believe."

"And what will Lucius have?"

"I can not say. I do not know that he will have any thing. His mother has an income of her own, and he, I suppose, will go into some profession."

"Oh, indeed. Is not that very sad for him, poor fellow?" In answer to which her father made no remark.

That night, in her own room, she answered her lover's letter, and her answer was as follows:

"HARLEY STREET, *March*, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. MASON,—I need hardly tell you that I was grieved to the heart by the tidings conveyed in your letter. I will not ask you for that secret which you withhold from me, feeling that I have no title to inquire into it; nor will I attempt to guess at the cause which induces you to give up to your brother the property which you were always taught to regard as your own. That you are actuated by noble motives I am sure; and you may be sure of this, that I shall respect you quite as highly in your adversity as I have ever done in your prosperity. That you will make your way in the world I shall never doubt; and it may be that the labor which you will now encounter will raise you to higher standing than any you could have achieved had the property remained in your possession.

"I think you are right in saying, with reference to our mutual regard for each other, that neither should be held as having any claim upon the other. Under present circumstances any such claim would be very silly. Nothing would hamper you in your future career so much as a long marriage engagement; and for myself, I am aware that the sorrow and solicitude thence arising would be more than I could support. Apart from this, also, I feel certain that I should never obtain my father's sanction for such an engagement, nor could I make it unless he sanctioned it. I feel so satisfied that you will see the truth of this that I need not trouble you and harass my own heart by pursuing the subject any further.

"My feelings of friendship for you—of affectionate friendship—will be as true as ever. I shall look to your future career with great hope, and shall hear of your suc-

cess with the utmost satisfaction. And I trust that the time may come, at no very distant date, when we may all welcome your return to London, and show you that our regard for you has never been diminished.

"May God bless and preserve you in the trials which are before you, and carry you through them with honor and safety! Wherever you may be I shall watch for tidings of you with anxiety, and always hear them with gratification. I need hardly bid you remember that you have no more affectionate friend

"Than yours always most sincerely,

"SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

"P.S.—I believe that a meeting between us at the present moment would only cause pain to both of us. It might drive you to speak of things which should be wrapped in silence. At any rate, I am sure that you will not press it on me."

Lucius, when he received this letter, was living with his mother in lodgings near Finsbury Circus, and the letter had been redirected from Hamworth to a post-office in that neighborhood. It was his intention to take his mother with him to a small town on one of the rivers that feed the Rhine, and there remain hidden till he could find some means by which he might earn his bread. He was sitting with her in the evening, with two dull tallow-candles on the table between them, when his messenger brought the letter to him. He read it in silence very deliberately, then crushed it in his hand, and threw it from him with violence into the fire.

"I hope there is nothing further to distress you, Lucius," said his mother, looking up into his face as though she were imploring his confidence.

"No, nothing; nothing that matters. It is an affair quite private to myself."

Sir Peregrine had spoken with great truth when he declared that Lucius Mason was able to bear adversity. This last blow had now come upon him, but he made no wailings as to his misery, nor did he say a word further on the subject. His mother watched the paper as the flame caught it and reduced it to an ash; but she asked no further question. She knew that her position with him did not permit of her asking or even hoping for his confidence.

"I had no right to expect it would be otherwise," he said to himself. But even to himself he spoke no word of reproach against Miss Furnival. He had realized the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and had made up his mind to bear their result.

As for Miss Furnival, we may as well declare here that she did not become Mrs. Staveley. Our old friend Augustus conceived that he had received a sufficient answer on the occasion of his last visit to Harley Street, and did not repeat it immediately. Such little scenes as that which took place there had not been uncommon in his life; and when in after months he looked back upon the affair, he counted it up as one of those miraculous escapes which had marked his career.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

FAREWELL.

"THAT letter you got this morning, my dear, was it not from Lady Mason?"

"It was from Lady Mason, father; they go on Thursday."

"On Thursday! so soon as that?" And then Sir Peregrine, who had asked the question, remained silent for a while. The letter, according to the family custom, had been handed to Mrs. Orme over the breakfast table; but he had made no remark respecting it till they were alone together and free from the servants. It had been a farewell letter, full of love and gratitude, and full also of repentance. Lady Mason had now been for three weeks in London, and once during that time Mrs. Orme had gone up to visit her. She had then remained with her friend for hours, greatly to Lady Mason's comfort, and now this letter had come, bringing a last adieu.

"You may read it, Sir, if you like," said Mrs. Orme, handing him the letter. It was evident by his face that he was gratified by the privilege; and he read it, not once only, but over and over again. As he did so he placed himself in the shade, and sat with his back to Mrs. Orme; but nevertheless she could see that from time to time he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, and gradually raised his handkerchief to his face.

"Thank you, dearest," he said, as he gave the letter back to her.

"I think that we may forgive her now even all that she has done," said Mrs. Orme.

"Yes—yes—yes," he answered. "For myself, I forgave her from the first."

"I know you did. But as regards the property, it has been given up now." And then again they were silent.

"Edith," he said, after a while, "I have forgiven her altogether. To me she is the same as though she had never done that deed. Are we not all sinners?"

"Surely, father."

"And can I say because she did one startling thing that the total of her sin is greater than mine? Was I ever tempted as she was tempted? Was my youth made dangerous for me as was hers? And then she did nothing for herself; she did it all for another. We may think of that now."

"I have thought of it always."

"It did not make the sin the less; but among her fellow-mortals—" And then he stopped himself, wanting words to express his meaning. The sin, till it was repented, was damning; but now that it was repented, he could almost love the sinner for the sin.

"Edith," he said again. And he looked at her so wishfully! She knew well what was the working of his heart, and she knew also that she did not dare to encourage him.

"I trust," said Mrs. Orme, "that she will bear her present lot for a few years; and then, perhaps—"

"Ah! then I shall be in my grave. A few months will do that."

"Oh, Sir!"

"Why should I not save her from such a life as that?"

"From that which she had most to fear she has been saved."

"Had she not so chosen it herself she could now have demanded from me a home. Why should I not give it to her now?"

"A home here, Sir?"

"Yes; why not? But I know what you would say. It would be wrong to you and Perry."

"It would be wrong to yourself, Sir. Think of it, father. It is the fact that she did that thing. We may forgive her, but others will not do so on that account. It would not be right that you should bring her here."

Sir Peregrine knew that it would not be right. Though he was old, and weak in body, and infirm in purpose, his judgment had not altogether left him. He was well aware that he would offend all social laws if he were to do that which he contemplated, and ask the world around him to respect as Lady Orme—as his wife—the woman who had so deeply disgraced herself. But yet he could hardly bring himself to confess that it was impossible. He was as a child who knows that a coveted treasure is beyond his reach, but still covets it, still longs for it, hoping against hope that it may yet be his own. It seemed to him that he might yet regain his old vitality if he could wind his arm once more about her waist, and press her to his side, and call her his own. It would be so sweet to forgive her; to make her sure that she was absolutely forgiven; to teach her that there was one at least who would not bring up against her her past sin, even in his memory. As for his grandson, the property should be abandoned to him altogether. 'Twas thus he argued with himself; but yet, as he argued, he knew that it could not be so.

"I was harsh to her when she told me," he said, after another pause—"cruelly harsh."

"She does not think so."

"No. If I had spurned her from me with my foot she would not have thought so. She had condemned herself, and therefore I should have spared her."

"But you did spare her. I am sure she feels that from the first to the last your conduct to her has been more than kind."

"And I owed her more than kindness, for I loved her; yes, I loved her, and I do love her. Though I am a feeble old man, tottering to my grave, yet I love her—love her as that boy loves the fair girl for whom he longs. He will overcome it, and forget it, and some other one as fair will take her place. But for me it is all over."

What could she say to him? In truth it was all over—such love at least as that of which his old heart was dreaming in its dotage. There is no Medea's caldron from which our limbs can come out young and fresh; and it were well that the heart should grow old as does the body.

"It is not all over while we are with you," she said, caressing him. But she knew that what she said was a subterfuge.

"Yes, yes; I have you, dearest," he answer-

ed. But he also knew that that pretense at comfort was false and hollow.

"And she starts on Thursday," he said; "on next Thursday."

"Yes, on Thursday. It will be much better for her to be away from London. While she is there she never ventures even into the street."

"Edith, I shall see her before she goes."

"Will that be wise, Sir?"

"Perhaps not. It may be foolish—very foolish; but still I shall see her. I think you forget, Edith, that I have never yet bidden her farewell. I have not spoken to her since that day when she behaved so generously."

"I do not think that she expects it, father."

"No; she expects nothing for herself. Had it been in her nature to expect such a visit, I should not have been anxious to make it. I will go to-morrow. She is always at home, you say?"

"Yes, she is always at home."

"And, Lucius—"

"You will not find him there in the daytime."

"I shall go to-morrow, dear. You need not tell Peregrine."

Mrs. Orme still thought that he was wrong, but she had nothing further to say. She could not hinder his going, and therefore, with his permission, she wrote a line to Lady Mason, telling her of his purpose. And then, with all the care in her power, and with infinite softness of manner, she warned him against the danger which she so much feared. What might be the result, if, overcome by tenderness, he should again ask Lady Mason to become his wife? Mrs. Orme firmly believed that Lady Mason would again refuse; but, nevertheless, there would be danger.

"No," said he, "I will not do that. When I have said so you may accept my word." Then she hastened to apologize to him, but he assured her with a kiss that he was in nowise angry with her.

He held by his purpose, and on the following day he went up to London. There was nothing said on the matter at breakfast, nor did she make any further endeavor to dissuade him. He was infirm, but still she knew that the actual fatigue would not be of a nature to injure him. Indeed her fear respecting him was rather in regard to his staying at home than to his going abroad. It would have been well for him could he have been induced to think himself fit for more active movement.

Lady Mason was alone when he reached the dingy little room near Finsbury Circus, and received him standing. She was the first to speak, and this she did before she had even touched his hand. She stood to meet him, with her eyes turned to the ground, and her hands tightly folded together before her. "Sir Peregrine," she said, "I did not expect from you this mark of your—kindness."

"Of my esteem and affection, Lady Mason," he said. "We have known each other too well



MRS. ORME'S FAREWELL.

to allow of our parting without a word. I am an old man, and it will probably be forever."

Then she gave him her hand, and gradually lifted her eyes to his face. "Yes," she said; "it will be forever. There will be no coming back for me."

"Nay, nay; we will not say that. That's as may be hereafter. But it will not be at once. It had better not be quite at once. Edith tells me that you go on Thursday."

"Yes, Sir; we go on Thursday."

She had still allowed her hand to remain in

his, but now she withdrew it, and asked him to sit down. "Lucius is not here," she said. "He never remains at home after breakfast. He has much to settle as to our journey; and then he has lawyers to see."

Sir Peregrine had not at all wished to see Lucius Mason, but he did not say so. "You will give him my regards," he said, "and tell him that I trust that he may prosper."

"Thank you. I will do so. It is very kind of you to think of him."

"I have always thought highly of him as an excellent young man."

"And he is excellent. Where is there any one who could suffer without a word as he suffers? No complaint ever comes from him; and yet—I have ruined him."

"No, no. He has his youth, his intellect, and his education. If such a one as he can not earn his bread in the world—ay, and more than his bread—who can do so? Nothing ruins a young man but ignorance, idleness, and depravity."

"Nothing; unless those of whom he should be proud disgrace him before the eyes of the world. Sir Peregrine, I sometimes wonder at my own calmness. I wonder that I can live. But, believe me, that never for a moment do I forget what I have done. I would have poured out for him my blood like water, if it would have served him; but instead of that I have given him cause to curse me till the day of his death. Though I still live, and eat, and sleep, I think of that always. The remembrance is never away from me. They bid those who repent put on sackcloth, and cover themselves with ashes. That is my sackcloth, and it is very sore. Those thoughts are ashes to me, and they are very bitter between my teeth."

He did not know with what words to comfort her. It all was as she said, and he could not bid her even try to free herself from that sackcloth and from those ashes. It must be so. Were it not so with her, she would not have been in any degree worthy of that love which he felt for her. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he said.

"Yes," she said, "for the shorn lamb—" And then she was silent again. But could that bitter, biting wind be tempered for the she-wolf who, in the dead of night, had broken into the fold, and with prowling steps and cunning clutch had stolen the fodder from the sheep? That was the question as it presented itself to her; but she sat silent, and refrained from putting it into words. She sat silent, but he read her heart. "For the shorn lamb—" she had said, and he had known her thoughts, as they followed, quick, one upon another, through her mind. "Mary," he said, seating himself now close beside her on the sofa, "if his heart be as true to you as mine, he will never remember these things against you."

"It is my memory, not his, that is my punishment," she said.

Why could he not take her home with him,

and comfort her, and heal that festering wound, and stop that ever running gush of her heart's blood? But he could not. He had pledged his word and pawned his honor. All the comfort that could be his to bestow must be given in those few minutes that remained to him in that room. And it must be given, too, without falsehood. He could not bring himself to tell her that the sackcloth need not be sore to her poor lacerated body, nor the ashes bitter between her teeth. He could not tell her that the cup of which it was hers to drink might yet be pleasant to the taste, and cool to the lips! What could he tell her? Of the only source of true comfort others, he knew, had spoken—others who had not spoken in vain. He could not now take up that matter, and press it on her with available strength. For him there was but one thing to say. He had forgiven her; he still loved her; he would have cherished her in his bosom had it been possible. He was a weak, old, foolish man; and there was nothing of which he could speak but of his own heart.

"Mary," he said, again taking her hand, "I wish—I wish that I could comfort you."

"And yet on you also have I brought trouble, and misery—and—all but disgrace."

"No, my love, no; neither misery nor disgrace, except this misery, that I shall be no longer near to you. Yes, I will tell you all now. Were I alone in the world, I would still beg you to go back with me."

"It can not be: it could not possibly be so."

"No; for I am not alone. She who loves you so well has told me so. It must not be. But that is the source of my misery. I have learned to love you too well, and do not know how to part with you. If this had not been so I would have done all that an old man might to comfort you."

"But it has been so," she said. "I can not wash out the past. Knowing what I did of myself, Sir Peregrine, I should never have put my foot over your threshold."

"I wish I might hear its step again upon my floors. I wish I might hear that light step once again."

"Never, Sir Peregrine. No one again ever shall rejoice to hear either my step or my voice, or to see my form, or to grasp my hand. The world is over for me, and may God soon grant me relief from my sorrow! But to you—in return for your goodness—"

"For my love."

"In return for your love what am I to say? I could have loved you with all my heart had it been so permitted. Nay, I did do so. Had that dream been carried out, I should not have sworn falsely when I gave you my hand. I bade her tell you so, from me, when I parted with her."

"She did tell me."

"I have known but little love. He—Sir Joseph—was my master rather than my husband. He was a good master, and I served him truly—except in that one thing. But I never



SIR PEREGRINE'S FAREWELL.

loved him. But I am wrong to talk of this, and I will not talk of it longer. May God bless you, Sir Peregrine! It will be well for both of us now that you should leave me."

"May God bless you, Mary, and preserve you, and give back to you the comforts of a

quiet spirit, and a heart at rest! Till you hear that I am under the ground, you will know that there is one living who loves you well." Then he took her in his arms, twice kissed her on the forehead, and left the room without further speech on either side.

Lady Mason, as soon as she was alone, sat herself down, and her thoughts ran back over the whole course of her life. Early in her days, when the world was yet beginning to her, she had done one evil deed, and from that time up to those days of her trial she had been the victim of one incessant struggle to appear before the world as though that deed had not been done—to appear innocent of it before the world, but, beyond all things, innocent of it before her son. For twenty years she had striven with a labor that had been all but unendurable; and now she had failed, and every one knew her for what she was. Such had been her life; and then she thought of the life which might have been hers. In her earlier days she had known what it was to be poor, and had seen and heard those battles after money which harden our hearts, and quench the poetry of our natures. But it had not been altogether so with her. Had things gone differently with her it might afterward have been said that she had gone through the fire unscathed. But the beast had set his foot upon her, and when the temptation came it was too much for her. Not for herself would she have sinned, or have robbed that old man, who had been to her a kind master. But when a child was born to her, her eyes were blind, and she could not see that wealth ill gotten for her child would be as sure a curse as wealth ill gotten for herself. She remembered Rebekah, and with the cunning of a second Rebekah she filched a world's blessing for her baby. Now she thought of all this as pictures of that life which might have been hers passed before her mind's eye.

And they were pleasant pictures, had they not burned into her very soul as she looked at them. How sweet had been that drawing-room at The Cleeve, as she sat there in luxurious quiet with her new friend! How sweet had been that friendship with a woman pure in all her thoughts, graceful to the eye, and delicate in all her ways! She knew now, as she thought of this, that to her had been given the power to appreciate such delights as these. How full of charm to her would have been that life, in which there had been so much of true, innocent affection, had the load ever been absent from her shoulders! And then she thought of Sir Peregrine, with his pleasant, ancient manner and truth of heart, and told herself that she could have been happy with the love of even so old a man as that, had that burden been away from her! But the burden had never been away—never could be away. Then she thought once more of her stern but just son, and as she bowed her head and kissed the rod she prayed that her release might come to her soon.

And now we will say farewell to her, and as we do so the chief interest of our tale will end. I may, perhaps, be thought to owe an apology to my readers in that I have asked their sympathy for a woman who had so sinned as to have placed her beyond the general sympathy of the world at large. If so, I tender my apology, and perhaps feel that I should confess a fault. But

as I have told her story that sympathy has grown upon myself till I have learned to forgive her, and to feel that I too could have regarded her as a friend. Of her future life I will not venture to say any thing. But no lesson is truer than that which teaches us to believe that God does temper the wind to the shorn lamb. To how many has it not seemed, at some one period of their lives, that all was over for them, and that to them in their afflictions there was nothing left but to die! And yet they have lived to laugh again, to feel that the air was warm and the earth fair, and that God in giving them ever-springing hope had given every thing. How many a sun may seem to set on an endless night, and yet rising again on some morrow—

“He tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

For Lady Mason let us hope that the day will come in which she also may once again trick her beams in some modest, unassuming way, and that for her the morning may even yet be sweet with a glad warmth. For us, here in these pages, it must be sufficient to say this last kindly farewell.

As to Lucius Mason and the arrangement of his affairs with his step-brother a very few concluding words will suffice. When Joseph Mason left the office of Messrs. Round and Crook he would gladly have sacrificed all hope of any eventual pecuniary benefit from the possession of Orley Farm could he by doing so have secured the condign punishment of her who had so long kept him out of his inheritance. But he soon found that he had no means of doing this. In the first place, he did not know where to turn for advice. He had quarreled absolutely with Dockwrath, and though he now greatly distrusted the Rounds, he by no means put implicit trust in him of Hamworth. Of the Rounds he suspected that they were engaged to serve his enemy, of Dockwrath he felt sure that he was anxious only to serve himself. Under these circumstances he was driven into the arms of a third attorney, and learned from him, after a delay that cut him to the soul, that he could take no further criminal proceeding against Lady Mason. It would be impossible to have her even indicted for the forgery—seeing that two juries, at the interval of twenty years, had virtually acquitted her—unless new evidence which should be absolute and positive in its kind should be forthcoming. But there was no new evidence of any kind. The offer made to surrender the property was no evidence for a jury, whatever it might be in the mind of the world at large.

“And what am I to do?” asked Mason.

“Take the goods the gods provide you,” said the attorney. “Accept the offer which your half-brother has very generously made you.”

“Generously!” shouted Mason of Groby.

“Well, on his part it is generous. It is quite within his power to keep it; and were he to do so no one would say he was wrong. Why should he judge his mother?”

Then Mr. Joseph Mason went to another at-

torney; but it was of no avail. The time was passing away, and he learned that Lady Mason and Lucius had actually started for Germany. In his agony for revenge he had endeavored to obtain some legal order that should prevent her departure—"ne exeat regno," as he repeated over and over again to his advisers learned in the law. But it was of no avail. Lady Mason had been tried and acquitted, and no judge would interfere.

"We should soon have her back again, you know, if we had evidence of forgery," said the last attorney.

"Then, by ——! we will have her back again," said Mason.

But the threat was vain; nor could he get any one even to promise him that she could be prosecuted and convicted. And by degrees the desire for vengeance slackened as the desire for gain resumed its sway. Many men have threatened to spend a property upon a lawsuit who have afterward felt grateful that their threats were made abortive. And so it was with Mr. Mason. After remaining in town over a month he took the advice of the first of those new lawyers and allowed that gentleman to put himself in communication with Mr. Furnival. The result was that by the end of six months he again came out of Yorkshire to take upon himself the duties and privileges of the owner of Orley Farm.

And then came his great fight with Dockwrath, which in the end ruined the Hamworth attorney, and cost Mr. Mason more money than he ever liked to confess. Dockwrath claimed to be put in possession of Orley Farm at an exceedingly moderate rent, as to the terms of which he was prepared to prove that Mr. Mason had already entered into a contract with him. Mr. Mason utterly ignored such contract, and contended that the words contained in a certain note produced by Dockwrath amounted only to a proposition to let him the land in the event of certain circumstances and results, which circumstances and results never took place.

This lawsuit Mr. Joseph Mason did win, and Mr. Samuel Dockwrath was, as I have said, ruined. What the attorney did to make it necessary that he should leave Hamworth I do not know; but Miriam, his wife, is now the mistress of that lodging-house to which her own mahogany furniture was so ruthlessly removed.

CHAPTER LXXX.

SHOWING HOW AFFAIRS SETTLED THEMSELVES AT NONINGSBY.

WE must now go back to Noningsby for one concluding chapter, and then our work will be completed.

"You are not to go away from Noningsby when the trial is over, you know. Mamma said that I had better tell you so." It was thus that Madeline had spoken to Felix Graham as he

was going out to the judge's carriage on the last morning of the celebrated great Orley Farm case, and as she did so she twisted one of her little fingers into one of his button-holes. This she did with a prettiness of familiarity, and the assumption of a right to give him orders and hold him to obedience, which was almost intoxicating in its sweetness. And why should she not be familiar with him? Why should she not hold him to obedience by his button-hole? Was he not her own? Had she not chosen him and taken him up to the exclusion of all other such choosings and takings?

"I shall not go till you send me," he said, putting up his hand as though to protect his coat, and just touching her fingers as he did so.

"Mamma says it will be stupid for you in the mornings, but it will not be worse for you than for Augustus. He stays till after Easter."

"And I shall stay till after Whitsuntide unless I am turned out."

"Oh! but you will be turned out. I am not going to make myself answerable for any improper amount of idleness. Papa says you have got all the law courts to reform."

"There must be a double Hercules for such a set of stables as that," said Felix; and then with the slight ceremony to which I have before adverted he took his leave for the day.

"I suppose there will be no use in delaying it," said Lady Staveley, on the same morning as she and her daughter sat together in the drawing-room. They had already been talking over the new engagement by the hour together; but that is a subject on which mothers with marriageable daughters never grow tired, as all mothers and marriageable daughters know full well.

"Oh! mamma, I think it must be delayed."

"But why, my love? Mr. Graham has not said so?"

"You must call him Felix, mamma. I'm sure it's a nice name."

"Very well, my dear, I will."

"No; he has said nothing yet. But of course he means to wait till—it will be prudent."

"Men never care for prudence of that kind when they are really in love; and I'm sure he is."

"Is he, mamma?"

"He will marry on any thing or nothing. And if you speak to him he tells you of how the young ravens were fed. But he always forgets that he's not a young raven himself."

"Now you're only joking, mamma."

"Indeed I'm quite in earnest. But I think your papa means to make up an income for you—only you must not expect to be rich."

"I do not want to be rich. I never did."

"I suppose you will live in London, and then you can come down here when the courts are up. I do hope he won't ever want to take a situation in the colonies."

"Who, Felix? Why should he go to the colonies?"

"They always do—the clever young barristers who marry before they have made their way. That would be very dreadful. I really think it would kill me."

"Oh! mamma, he sha'n't go to any colony."

"To be sure there are the county courts now, and they are better. I suppose you wouldn't like to live at Leeds or Merthyr-Tydvil?"

"Of course I shall live wherever he goes; but I don't know why you should send him to Merthyr-Tydvil."

"Those are the sort of places they do go to. There is young Mrs. Bright Newdegate—she had to go to South Shields, and her babies are all dreadfully delicate. She lost two; you know. I do think the Lord Chancellor ought to think about that. Reigate, or Maidstone, or anywhere about Great Marlow would not be so bad." And in this way they discussed the coming event and the happy future, while Felix himself was listening to the judge's charge and thinking of his client's guilt.

Then there were two or three days passed at Noningsby of almost unalloyed sweetness. It seemed that they had all agreed that Prudence should go by the board, and that Love with sweet promises, and hopes bright as young trees in spring, should have it all her own way. Judge Staveley was a man who on such an occasion—knowing with whom he had to deal—could allow ordinary prudence to go by the board. There are men, and excellent men too, from whose minds the cares of life never banish themselves, who never seem to remember that provision is made for the young ravens. They toil and spin always, thinking sternly of the worst and rarely hoping for the best. They are ever making provision for rainy days, as though there were to be no more sunshine. So anxious are they for their children that they take no pleasure in them, and their fear is constant that the earth will cease to produce her fruits. Of such was not the judge. "Dulce est desipere in locis," he would say, "and let the opportunities be frequent and the occasions many." Such a love-making opportunity as this surely should be one.

So Graham wandered about through the dry March winds with his future bride by his side, and never knew that the blasts came from the pernicious east. And she would lean on his arm as though he had been the friend of her earliest years, listening to and trusting him in all things. That little finger, as they stood together, would get up to his button-hole, and her bright, frank eyes would settle themselves on his, and then her hand would press closely upon his arm, and he knew that she was neither ashamed nor afraid of her love. Her love to her was the same as her religion. When it was once acknowledged by her to be a thing good and trust-worthy, all the world might know it. Was it not a glory to her that he had chosen her, and why should she conceal her glory? Had it been that some richer, greater man had won her love—some one whose titles were known

and high place in the world approved—it may well be that then she would have been less free with him.

"Papa would like it best if you would give up your writing, and think of nothing but the law," she said to him. In answer to which he told her, with many compliments to the special fox in question, that story of the fox who had lost his tail and thought it well that other foxes should dress themselves as he was dressed.

"At any rate papa looks very well without his tail," said Madeline, with somewhat of a daughter's pride. "But you shall wear yours all the same, if you like it," she added, with much of a young maiden's love.

As they were thus walking near the house on the afternoon of the third or fourth day after the trial, one of the maids came to them and told Madeline that a gentleman was in the house who wished to see her.

"A gentleman!" said Madeline.

"Mr. Orme, Miss. My lady told me to ask you up if you were any where near."

"I suppose I must go," said Madeline, from whom all her pretty freedom of manner and light happiness of face departed on the moment. She had told Felix every thing as to poor Peregrine in return for that story of his respecting Mary Snow. To her it seemed as though that had made things equal between them—for she was too generous to observe that though she had given nothing to her other lover, Felix had been engaged for many months to marry his other love. But girls, I think, have no objection to this. They do not desire first-fruits, or even early fruits, as men do. Indeed I am not sure whether experience, on the part of a gentleman, in his use of his heart, is not supposed by most young ladies to enhance the value of the article. Madeline was not in the least jealous of Mary Snow; but with great good-nature promised to look after her and patronize her when she should have become Mrs. Albert Fitzallen. "But I don't think I should like that Mrs. Thomas," she said.

"You would have mended the stockings for her all the same."

"Oh yes, I would have done that; and so did Miss Snow. But I would have kept my box locked. She should never have seen my letters."

It was now absolutely necessary that she should return to the house, and say to Peregrine Orme what words of comfort might be possible for her. If she could have spoken simply with her heart she would have said much that was friendly, even though it might not be comfortable. But it was necessary that she should express herself in words, and she felt that the task was very difficult. "Will you come in?" she said to Felix.

"No, I think not. But he's a splendid fellow, and to me was a stanch friend. If I can catch him as he comes out I will speak to him." And then Madeline, with hesitating steps, with her hat still on her head and her gloves on her

hands, walked through the hall into the drawing-room. There she found her mother seated on the sofa, and Peregrine Orme standing before her. Madeline walked up to him with extended hand and a kindly welcome, though she felt that the color was high in her cheeks. Of course it would be impossible to come out from such an interview as this without having confessed her position, or hearing it confessed by her mother in her presence. That, however, had been already done, and Peregrine knew that the prize was gone.

"How do you do, Miss Staveley?" said he. "As I am going to leave The Cleeve for a long time, I have come over to say good-by to Lady Staveley—and to you."

"Are you going away, Mr. Orme?"

"Yes, I shall go abroad—to Central Africa, I think. It seems a wild sort of a place, with plenty of animals to kill."

"But isn't it very dangerous?"

"No, I don't think so. The people always come back alive. I've a sort of idea that nothing will kill me. At any rate I couldn't stay here."

"Madeline, dear, I've told Mr. Orme that you have accepted Mr. Graham. With a friend such as he is I know that you will not be anxious to keep this a secret."

"No, mamma."

"I was sure of that; and now that your papa has consented to it, and that it is quite fixed, I am sure that it is better that he should know it. We shall always look upon him as a very dear friend—if he will allow us."

Then it was necessary that Peregrine should speak, which he did as follows, holding Madeline's hand for the first three or four seconds of the time: "Miss Staveley, I will say this of myself, that if ever a fellow loved a girl truly, I loved you; and I do so now as well or better than ever. It is no good my pretending to be contented, and all that sort of thing. I am not contented, but very unhappy. I have never wished for but one thing in my life; and for that I would have given all that I have in the world. I know that I can not have it, and that I am not fit to have it."

"Oh, Mr. Orme, it is not that."

"But it is that. I knew you before Graham did, and loved you quite as soon. I believe—though of course I don't mean to ask any questions—but I believe I told you so before he ever did."

"Marriages, they say, are planned in heaven," said Lady Staveley.

"Perhaps they are. I only wish this one had not been planned there. I can not help it—I can not express my satisfaction, though I will heartily wish for your happiness. I knew from the first how it would be, and was always sure that I was a fool to love you. I should have gone away when I first thought of it, for I used to feel that you never cared to speak to me."

"Oh, indeed I did," said poor Madeline.

"No, you did not. And why should you when I had nothing to say for myself? I ought to have fallen in love with some foolish chit with as little wit about her as I have myself."

"I hope you will fall in love with some very nice girl," said Lady Staveley, "and that we shall know her and love her very much."

"Oh, I dare say I shall marry some day. I feel now as though I should like to break my neck, but I don't suppose I shall. Good-by, Lady Staveley."

"Good-by, Mr. Orme; and may God send that you may be happy!"

"Good-by, Madeline. I shall never call you so again—except to myself. I do wish you may be happy—I do indeed. As for him—he has been before me and taken away all that I wanted to win."

By this time the tears were in his eyes, and his voice was not free from their effect. Of this he was aware, and therefore, pressing her hand, he turned upon his heel and abruptly left the room. He had been unable to say that he wished also that Felix might be happy; but this omission was forgiven him by both the ladies. Poor Madeline, as he went, muttered a kind farewell, but her tears had mastered her also, so that she could hardly speak.

He went directly to the stables, there got upon his horse, and then walked slowly down the avenue toward the gate. He had got the better of that tear-compelling softness as soon as he found himself beyond the presence of the girl he loved, and was now stern in his mood, striving to harden his heart. He had confessed himself a fool in comparison with Felix Graham; but yet, he asked himself, in spite of that, was it not possible that he would have made her a better husband than the other? It was not to his title or his estate that he trusted as he so thought, but to a feeling that he was more akin to her in circumstances, in ways of life, and in tenderness of heart. As all this was passing through his mind Felix Graham presented himself to him in the road.

"Orme," said he, "I heard that you were in the house, and have come to shake hands with you. I suppose you have heard what has taken place. Will you not shake hands with me?"

"No," said Peregrine, "I will not."

"I am sorry for that, for we were good friends, and I owe you much for your kindness. It was a fair stand-up fight, and you should not be angry."

"I am angry, and I don't want your friendship. Go and tell her that I say so, if you like."

"No, I will not do that."

"I wish with all my heart that we had both killed ourselves at that bank."

"For shame, Orme, for shame!"

"Very well, Sir; let it be for shame." And then he passed on, meaning to go through the gate, and leaving Graham on the grass by the roadside. But before he had gone a hundred yards down the road his better feelings came back upon him, and he returned.

"I am unhappy," he said, "and sore at heart. You must not mind what words I spoke just now."

"No, no; I am sure you did not mean them," said Felix, putting his hand on the horse's mane.

"I did mean them then, but I do not mean them now. I won't say any thing about wishes. Of course you will be happy with her. Any body would be happy with her. I suppose you won't die, and give a fellow another chance."

"Not if I can help it," said Graham.

"Well, if you are to live, I don't wish you any evil. I do wish you hadn't come to Noningsby, that's all. Good-by to you." And he held out his hand, which Graham took.

"We shall be good friends yet, for all that is come and gone," said Graham; and then there were no more words between them.

Peregrine did as he said, and went abroad, extending his travels to many wild countries, in which, as he used to say, any one else would have been in danger. No danger ever came to him—so at least he frequently wrote word to his mother. Gorillas he slew by scores, lions by hundreds, and elephants sufficient for an ivory palace. The skins, and bones, and other trophies, he sent home in various ships; and when he appeared in London as a lion no man doubted his word. But then he did not write a book, nor even give lectures; nor did he presume to know much about the huge brutes he had slain, except that they were pervious to powder and ball.

Sir Peregrine had endeavored to keep him at home by giving up the property into his hands; but neither for grandfather, nor for mother, nor for lands and money would he remain in the neighborhood of Noningsby. "No, mother," he said; "it will be better for me to be away." And away he went.

The old baronet lived to see him return, though with plaintive wail he often declared to his daughter-in-law that this was impossible. He lived, but he never returned to that living life which had been his before he had taken up the battle for Lady Mason. He would sometimes allow Mrs. Orme to drive him about the grounds, but otherwise he remained in the house, sitting solitary over his fire, with a book, indeed, open before him, but rarely reading. He was waiting patiently, as he said, till death should come to him.

Mrs. Orme kept her promise, and wrote constantly to Lady Mason, hearing from her as constantly. When Lucius had been six months in Germany he decided on going to Australia, leaving his mother for the present in the little German town in which they were staying. For her, on the whole, the change was for the better. As to his success in a thriving colony there can be but little doubt.

Felix Graham was soon married to Madeline; and as yet I have not heard of any banishment either to Patagonia or to Merthyr-Tydvil.

And now I may say, Farewell.

A CAMP-MEETING IN TENNESSEE.

AN hour since I was listening to the fervid, fiery Parson Brownlow, and now I am thinking not so much of his moving narration as of a former visit to Tennessee, and my first attendance at a camp-meeting held by the denomination of which the free-spoken Parson is a member. Had he only been present on this occasion I should be less doubtful of the acceptableness of my reminiscences.

In the summer of 1856, in company with Rev. Mr. Warner, of Boston, I visited a favorite cousin residing in Tennessee. We found him delightfully situated, with a lovely wife and interesting little daughter, who soon became my especial pet and plaything. Walter M'Connell was a man of genial, affectionate, and hopeful nature; loved and esteemed by his equals, and fairly worshiped by his servants, who found in him a kind and considerate master—a rarer article, they seemed to think, than some Northern politicians would have us imagine.

Mr. Warner was an Episcopal clergyman, and an agreeable though fastidious gentleman. Very sensitive to variations from his established customs and ideas, he was still neither irritable nor perverse in the maintenance of his views of right and propriety. My cousin had been his warm friend and class-mate in college, and good-naturedly amused himself during our visit with "showing up heathendom to my very proper and reverend friend, Ned Warner."

Prominent in the sable household was a devoted, affectionate creature, originally rejoicing in the classic name of Juno. But the heathen goddess vanished when, as Nonie's nurse, she was christened by that little lady's baby lips "Mammy June."

She came into the parlor one morning, her honest black face radiant and shining as the month of roses, whose namesake she was. Finding her mistress, she spoke quite in an ecstasy:

"Miss Kate, thar's a new preacher cum to the camp-meeting gwine on at Salem, an' I's jes studyin' if I can get to go dis evenin'?"

"Well, June, can he preach, or is he a trifling, no-account fellow like that Jacobs?"

"No, Missus, not a natomy like Jacobs is dis yer. I heerd him las Sunday night, an' he's powerful: 'dat's so. He tell'd us 'bout de judgment-day till I fairly 'spected to hear Gabriel toot ebry minnit. And he tell'd ob de lake of fire, and us cumbrous timmer as what'll be cut down, and slung in, till I jes heerd de flames a-cracklin' 'mong de dead branches, and suckin' up de dry leaves. An' he done said how none ob us could hide out de way in dat turrible time, but whareber we's at, plum hind a mighty big rock or clar up de furdest mounting, we'll hear de Lord's driber blowin' his horn, loud as thunder. An' he'll take de whole raft ob us wid a come-quick to de Lord in glory or de debbil in hell."

"Well, Mammy, you've proved him a preach-

er; go as soon as you like, and do take that witch, Hally, along—she'll mind no one but you."

"Kate," said M'Connell, "suppose we all go over this evening. It'll be a fine opportunity for Ned to cultivate another branch of the church catholic, and Philip is already 'a wide liker.' What say you?"

"Oh, I go with pleasure, if the gentlemen like; but I think, Walter, you should offer Mr. Warner another inducement—the scenery is certainly fine."

"Very, Ned, and the apostolic succession undoubted. Like Peter and his associates, these stirring preachers are mostly 'unlearned and ignorant men;' and excellent Christians are some of them; ditto their hearers. There's Mammy 'got religion,' as she terms it, fifteen years ago at a camp-meeting, and a better old soul never lived."

"I presume I can not refuse attending any tomfoolery in the county, M'Connell, on pain of being called strait-laced Pharisee, bigoted Churchman, and the like. So I'll away to this Methodish pow-wow as soon as you please. All the more readily for the hint of a landscape given by your generous wife."

"It is ten miles to the ground. We will drive over in time to look around the secular department before dark, and after ten o'clock we have the finest of moons for our return."

The day was delightful, and seemed exuberantly happy in having found the very golden mean of temperature. Our road wound about with charming indirectness, affording us a variety of prospect. Here it passed through a woodland, where great downy flakes from the tall cotton-wood were sailing slowly and leisurely down, filling the air and covering the ground with a summer shower of snow. Soon we were on an emerald plain bounded in the distance by lofty hills. "See that hill range, Phil!" exclaimed Warner; "green as Vermont's own."

"That chain is called Cedar Hills," replied Mrs. M'Connell. They are covered with that tree; and here let me repeat a remark of Mammy June's on the cedar: "It's the pootiest bush yet, Missus; 'tan't never dead." Doesn't "never dead" rival our phrase ever-green in poetical force?"

We reached Salem Camp an hour before dark. This time we devoted to observations on the secular department, as Walter called the living-place. For thirty years this had been an established camp-ground; a place of annual resort for the hundreds in attendance upon the meeting of a week's duration. In the centre of the temporary village was a long row of permanent wooden buildings, much like the horse-sheds about a country meeting-house in New England. These were dwelling-places for many; but the greater part of those in attendance occupied tents, which were of all shapes and colors—white being most prevalent. The humbler of these were formed of old blankets and worn bed-quilts, whose parti-colored though tattered

surfaces presented quite a gay and banner-like appearance.

Suppers were in all stages of activity and preparation at this hour. Negroes and poor negroless whites considered it a time of pressing business. Some were "toting" water from the creek or spring, others milking the cows. Here a woman took hoe-cakes from the ashes, while her neighbor placed a bacon-filled "skillet"—as they term a frying-pan—over a gipsy fire. Troops of children, equipped with huge corn-dodgers and slices of fat pork, wandered at will, each juvenile having at least two curs in close attendance. These little folks seemed chiefly interested in the feeding and watering of the numerous animals, which occupied a large force of negroes and "white trash." Around suburban stalls, from which liquors, tobacco, etc., were dispensed, sat groups of men drinking, smoking, chewing, spitting, and talking. The conversation seemed unequally divided between politics and religion; the gifts of Elder Jones and the prospects of Buchanan. Matters of state had the ascendancy; and more offensive imprecations were hurled at "them devil's chil'en, the Abolitionists," than at the paternal Satan himself.

Just before evening service—"night meetin'" rather—we proceeded to the sanctum sanctorum; and it was a noble specimen of "God's first temples," that grove of giant trees, miles from the habitation of man, on the right bank of the Cahoo—a noble stream, pronounced "a mighty pooty creek" by the natives. All undergrowth and smaller trees had been carefully removed; none were spared but patriarchal oaks, whose cups had caught the dews of centuries, and towering hickories, that had tossed their nuts on the graves of successive generations. Between these sylvan pillars the grass grew long and soft, and now lay in plushy mats from the trampling feet. Away up among the green-leaved arches gleamed the stars, like bright birds resting on the topmost boughs in their upward flight.

Blazing pine-knots and smoking torches, in countless numbers, made a strange glitter in the darkness. They seemed a congregation of mammoth fire-flies, now dancing at sight of their imaged forms in the water below, then leaping and reaching for some passing breeze. Surrounded by troops of fitful, flickering shadows they gave an air of grotesque beauty to the scene.

The grove was longer than wide, and several speakers' stands were erected, some rods apart, for the accommodation of the vast congregation of hearers. We stopped in the vicinity of the first we reached, although "the new preacher"—Elder Jones—held forth at the stand below. The view from here was so wildly picturesque that we cared not to exchange it for other groupings. The long lines of white tents lay at an enchanting distance; beyond slept the quiet dimpled valley, dreaming of May-flowers and sheaves of gold; guarding its slumbers stood those far-away sentinel hills, drinking the dews of the twilight and clasping the mists of the morning. The clouds stooped to kiss their green plumes,

and the zephyrs wooed them lovingly, but in vain. They were faithful to the lowly valley of their first allegiance. "Ah, Cousin Kate, you were quite right. None but an artist eye located Salem Camp."

Shortly after our arrival horns were sounded, and soon hundreds of people were pouring into the grove. Rough planks fastened to stakes firmly driven into the ground afforded seats to such as chose them. But the greatest latitude in position and manner was allowed. Some reclined on the grass, others leaned against trees, while a few venturesome youngsters were perched like crows in the branches above.

The hearers comfortably arranged in their various attitudes, a white-haired yet vigorous old man commenced the services with an eloquent prayer. Its every clause met scores of appreciative and fervent responses in all manner of twanging Amens; ejaculations of "That's so!" "Yes, Lord!" "Send a witness!" "True as Bible!" etc., accompanied by groanings and snortings indescribable.

"Ned," whispered M'Connell, "which is the active voice? Wouldn't that style of response suit you precisely? You'd say the Apostle's Creed backward in your bewilderment."

But Father Hill would have been quite lost without these rejoinders, and at the close of each distinct petition paused for the never-failing interlude.

The final Amen was followed by "The Hebrew Children"—a well-known hymn, as are all in use at night camp-meetings. Hymn-books and pine-knots are not made for each other—to say nothing of a necessary acquaintance with the invention of Cadmus, as perfected by the printing Dutchman, on the part of the singers.

The vast assembly rose, and all, even the boys in the trees, sung with a will. The air was a sort of chant or recitative, and though harsh voices joined in it, that volume of sound had a thrilling, inspiring power. Richer, fuller than any anthem from deep-toned organ rose the grand chorus of hope:

"By-and-by we'll go and meet them,
Safe in the promised land."

And the hymn proceeds:

"Where now is the good old Daniel?
Where now is the good old Daniel?
Where now is the good old Daniel?
Safe in the promised land."

"He went up from the den of lions,
He went up from the den of lions,
He went up from the den of lions,
Safe to the promised land."

"Rather a free grouping of incidents, M'Connell," said Warner. "I fear the Scripture worthies would hardly know if 'I be I' in this rapid sequence of their life's leading events."

"Yes, a terrible massacre of the unitiës, Ned; and yet not so great a misrepresentation after all. But listen to the next stanza. It has a glimpse of the same spirit that prompted 'Te Deum Laudamus,' with its glowing remembrance of 'the glorious company of the Apos-

ties, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of Martyrs.' This hymn, you see, is an old favorite hymn of mine. There—hark!"

"Where now are the saints and martyrs?
Where now are the saints and martyrs?
Where now are the saints and martyrs?
Safe in the promised land."

"They went up through great tribulation,
They went up through great tribulation,
They went up through great tribulation,
Safe to the promised land."

"By-and-by we'll go and meet them,
By-and-by we'll go and meet them."

"Doesn't it bring the cloud of witnesses very near? After all, Ned, the communion of the saints is far more extended than we incline to think."

The singing concluded, Father Hill announced his text: "He that endureth to the end shall receive a crown of life."

The lapse of time, and my want of acquaintance with the local idioms, which gave the sermon a quaint raciness, disqualify me for the part of a reporter. I feel constrained to beg the good man's pardon for presenting these mutilated and detached portions of his discourse as I recall them:

"Endureth what, bretheren? I take it to be the cross—the cross which every geniwine sure-enough Christian must bear like his blessed Master afore him. We hain't all got the same cross—oh no! Thar's no two jes like no more than our eyes or noses. The same pattern wouldn't fit us all; but thar's nary rale child of God but has his cross made a purpose for him and no other. And let him love it as God's kiss; not endure it a-whinin', an' grudgin', an' a-draggin' it 'long in the dust. Let him bear it proudly, as a soldier carries his gun; and tenderly, as the lover holds the rose-bud given by his sweet-heart."

"It's Christ's draft for a crown. You know how men carry drafts to the bank for gold and silver. Bime-by, in the fields of glory, you'll see stacks and stacks of golden crowns all glitterin' with jewels, and shinin' with stars—and they're all crowns of life. Once on your head, it will ache no more. Your hair will never turn gray. Sickness, pain, and death will be done forgot for ever and evermore—for they're all crowns of life. But though there's heaps an' heaps you must show a draft or nary a one will you get."

"The Lord will say, 'Whar's your cross, stranger?' And when you show him the battered old thing he'll answer, 'All right; angel, give this brother or this sister a crown.' And, brethcren, the heavier, the crookeder, the uglier the cross, jes so much brighter 'll be the crown. P'r'aps 'twas a thorny cross, tearin' your flesh, and spotted with your blood. Well, every blood-drop 'll turn to a costly jewel in your splendid crown, and will shine like the sun while you dance in silver slippers above."

"So you see you must endure it to the end—fur thar's no possumin' thar. 'Twon't do to say

that you toted it a good spell, till so mighty tired that you jes got shet of it fornenst that big hill or deep river. You'd a heap better never teched it if you don't endure clear to the end.

"We can't allus know for sure sartain, bretheren, who's barin' the cross in this yer world and who's not, for it's a world of make-believes and shams. When I mind all the humbugs I've seen on this yer globe, it 'pears like it might possum the great fire at last, and 'stead o' burnin' sound and solid-like, jes roll up inter a big ball of gas and hustle off into space.

"No, bretheren, the cross-bearers ain't la-beled here below, and we're sometimes mightily taken in. One goes loging and limpin' along like his back was most broke with a cross of lead, and we say, 'Thar's a saint. Jes look at Brother B. endurin' his cross. He's a'mos' ripe for glory!' Like enough he hasn't the shadow of a cross, and is just packin' around his luggage of self and sin. And here comes a sister singin' and skippin' like ready to fly, and we say, 'Giddy Sister A., poor thing! I'm afeard she's nary harp and crown above!' And perhaps the insegin' Lord knows jes how she's endurin' a sharp cutting cross right on her heart, and in her arms, and that she does it so gladly out of love to Him who died for her crown of life.

"No, bretheren, we can't say who's cross-bearers here, without any doubt; and I expect, if I am ever so happy as to reach heaven, to be completely through-oathered with the folks I shall meet and miss. Them I never thought o' seein' thar 'll take me by the hand and say, 'How d'ye, Brother Hill?' and them that I reckoned had a good title, years ago, to a mansion incorruptible, and whom I hoped to find settled down to house-keepin' nice and comfortable won't be thar, nor nowhar tharabout. Yes, I expect to be surprised—but more at finding William Hill safe landed on the shores of glory than at any body else. I'm such a vile sinner that it will through-oather me out and out.

"A crown of life in heaven! Friends, if you only knowed the place you wouldn't groan about your cross. It is so exceedin' glorious that one glimpse of it struck Paul dumb, and he wrote afterward that the language hadn't yet been made that could describe it. I tried last night, in my poor way, to give you some idee of that celestial country; and what I said then is all true, every word—for, bretheren, it's a rale Tennessee of a place.

"If ye mind yer own cross ye'll have plenty to do without studyin' about your neighbor's cross, that's noways like yours. But thar's many a one who, in the words of Scripture, strains at another's gnat when he could vomit a camel himself; and I'm mighty afeard some o' you'll miss goin' into heaven yerselves from bein' so busy watching who does get in, that the door will be shet plum-to afore you mind. Now hold on to your individual cross, every last one of ye, till ye've swapped it for a crown of life!"

The congregation here sung a hymn, known from its chorus, which is,

"O stem the storm! it won't be long;
We'll anchor by-and-by."

Brother Brinsmade then rose for a short exhortation, as he premised. He was so hoarse that a fulfillment of his promise seemed probable.

"Bretheren and sisters, I've talked so much this week that my voice is nigh giving out. And yet I must say one word to these poor sinners; and I will, if it immolates me on this altar. And then the good Father above will give me a pair of lungs to match the tallest angel about the throne, and I'll shout 'Glory!' with the best of them.

"I was glad to hear 'O stem the storm!' it's a favorite hime of mine, for I was converted in a storm, twenty years ago and odd. I was a wild young fellow then, and we was plum-rough down here. If we'd a coon-skin cap, deer-skin breeches, and moccasins, we was dressed up sure, and went it prime at many a hoe-down. We hadn't no occasion then for gloves, pole-hats, nor broadcloth; and I reckon these yer girls ain't no pootier in muslins and bootees than their mothers was in linsey and barefoot."

"Yes, I was convarted in a storm, and a right smart chance of 'em I've had since. It 'pears like Satan holds a pertikkeler spite at me, and never quits pesterin' even for a breathing spell; but keeps tusslin' and wastlin' with me constant.

"And, bretheren, you and I know that occasionally, if not oftener, I've been the under-dog in the fight. Many's the lammin' I've took from him. But when he had the best of it, and I was jes ready to give in beat, the Lord reached out the hand, and I up and at him agin. And so I reckon 'twill be till I die—harricane on harricane, till I go up to glory in a regular whirlwind, and anchor by-and-by. But so I'm sure enough thar at last, I'm noways choosy about the road. I'm my Heavenly Father's child. He may give me jes such a raising as suits him, so he'll take me home at the end.

"But what will you poor sinners do that don't onst try to stem the storm, and makes no show of fightin' Satan, but just up and crony with him, like he was an angel of light or a great gold eagle? A storm is coming worse than all these yer—one that will rain fire and brimstone; and there is but one shelter from it, and that's heaven.

"And a pooty fist you'll make of it knockin' and halloin' at that place, and callin' on the Lord, when you never answered his call here below, but disremembered all his precepts and done forgot his reproof. Now salvation is plain and easy; you can build on the rock, and be sure. No account how black you are, how poor you are, how ignorant you are. The Lord don't mind a hair whether you're white or black, you'll all be angel-color in heaven. Your Maker sets no store on your money, and don't care if ye haven't one lone picayune. He don't ask for no book-larnin' nor eddication; he only wants you

to have the good horse-sense to obey his commandments right off. And here's one of them, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

"Now, while the bretheren and sisters sing 'We're passing away,' let all who will obey the Lord, stem the storms of this life, and be safely landed on Canaan's shore at the great day, come up to the altar, and help us beg for merey on their poor souls."

The scene that followed baffles description. Numbers went forward and knelt around the rude railing. All of twenty preachers, with zealous lay men and women, prayed, entreated, exhorted, and shouted at once, while laboring with "the seekers," producing confusion of the first quality. These seekers were in all stages of excitement, weeping and shrieking; tearing their hair, and springing about with violent gestures; while a few remained quiet and apparently thoughtful.

Each exhorter seemed desirous of being the loudest, and the strange medley that reached my ears was sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. From one came the exclamation, "This poor man is agoing right to the pit of darkness!"—"Amen! the Lord grant it," was screamed from another quarter.

These exercises had been prolonged nearly an hour when several of the seekers were taken with "the power," as it is termed. I had never witnessed this affection, and was interested by it to a painful degree.

One fine-looking girl, with a most interesting countenance, I observed particularly. She had seemed frantic with agony, wildly swaying from side to side. But now she stood statue-like and motionless. Her hands were tightly clenched, and her entire expression that of acute mental distress. Her luxuriant hair had escaped from its fastening, and falling almost to her feet gave an air of classic grace to her figure. With her pale, earnest face in that fixed agony of terror and supplication, while her splendid, dreamy eyes—such as I call Indian summer eyes—had a far-off look, as if they gazed on the dread mysteries of eternity. She was a noble study for a painter. Suddenly, with one piercing scream, the tense muscles relaxed, and she fell to the earth in what seemed the silence and pallor of death, and lay like some sweet-shadowed lily reft from its stem.

Several old ladies immediately surrounded her, bending over and hemming her in, as if for the express purpose of excluding any chance breath of air. Father Hill, too, came up, "Thank the Lord, he's sent a witness to this young sister. He's showing her the crown of life!" All in the immediate circle joined him in a vigorous hand-clapping and shoutings of "Glory!" Perhaps it was the best restorative, for presently there was a slight tremor in the prostrate figure. Life was seen timidly stealing over the cold, rigid face, and then slowly and wearily the eyes unclosed, still with that soul-heavy, vision-seeing look.

"Are you happy, sister? Has the Lord blessed your soul?"

The voice was not yet returned from that strange visit to the borders of the dark valley; and a faint, brief smile of seraphic sweetness gave the affirmative response.

"Then praise him, beloved. He'll give you more grace if you praise him. Spat your hands, sister."

But the soft little hands lay motionless.

"Mother Jones, help her praise till she's stronger."

And Elder Hill went on to another "power" patient.

Mother Jones seated herself on the ground, pillowed the girl's head in her lap, and taking the nerveless hands of her charge by the wrists spatted them together unremittingly. She accompanied this exercise with shoutings, such as I had previously supposed unutterable by human voice. We remained until the young girl was sufficiently restored to render acknowledgments in her own voice, far more musical than that of Mother Jones.

By this time the moon, in the full beauty of her regal state, was half-way up the heavens. Hosts of timid stars, who shrink from the stern presence of the Day King, came thronging forth to feast their bright eyes on her lovely face. One bolder than the rest strove to touch with her twinkling fingers the floating royal robe, woven of pure fleecy cloudlets, and spangled with diamond dew.

By four of us that ride home was given into Memory's hand to be folded away with her sweetest recollections. My little pet, Nonie, quite exhausted with the evening's novelties, lay asleep in my arms. Cousin Kate was the first to break the silence.

"How strange that all these diversities of faith and practice branch from one root, and that the living Vine! I love to picture to myself the parting interview of those representatives of all Christians, Methodists or Churchmen, Puritans or Papists, at the Last Supper with their Lord. And I am always thankful that Judas had gone when that last hymn was sung. I should so dislike to associate him with sacred song. How I wish we knew what were the words, and what the melody, sung by that small band in that sweet yet painful hour, and if they realized the tortured life and cruel death awaiting them beyond that closed door!"

"I was forcibly struck, M'Connell, by your remark on the wide communion of saints. Yes, 'the household of faith' are brethren, differing widely in non-essentials, yet in vital characteristics the same. Just as the race of man varies in form of life, lineaments, and complexion, and is yet one in all the great distinctive traits of humanity."

"Well, Ned, live up to that, and I'll call you Pharisee no longer, but a true shepherd over a unit of the many flocks again to be gathered in one fold."

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOLLOWING Miss Hilary's earnest advice that every thing should be fair and open, Elizabeth, on the very next day after that happy Whit-Monday, mustered up her courage, asked permission to speak to her mistress, and told her she was going to be married to Tom Cliffe: not immediately, but in a year's time or so, if all went well.

Mrs. Ascott replied sharply that it was no affair of hers, and she could not be troubled about it. For her part she thought, if servants knew their own advantages, they would keep a good place when they had it, and never get married at all. And then, saying she had heard a good character of her from the housekeeper, she offered Elizabeth the place of upper house-maid, a young girl, a *protégée* of the housekeeper's, being substituted in hers.

"And when you have sixteen pounds a year, and somebody to do all your hard work for you, I dare say you'll think better of it, and not be so foolish as to go and get married."

But Elizabeth had her own private opinion on that matter. She was but a woman, poor thing! and two tiny rooms of her own, with Tom to care for and look after, seemed a far happier home than that great house, where she had not only her own work to do, but the responsibility of teaching and taking charge of that careless, stupid, pretty Esther, who had all the forwardness, untidiness, and unconscientiousness of a regular London maid-servant, and was a sore trial to the staid, steady Elizabeth.

Tom consoled her, in his careless but affectionate way; and another silent consolation was the "little bits of things," bought out of her additional wages, which she began to put by in her box—sticks and straws for the new sweet nest that was a-building: a metal tea-pot, two neat glass salt-cellars, and—awful extravagance!—two real second-hand silver spoons—Tom did so like having things nice about him! These purchases, picked up at stray times, were solid, substantial, and useful; domestic rather than personal; and all with a view to Tom rather than herself. She hid them with a magpie-like closeness, for Esther and she shared the same room; but sometimes when Esther was asleep she would peep at them with an anxious, lingering tenderness, as if they made more of an assured reality what even now seemed so very like a dream.

—Except, indeed, on those Sunday nights when Tom and she went to church together, and afterward took a walk, but always parted at the corner of the square. She never brought him in to the house, nor spoke of him to her fellow-

servants. How much they guessed of her engagement she neither knew nor cared.

Mrs. Ascott, too, had apparently quite forgotten it. She seemed to take as little interest in her servants' affairs as they in hers.

Nevertheless, ignorant as the lower regions were in general of what was passing in the upper, occasionally rumors began to reach the kitchen that "Master had been a-blowing up Missis, rather!" And once, after the solemn dinner, with three footmen to wait on two people, was over, Elizabeth, passing through the hall, caught the said domestics laughing together, and saying it was "as good as a play; eat and dog was nothing to it." After which "the rows up stairs" became a favorite joke in the servants' hall.

But still Mr. Ascott went out daily after breakfast, and came home to dinner; and Mrs. Ascott spent the morning in her private sitting-room, or "boudoir," as she called it; lunched, and drove out in her handsome carriage, with her footman behind; dressed elegantly for dinner, and presided at her own table with an air of magnificent satisfaction in all things. She had perfectly accommodated herself to her new position; and if under her satins and laces beat a solitary, dissatisfied, or aching heart, it was nobody's business but her own. At least, she kept up the splendid sham with a most creditable persistency.

But all shams are dangerous things. Be the surface ever so smooth and green, it will crack sometimes, and a faint wreath of smoke betray the inward volcano. The like had happened once or twice, as on the day when the men-servants were so intensely amused. Also Elizabeth, when putting in order her mistress's bedroom, which was about the hour Mr. Ascott left for the city, had several times seen Mrs. Ascott come in there suddenly, white and trembling. Once, so agitated was she, that Elizabeth had brought her a glass of water; and instead of being angry or treating her with the distant dignity which she had always kept up, her mistress had said, almost in the old Stowbury tone, "Thank you, Elizabeth."

However, Elizabeth had the wisdom to take no notice, but to slip from the room, and keep her own counsel.

At last one day the smouldering domestic earthquake broke out. There was "a precious good row," the footman suspected, at the breakfast-table; and after breakfast, Master, without waiting for the usual attendance of that functionary, with his hat and gloves and a Hansom cab, had flung himself out at the hall door, slamming it after him with a noise that startled the whole house. Shortly afterward "Missis's" bell

had rung violently, and she had been found lying on the floor of her bedroom in a dead faint, her maid, a foolish little Frenchwoman, screaming over her.

The frightened servants gathered round in a cluster, but nobody attempted to touch the poor lady, who lay rigid and helpless, hearing none of the comments that were freely made upon her, or the conjectures as to what Master had done or said that produced this state of things. Mistress she was, and these four or five women, her servants, had lived in her house for months, but nobody loved her; nobody knew any thing about her; nobody thought of doing aught for her, till a kitchen-maid, probably out of former experience in some domestic emergency, suggested, "Fetch Elizabeth."

The advice was eagerly caught at, every body being so thankful to have the responsibility shifted to some other body's shoulders; so in five minutes Elizabeth had the room cleared, and her mistress laid upon the bed, with nobody near except herself and the French maid.

By-and-by Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes.

"Who's that? What are you doing to me?"

"Nothing, ma'am. It's only me—Elizabeth."

At the familiar soothing voice the poor woman—a poor, wretched, forlorn woman she looked, lying there, in spite of all her grandeur—turned feebly round.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so ill! take care of me." And she fainted away once more.

It was some time before she came quite to herself, and then the first thing she said was to bid Elizabeth bolt the door and keep every body out.

"The doctor, ma'am, if he comes?"

"I'll not see him. I don't want him. I know what it is. I—"

She pulled Elizabeth closer to her, whispered something in her ear, and then burst into a violent fit of hysterical weeping.

Amazed, shocked, Elizabeth at first did not know what to do; then she took her mistress's head on her shoulder, and quieted her by degrees almost as she would a child. The sobbing ceased, and Mrs. Ascott lay still a minute, till suddenly she clutched Elizabeth's arm.

"Mind you don't tell. He doesn't know, and he shall not; it would please him so. It does not please me. Sometimes I almost think I shall hate it because it is his child."

She spoke with a fierceness that was hardly credible either in the dignified Mrs. Peter Ascott or the languid Miss Selina. To think of Miss Selina's expecting a baby! The idea perfectly confounded poor Elizabeth.

"I don't know very much about such matters," said she, deprecatingly; "but I'm sure, ma'am, you ought to keep yourself quiet, and I wouldn't hate the poor little baby if I were you. It may be a very nice little thing, and turn out a great comfort to you."

Mrs. Ascott lifted her heavy eyes to the kindly, sympathetic, womanly face—thorough wo-

man, for, as Elizabeth went on, her heart warmed with the strong instinct which comes almost of itself.

"Think, to have a tiny little creature lying here beside you; something your very own, with its pretty face looking so innocent and sweet at you, and its pretty fingers touching you." Here Elizabeth's voice quite faltered over the picture she had drawn. "Oh, ma'am, I'm sure you would be so fond of it."

Human nature is strong. This cold, selfish woman, living her forty years without any strong emotion, marrying without love, and reaping, not in contrition but angry bitterness, the certain punishment of such a marriage, even this woman was not proof against the glorious mystery of maternity, which should make every daughter of Eve feel the first sure hope of her first-born child to be a sort of Divine annunciation.

Mrs. Ascott lay listening to Elizabeth. Gradually through her shut eyelids a few quiet tears began to flow.

"Do you mind me talking to you this way, ma'am?"

"No, no! Say what you like. I'm glad to have any body to speak to. Oh, I am a very miserable woman!"

Strange that Selina Ascott should come to betray, and to Elizabeth Hand, of all people, that she was a "miserable woman." But circumstances bring about unforeseen confidences; and the confidence once given is not easily recalled. Apparently the lady did not wish to recall it. In the solitude of her splendid house, in her total want of all female companionship—for she refused to have her sisters sent for—"he would only insult them, and I'll not have my family insulted"—poor Selina clung to her old servant as the only comfort she had.

During the dreary months that followed, when, during the long, close summer days, the sick lady scarcely stirred from her bedroom, and, fretful, peevish, made the very most of what to women in general are such patiently borne and sacred sufferings, Elizabeth was her constant attendant. She humored all her whims, endured all her ill-tempers, cheered her in her low spirits, and was, in fact, her mistress's sole companion and friend.

This position no one disputed with her. It is not every woman who has, as Miss Leaf used to say of Elizabeth, "a genius for nursing;" and very few patients make nursing a labor of love. The whole household were considerably relieved by her taking a responsibility for which she was so well fitted and so little envied. Even Mr. Ascott, who, when his approaching honors could no longer be concealed from him, became for the nonce a most attentive husband, and succumbed dutifully to every fancy his wife entertained, openly expressed his satisfaction in Elizabeth, and gave her one or two bright golden guineas in earnest of his gratitude.

How far she herself appreciated her new and important position; whether her duties were

done from duty, or pity, or that determined self-devotedness which some women are always ready to carry out toward any helpless thing that needs them, I can not say, for she never told. Not even to Miss Hilary, who at last was permitted to come and pay a formal visit; nor to Tom Cliffe, whom she now saw very rarely, for her mistress, with characteristic selfishness, would hardly let her out of her sight for half an hour.

Tom at first was exceedingly savage at this: by degrees he got more reconciled, and met his sweet-heart now and then for a few minutes at the area gate, or wrote her long poetical letters, which he confided to some of her fellow-servants, who thereby got acquainted with their secret. But it mattered little, as Elizabeth had faithfully promised that, when her mistress's trial was over, and every thing smooth and happy, she would marry Tom at once. So she took the jokes below stairs with great composure; feeling, indeed, too proud and content to perplex herself much about any thing.

Nevertheless, her life was not easy, for Mrs. Ascott was very difficult to manage. She resisted angrily all the personal sacrifices entailed by impending motherhood, and its terrors and forebodings used to come over her—poor weak woman that she was!—in a way that required all Elizabeth's reasonings to counteract, and all her self-control to hide the presentiment of evil, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Yet sometimes poor Mrs. Ascott would take fits of pathetic happiness; when she busied herself eagerly over the preparations for the new-comer; would make Elizabeth take out, over and over again, the little clothes, and examine them with childish delight. Sometimes she would gossip for hours over the blessing that was sent to her so late in life—half-regretting that it had come so late; that she should be almost an old woman before her little son or daughter was grown up.

"Still, I may live to see it, you know: to have a pretty girl to take on my arm into a ball-room, or a big fellow to send to College: the Leafs always went to College in old times. He shall be Henry Leaf Ascott, that I am determined on; and if it's a girl, perhaps I may call her Johanna. My sister would like it; wouldn't she?"

For more and more, in the strange softening of her nature, did Selina go back to the old ties.

"I am not older than my mother was when Hilary was born. She died, but that was because of trouble. Women do not necessarily die in childbirth even at forty; and in twenty years more I shall only be sixty—not such a very old woman. Besides, mothers never are old; at least not to their children. Don't you think so, Elizabeth?"

And Elizabeth answered as she best could. She too, out of sympathy or instinct, was becoming wondrous wise.

But I am aware all this will be thought very uninteresting, except by women and mothers. Let me hasten on.

By degrees, as Mrs. Ascott's hour approached, a curious tranquillity and even gentleness came over her. Her fretful dislike of seeing any face about her but Elizabeth's became less. She even endured her husband's company for an hour of an evening; and at last humbled her pride enough to beg him to invite her sisters to Russell Square from Saturday to Monday, the only time when Hilary could be spared.

"For we don't know what may happen," said she to him, rather seriously.

And though he answered, "Oh, nonsense!" and desired her to get such ridiculous fancies out of her head, still he consented, and himself wrote to Miss Leaf, giving the formal invitation.

The three sisters spent a happy time together, and Hilary made some highly appreciated family jokes about the handsome Christmas box that Selina was going to be so kind as to give them, and the small probability that she would have much enjoyment of the Christmas dinner to which Mr. Ascott, in the superabundance of his good feeling, had invited his sisters-in-law. The baby, blessed innocent! seemed to have softened down all things—as babies often do.

Altogether, it was with great cheerfulness, affectionateness, and hope that they took leave of Selina: she, with unwonted consideration, insisting that the carriage should convey them all the way to Richmond.

"And," she said, "perhaps some of these days my son, if he is a son, may have the pleasure of escorting his aunts home. I shall certainly call him 'Henry Leaf,' and bring him up to be in every way a credit to our family."

When the ladies were away, and Mrs. Ascott had retired to bed, it was still only nine o'clock, and a bright moonlight night. Elizabeth thought she could steal down stairs and try to get a breath of fresh air round the square. Her long confinement made her almost sick sometimes for a sight of the outer world, a sight of—let me tell the entire truth—her own faithful Tom.

She had not seen him now for fourteen days, and though his letters were very nice and exceedingly clever, still she craved for a look at his face, a grasp of his hand, perhaps even a kiss, long and close and tender, such as he would sometimes insist upon giving her, in spite of all policemen. His love for her, demonstrative as was his nature, had become to this still, quiet girl inexpressibly sweet, far sweeter than she knew.

It was a clear winter night, and the moon went climbing over the fleecy white clouds in a way that made beauty even in Russell Square. Elizabeth looked up at the sky, and thought how Tom would have enjoyed it, and wished he were beside her, and was so glad to think he would soon be beside her always, with all his humors and weaknesses, all his little crossnesses and complainings; she could put up with all, and be happy through all, if only she had him with her and loving her.

His love for her, though fitful and fanciful, was yet so warm and real that it had become a necessity of her life. As he always told her—especially after he had had one of his little quarrels with her—hers was to him.

“Poor Tom, I wonder how he gets on without me! Well, it won’t be for long.”

And she wished she could have let him know she was out here, that they might have had a chat for just ten minutes.

Unconsciously she walked toward their usual trysting-place, a large overhanging plane-tree on the Keppel Street corner of the square.

Surely, surely, that could not be Tom! Quite impossible, for he was not alone. Two people, a young man and a young woman, stood at the tryst, absorbed in conversation: evidently sweet-hearts, for he had one arm round her, and he kissed her unresisted, several times.

Elizabeth gazed, fascinated, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses. For the young man’s figure was so excessively like Tom’s. At length, with the sort of feeling that makes one go steadily up to a shadow by the roadside, some ugly spectre that we feel sure, if we stare it out, will prove to be a mere imagination, she walked deliberately up to and past these “sweet-hearts.”

They did not see her; they were far too much occupied with one another; but she saw them, and saw at once that it was Tom, Tom’s own self, and with him her fellow-servant, Esther.

People may write volumes on jealousy, and volumes will still remain to be written. It is, next to remorse for guilt, the sharpest, sorest, most maddening torment that human nature can endure.

We may sit and gaze from the boxes at our *Othellos* and *Biancas*; we may laugh at the silly heart-burnings between Cousin Kate and Cousin Lucy in the ball-room, or the squabbles of Mary and Sally in the kitchen over the gardener’s lad; but there the thing remains. A man can not make love to two women, a woman can not coquet with two men, without causing in degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of this world.

The complaint comes in different forms; sometimes it is a case of slow poisoning, or of ordeal by red-hot irons, which though not fatal, undermines the whole character, and burns ineffaceable scars into the soul. And people take it in various ways—some fiercely, stung by a sense of wounded self-love; others haughtily:

“Pride’s a safe robe, I’ll wear it; but no rags.”

Others, again, humble, self-distrustful natures, whose only pride came through love, have nothing left them except rags. In a moment all their thin robes of happiness are torn off; they stand shivering, naked, and helpless before the blasts of the bitter world.

This was Elizabeth’s case. After the first instant of stunned bewilderment and despair she took it all quite naturally, as if it were a thing which she ought all along to have known was

sure to happen, and which was no more than she expected and deserved.

She passed the couple, still unobserved by them, and then walked round the other side of the square, deliberately home.

I am not going to make a tragic heroine of this poor servant-girl. Perhaps, people may say, there is nothing tragic about the incident. Merely a plain, quiet, old-fashioned woman, who is so foolish as to like a handsome young swain, and to believe in him, and to be surprised when he deserts her for a pretty girl of eighteen. All quite after the way things go on in the world, especially in the servant-world; and the best she can do is to get over it, or take another sweet-heart as quickly as possible. A very common story after all, and more of a farce than a tragedy.

But there are some farces which, if you look underneath the surface, have a good many of the elements of tragedy.

I shall neither paint Elizabeth tearing her own hair nor Esther’s, nor going raging about the square in moonlight in an insane fit of jealousy. She was not given to “fits” under any circumstances, or about any thing. All she felt went deep down into her heart, rooted itself, and either blossomed or cankered there.

On this night she, as I said, walked round the square to her home; then quietly went up stairs to her garret, locked the door, and sat down upon her bed.

She might have sat there for an hour or more, her bonnet and shawl still on, without stirring, without crying, altogether cold and hard like a stone, when she fancied she heard her mistress’s bell ring, and mechanically rose up and went down stairs to listen. Nothing was wanted, so she returned to her garret and crept to bed in the dark.

When soon afterward Esther likewise came up to bed, Elizabeth pretended to be asleep. Only once, taking a stealthy glance at the pretty girl who stood combing her hair at the looking-glass, she was conscious of a sick sense of repulsion, a pain like a knife running through her, at sight of the red young lips which Tom had just been kissing, of the light figure which he had clasped as he used to clasp her. But she never spoke, not one word.

Half an hour after she was roused by the nurse coming to her bedside. Mrs. Ascott was very ill, and was calling for Elizabeth. Soon the whole establishment was in confusion, and in the sharp struggle between birth and death Elizabeth had no time to think of any thing but her mistress.

Contrary to every expectation, all ended speedily and happily; and before he went off to the City next day the master of the house, who, in the midst of his anxiety and felicity, had managed to secure a good night’s sleep and a good breakfast, had the pleasure of sending off a special messenger to the *Times* office with the notification, “The Lady of Peter Ascott, Esq., of a son and heir.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FORTNIGHT'S time rather increased than diminished the excitement incident on the event at Russell Square.

Never was there such a wonderful baby, and never was there such a fuss made over it. Unprejudiced persons might have called it an ugly, weakly little thing; indeed, at first there were such apprehensions of its dying that it had been baptized in a great hurry, "Henry Leaf Ascott," according to the mother's desire, which in her critical position nobody dared to thwart. Even at the end of fourteen days the "son and heir" was still a puling, sickly, yellow-faced baby. But to the mother it was every thing.

From the moment she heard its first cry Mrs. Ascott's whole nature seemed to undergo a change. Her very eyes—those cold blue eyes of Miss Selina's—took a depth and tenderness whenever she turned to look at the little bundle that lay beside her. She never wearied of touching the tiny hands and feet, and wondering at them, and showing—to every one of the household who was favored with a sight of it—"my baby," as if it had been a miracle of the universe. She was so unutterably happy and proud.

Elizabeth, too, seemed not a little proud of the baby. To her arms it had first been committed; she had stood by at its first washing and dressing, and had scarcely left it or her mistress since. Nurse, a very grand personage, had been a little jealous of her at first, but soon grew condescending, and made great use of her in the sick-room, alleging that such an exceedingly sensible young person, so quiet and steady, was almost as good as a middle-aged married woman. Indeed, she once asked Elizabeth if she was a widow, since she looked as if she had "seen trouble;" and was very much surprised to learn she was single and only twenty-three years old.

Nobody else took any notice of her. Even Miss Hilary was so engrossed by her excitement and delight over the baby that she only observed, "Elizabeth, you look rather worn-out; this has been a trying time for you." And Elizabeth had just answered, "Yes"—no more.

During the fortnight she had seen nothing of Tom. He had written her a short note or two, and the cook told her he had been to the kitchen-door several times asking for her, but being answered that she was with her mistress up stairs, had gone away.

"In the sulks, most like, though he didn't look it. He's a pleasant-spoken young man, and I'm sure I wish you luck with him," said Cookie, who, like all the other servants, was now exceedingly civil to Elizabeth.

Her star had risen; she was considered in the household a most fortunate woman. It was shortly understood that nurse—majestic nurse, had spoken so highly of her, that at the month's end the baby was to be given entirely into her charge, with, of course, an almost fabulous amount of wages.

"Unless," said Mrs. Ascott, when this proposition was made, suddenly recurring to a fact which seemed hitherto to have quite slipped from her mind—"unless you are still willing to get married, and think you would be happier married. In that case I won't hinder you. But it would be such a comfort to me to keep you a little longer."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Elizabeth, softly, and busied herself with walking baby up and down the room, hushing it on her shoulder. If in the dim light tears fell on its puny face, God help her, poor Elizabeth!

Mrs. Ascott made such an excellent recovery that in three weeks' time nobody was the least anxious about her, and Mr. Ascott arranged to start on a business journey to Edinburgh; promising, however, to be back in three days for the Christmas dinner, which was to be a grand celebration. Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary were to appear thereat in their wedding-dresses; and Mrs. Ascott herself took the most vital interest in Johanna's having a new cap for the occasion. Nay, she insisted upon ordering it from her own milliner, and having it made of the most beautiful lace—the "sweetest" old lady's cap that could possibly be invented.

Evidently this wonderful baby had opened all hearts, and drawn every natural tie closer. Selina, lying on the sofa, in her graceful white wrapper, and her neat close cap, looked so young, so pretty, and, above all, so exceedingly gentle and motherly, that her sisters' hearts were full to overflowing. They acknowledged that happiness, like misery, was often brought about in a fashion totally unforeseen and incredible. Who would have thought, for instance, on that wretched night when Mr. Ascott came to Hilary at Kensington, or on that dreary heartless wedding-day, that they should ever have been sitting in Selina's room so merry and comfortable, admiring the baby, and on the friendliest terms with baby's papa?

"Papa" is a magical word, and let married people have fallen ever so wide asunder, the thought, "my child's mother," "my baby's father," must in some degree bridge the gulf between them. When Peter Ascott was seen stooping, awkwardly enough, over his son's cradle, poking his dumpy fingers into each tiny cheek in a half-alarmed, half-investigating manner, as if he wondered how it had all come about, but, on the whole, was rather pleased than otherwise—the good angel of the household might have stood by and smiled, trusting that the ghastly skeleton therein might in time crumble away into harmless dust, under the sacred touch of infant fingers.

The husband and wife took a kindly, even affectionate leave of one another. Mrs. Ascott called him "Peter," and begged him to take care of himself, and wrap up well that cold night. And when he was gone, and her sisters also, she lay on her sofa with her eyes open, thinking. What sort of thoughts they were, whether repentant or hopeful, solemn or tender,

whether they might have passed away and been forgotten, or how far they might have influenced her life to come, none knew, and none ever did know.

When there came a knock to the door, and a message for Elizabeth, Mrs. Ascott suddenly overheard it and turned round.

"Who is wanting you? Tom Cliffe? Isn't that the young man you are to be married to? Go down to him at once. And stay, Elizabeth, as it's such a bitter night, take him for half an hour into the housekeeper's room. Send her up stairs, and tell her I wished it, though I don't allow 'followers.'"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Elizabeth once more, and obeyed. She must speak to Tom some time, it might as well be done to-night as not. Without pausing to think, she went down with dull heavy steps to the housekeeper's room.

Tom stood there alone. He looked so exactly his own old self, he came forward to meet her so completely in his old familiar way, that for the instant she thought she must be under some dreadful delusion; that the moonlight night in the square must have been all a dream; Esther, still the silly little Esther, whom Tom had often heard of and laughed at; and Tom, her own Tom, who loved nobody but her.

"Elizabeth, what an age it is since I've had a sight of you!"

But though the manner was warm as ever,

"In his tone

A something smote her, as if Duty tried

To mock the voice of Love, how long since flown,"

and quiet as she stood, Elizabeth shivered in his arms.

"Why, what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Give me another kiss, my girl, do!"

He took it; and she crept away from him and sat down.

"Tom, I've got something to say to you, and I'd better say it at once."

"To be sure. 'Tisn't any bad news from home, is it? Or"—looking uneasily at her—"I haven't vexed you, have I?"

"Vexed me," she repeated, thinking what a small foolish word it was to express what had happened, and what she had been suffering. "No, Tom, not vexed me exactly. But I want to ask you a question. Who was it that you stood talking with, under our tree in the square, between nine and ten o'clock, this night three weeks ago?"

Though there was no anger in the voice it was so serious and deliberate that it made Tom start.

"Three weeks ago; how can I possibly tell?"

"Yes, you can; for it was a fine moonlight night, and you stood there a long time."

"Under the tree, talking to somebody? What nonsense! Perhaps it wasn't me at all."

"It was, for I saw you."

"The devil you did!" muttered Tom.

"Don't be angry, only tell me the plain truth.

The young woman that was with you was our Esther here, wasn't she?"

For a moment Tom looked altogether confounded. Then he tried to recover himself, and said, crossly, "Well, and if it was, where's the harm? Can't a man be civil to a pretty girl without being called over the coals in this way?"

Elizabeth made no answer, at least not immediately. At last she said, in a very gentle, subdued voice,

"Tom, are you fond of Esther? You would not kiss her if you were not fond of her. Do you like her as—as you used to like me?"

And she looked right up into his eyes. Hers had no reproach in them, only a piteous entreaty, the last clinging to a hope which she knew to be false.

"Like Esther? Of course I do. She's a nice sort of girl, and we're very good friends."

"Tom, a man can't be 'friends,' in that sort of way, with a pretty girl of eighteen, when he is going to be married to somebody else. At least, in my mind, he ought not."

Tom laughed in a confused manner. "I say, you're jealous, and you'd better get over it."

Was she jealous? was it all fancy, folly? Did Tom stand there, true as steel, without a feeling in his heart that she did not share, without a hope in which she was not united, holding her, and preferring her, with that individuality and unity of love which true love ever gives and exacts, as it has a right to exact?

Not that poor Elizabeth reasoned in this way, but she felt the thing by instinct without reasoning.

"Tom," she said, "tell me outright, just as if I was somebody else, and had never belonged to you at all, do you love Esther Martin?"

Truthful people enforce truth. Tom might be fickle, but he was not deceitful; he could not look into Elizabeth's eyes and tell her a deliberate lie; somehow he dared not.

"Well, then—since you will have it out of me—I think I do."

So Elizabeth's "ship went down." It might have been a very frail vessel, that nobody in their right senses would have trusted any treasure with, still she did; and it was all she had, and it went down to the bottom like a stone.

It is astonishing how soon the sea closes over this sort of wreck; and how quietly people take—when they must take, and there is no more disbelieving it—the truth which they would have given their lives to prove was an impossible lie.

For some minutes Tom stood facing the fire, and Elizabeth sat on her chair opposite without speaking. Then she took off her brooch, the only love-token he had given her, and put it into his hand.

"What's this for?" asked he, suddenly.

"You know. You'd better give it to Esther. It's Esther, not me, you must marry now."

And the thought of Esther, giddy, flirting, useless Esther, as Tom's wife, was almost more than she could bear. The sting of it put even

into her crushed humility a certain honest self-assertion.

"I'm not going to blame you, Tom; but I think I'm as good as she. I'm not pretty, I know, nor lively, nor young, at least I'm old for my age; but I was 'worth something.' You should not have served me so."

Tom said, the usual excuse, that he "couldn't help it." And suddenly turning round, he begged her to forgive him, and not forsake him.

She forsake Tom! Elizabeth almost smiled.

"I do forgive you; I'm not a bit angry with you. If I ever was I have got over it."

"That's right. You're a dear soul. Do you think I don't like you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh yes," she said, sadly, "I dare say you do, a little, in spite of Esther Martin. But that's not my way of liking, and I couldn't stand it."

"What couldn't you stand?"

"Your kissing me to-day, and another girl to-morrow: your telling me I was every thing to you one week, and saying exactly the same thing to another girl the next. It would be hard enough to bear if we were only friends, but as sweet-hearts, as husband and wife, it would be impossible. No, Tom, I tell you the truth, I could not stand it."

She spoke strongly, unhesitatingly, and for an instant there flowed out of her soft eyes that wild, fierce spark, latent even in these quiet humble natures, which is dangerous to meddle with.

Tom did not attempt it. He felt all was over. Whether he had lost or gained; whether he was glad or sorry, he hardly knew.

"I'm not going to take this back, any how," he said, "fiddling" with the brooch; and then going up to her, he attempted, with trembling hands, to refasten it in her collar.

The familiar action, his contrite look, were too much. People who have once loved one another, though the love is dead (for love *can* die), are not able to bury it all at once, or if they do, its pale ghost will still come knocking at the door of their hearts, "Let me in, let me in!"

Elizabeth ought, I know, in proper feminine dignity, to have bade Tom farewell without a glance or a touch. But she did not. When he had fastened her brooch she looked up in his familiar face a sorrowful, wistful, lingering look, and then clung about his neck:

"O Tom, Tom, I was so fond of you!"

And Tom mingled his tears with hers, and kissed her many times, and even felt his old affection returning, making him half oblivious of Esther; but mercifully—for love rebuilt upon lost faith is like a house founded upon sands—the door opened, and Esther herself came in.

Laughing, smirking, pretty Esther, who, thoughtless as she was, had yet the sense to draw back when she saw them.

"Come here, Esther!" Elizabeth called, imperatively; and she came.

"Esther, I've given up Tom; you may take him if he wants you. Make him a good wife, and I'll forgive you. If not—"

She could not say another word. She shut

the door upon them, and crept up stairs, conscious only of one thought—if she only could get away from them, and never see either of their faces any more!

And in this fate was kind to her, though in that awful way in which fate—say rather Providence—often works; cutting, with one sharp blow, some knot that our poor, feeble, mortal fingers have been long laboring at in vain, or making that which seemed impossible to do the most natural, easy, and only thing to be done.

How strangely often in human life "one woe doth tread upon the other's heel!" How continually, while one of those small private tragedies that I have spoken of is being enacted within, the actors are called upon to meet some other tragedy from without, so that external energy counteracts inward emotion, and holy sympathy with another's sufferings stifles all personal pain. That truth about sorrows coming "in battalions" may have a divine meaning in it—may be one of those mysterious laws which guide the universe—laws that we can only trace in fragments, and guess at the rest, believing, in deep humility, that one day we shall "know even as we are known."

Therefore I ask no pity for Elizabeth, because ere she had time to collect herself, and realize in her poor confused mind that she had indeed said good-by to Tom, given him up and parted from him forever, she was summoned to her mistress's room, there to hold a colloquy outside the door with the seriously-perplexed nurse.

One of those sudden changes had come which sometimes, after all seems safe, strike terror into a rejoicing household, and end by carrying away, remorseless, the young wife from her scarcely tasted bliss, the mother of many children from her close circle of happy duties and yearning loves.

Mrs. Ascott was ill. Either she had taken cold or been too much excited, or, in the over-confidence of her recovery, some slight neglect had occurred—some trifle which nobody thinks of till afterward, and which yet proves the fatal cause, the "little pin" that

"Bores through the castle wall"

of mortal hope, and King Death enters in all his awful state.

Nobody knew it or dreaded it; for though Mrs. Ascott was certainly ill, she was not at first very ill; and there being no telegraphs in those days no one thought of sending for either her husband or her sisters. But that very hour, when Elizabeth went up to her mistress, and saw the flush on her cheek and the restless expression of her eye, King Death had secretly crept in at the door of the mansion in Russell Square.

The patient was carefully removed back into her bed. She said little, except once, looking up uneasily—

"I don't feel quite myself, Elizabeth."

And when her servant soothed her in the long-familiar way, telling her she would be bet-

ter in the morning, she smiled contentedly, and turned to go to sleep.

Nevertheless, Elizabeth did not go to her bed, but sat behind the curtain, motionless, for an hour or more.

Toward the middle of the night, when her baby was brought to her, and the child instinctively refused its natural food, and began screaming violently, Mrs. Ascott's troubled look returned.

"What is the matter? What are you doing, Nurse? I won't be parted from my baby—I won't, I say!"

And when, to soothe her, the little thing was again put into her arms, and again turned from her, a frightened expression came into the mother's face.

"Am I going to be ill?—is baby—"

She stopped; and as nurse determinately carried it away, she attempted no resistance, only followed it across the room with eager eyes. It was the last glimmer of reason there. From that time her mind began to wander, and before morning she was slightly delirious.

Still nobody apprehended danger. Nobody really knew any thing about the matter except nurse, and she, with a selfish fear of being blamed for carelessness, resisted sending for the doctor till his usual hour of calling. In that large house, as in many other large houses, every body's business was nobody's business, and a member of the family, even the mistress, might easily be sick or dying in some room therein, while all things else went on just as usual, and no one was any the wiser.

About noon even Elizabeth's ignorance was roused up to the conviction that something was very wrong with Mrs. Ascott, and that nurse's skill could not counteract it. On her own responsibility she sent, or rather she went to fetch the doctor. He came; and his fiat threw the whole household into consternation.

Now they knew that the poor lady whose happiness had touched the very stoniest hearts in the establishment hovered upon the brink of the grave. Now all the women-servants, down to the little kitchen-maid with her dirty apron at her eyes, crept up stairs, one after the other, to the door of what had been such a silent, mysterious room, and listened, unhindered, to the ravings that issued thence. "Poor Missis," and the "poor little baby," were spoken of softly at the kitchen dinner-table, and confidentially sympathized over with inquiring tradespeople at the area gate. A sense of awe and suspense stole over the whole house, gathering thicker hour by hour of that dark December day.

When her mistress was first pronounced "in danger," Elizabeth, aware that there was no one to act but herself, had taken a brief opportunity to slip from the room and write two letters, one to her master in Edinburgh, and the other to Miss Hilary. The first she gave to the footman to post; the second she charged him to send by special messenger to Richmond. But he, being lazily inclined, or else thinking that, as the order

was only given by Elizabeth, it was of comparatively little moment, posted them both. So vainly did the poor girl watch and wait; neither Miss Leaf nor Miss Hilary came.

By night Mrs. Ascott's delirium began to subside, but her strength was ebbing fast. Two physicians—three—stood by the unconscious woman, and pronounced that all hope was gone, if, indeed, the case had not been hopeless from the beginning.

"Where is her husband? Has she no relations—no mother or sisters?" asked the fashionable physician, Sir ———, touched by the sight of this poor lady dying alone, with only a nurse and a servant about her. "If she has, they ought to be sent for immediately."

Elizabeth ran down stairs, and rousing the old butler from his bed, prevailed on him to start immediately in the carriage to bring back Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary. It would be midnight before he reached Richmond; still it must be done.

"I'll do it, my girl," said he, kindly; "and I'll tell them as gently as I can. Never fear."

When Elizabeth returned to her mistress's room the doctors were all gone, and nurse, standing at the foot of Mrs. Ascott's bed, was watching her with the serious look which even a hireling or a stranger wears in the presence of that sight which, however familiar, never grows less awful—a fellow-creature slowly passing from this life into the life unknown.

Elizabeth crept up to the other side. The change, undescribable yet unmistakable, which comes over a human face when the warrant for its dissolution has gone forth, struck her at once.

Never yet had Elizabeth seen death. Her father's she did not remember, and among her few friends and connections none other had occurred. At twenty-three years of age she was still ignorant of that solemn experience which every woman must go through some time, often many times, during her life. For it is to women that all look in their extreme hour. Very few men, even the tenderest-hearted, are able to watch by the last struggle and close the eyes of the dying.

For the moment, as she glanced round the darkened room, and then at the still figure on the bed, Elizabeth's courage failed. Strong love might have overcome this fear—the natural recoil of youth and life from coming into contact with death and mortality; but love was not exactly the bond between her and Mrs. Ascott. It was rather duty, pity, the tenderness that would have sprung up in her heart toward any body she had watched and tended so long.

"If she should die, die in the night, before Miss Hilary comes!" thought the poor girl, and glanced once more round the shadowy room, where she was now left quite alone. For nurse, thinking with true worldly wisdom of the preservation of the "son and heir," which was decidedly the most important question now, had stolen away, and was busy in the next room, seeing various young women whom the doctors had sent, one of whom was to supply to the in-

fant the place of the poor mother whom it would never know.

There was nobody left but herself to watch this dying mother, so Elizabeth took her lot upon her, smothered down her fears, and sat by the bedside waiting for the least expression of returning reason in the sunken face, which was very quiet now.

Consciousness did return at last, as the doctors had said it would. Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes; they wandered from side to side, and then she said, feebly,

"Elizabeth, where's my baby?"

What Elizabeth answered she never could remember; perhaps nothing, or her agitation betrayed her, for Mrs. Ascott said again,

"Elizabeth, am I going to—to leave my baby?"

Some people might have considered it best to reply with a lie—the frightened, cowardly lie that is so often told at death-beds to the soul passing direct to its God. But this girl could not and dared not.

Leaning over her mistress, she whispered as softly as she could, choking down the tears that might have disturbed the peace which, mercifully, seemed to have come with dying,

"Yes, you are going very soon—to God. He will watch over baby, and give him back to you again some day quite safe."

"Will He?"

The tone was submissive, half-inquiring; like that of a child learning something it had never learned before—as Selina was now learning. Perhaps even those three short weeks of motherhood had power so to raise her whole nature that she now gained the composure with which even the weakest soul can sometimes meet death, and had grown not unworthy of the dignity of a Christian's dying.

Suddenly she shivered. "I am afraid; I never thought of—this. Will nobody come and speak to me?"

Oh, how Elizabeth longed for Miss Hilary, for any body, who would have known what to say to the dying woman; who perhaps, as her look and words implied, till this hour had never thought of dying. Once it crossed the servant's mind to send for some clergyman; but she knew none, and was aware that Mrs. Ascott did not either. She had no superstitious feeling that any clergyman would do; just to give a sort of spiritual extreme unction to the departing soul. Her own religious faith was of such an intensely personal silent kind, that she did not believe in any good to be derived from a strange gentleman coming and praying by the bedside of a stranger, repeating set sayings with a set countenance, and going away again. And yet with that instinct which comes to almost every human soul, fast departing, Mrs. Ascott's white lips whispered, "Pray."

Elizabeth had no words, except those which Miss Leaf used to say night after night in the little parlor at Stowbury. She knelt down, and in a trembling voice repeated in her mistress's

ear—"Our Father which art in heaven"—to the end.

After it Mrs. Ascott lay very quiet. At length she said, "Please—bring—my—baby." It had been from the first, and was to the last, "*my*" baby.

The small face was laid close to hers that she might kiss it.

"He looks well; he does not miss me much yet, poor little fellow!" And the strong natural agony came upon her, conquering even the weakness of her last hour. "Oh, it's hard, hard! Will nobody teach my baby to remember me?"

And then lifting herself up on her elbow she caught hold of nurse.

"Tell Mr. Ascott that Elizabeth is to take care of baby. Promise, Elizabeth. Johanna is old—Hilary may be married—you will take care of my baby?"

"I will—as long as I live," said Elizabeth Hand.

She took the child in her arms, and for almost another hour stood beside the bed thus, until nurse whispered, "Carry it away; its mother doesn't know it now."

But she did; for she feebly moved her fingers as if in search of something. Baby was still asleep, but Elizabeth contrived, by kneeling down close to the bed, to put the tiny hand under those cold fingers; they closed immediately upon it, and remained so till the last.

When Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary came in Elizabeth was still kneeling there, trying softly to take the little hand away; for the baby had wakened and began its piteous wail. But it did not disturb the mother now.

"Poor Selina" was no more. Nothing of her was left to her child except the name of a mother. It may have been better so.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IN MEMORY OF
SELINA,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF PETER ASCOTT, ESQ.,
OF RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON,
AND DAUGHTER OF
THE LATE HENRY LEAF, ESQ.,
OF THIS TOWN.
DIED DECEMBER 24, 1839,
AGED 41 YEARS."

SUCH was the inscription which now, for six months, had met the eyes of the inhabitants of Stowbury, on a large, dazzlingly-white marble monument, the first that was placed in the church-yard of the New Church.

What motive induced Mr. Ascott to inter his wife here—whether it was a natural wish to lay her, and some day lie beside her, in their native earth; or the less creditable desire of showing how rich he had become, and of joining his once humble name, even on a tomb-stone, with one of the oldest names in the annals of Stow-

bury—nobody could find out. Probably nobody cared.

The Misses Leaf were content that he should do as he pleased in the matter: he had shown strong but not exaggerated grief at his loss; if any remorse mingled therewith, Selina's sisters happily did not know it. Nobody ever did know the full history of things except Elizabeth, and she kept it to herself. So the family skeleton was buried quietly in Mrs. Ascott's grave.

Peter Ascott showed, in his coarse fashion, much sympathy and consideration for his wife's sisters. He had them staying in the house till a week after the funeral was over, and provided them with the deepest and handsomest mourning. He even, in a formal way, took counsel with them as to the carrying out of Mrs. Ascott's wishes, and the retaining of Elizabeth in charge of the son and heir, which was accordingly settled. And then they went back to their old life at Richmond, and the widower returned to his solitary bachelor ways. He looked as usual; went to and from the City as usual; and his brief married life seemed to have passed away from him like a dream.

Not altogether a dream. Gradually he began to wake up to the consciousness of an occasional child's cry in the house—that large, silent, dreary house, where he was once more the sole, solitary master. Sometimes, when he came in from church of Sundays, he would mount another flight of stairs, walk into the nursery at the top of the house, and stare with distant curiosity at the little creature in Elizabeth's arms, pronounce it a "fine child, and did her great credit!" and walk down again. He never seemed to consider it as *his* child, this poor old bachelor of so many years' standing; he had outgrown apparently all sense of the affections or the duties of a father. Whether they ever would come into him; whether, after babyhood was passed, he would begin to take an interest in the little creature who thrived and blossomed into beauty—which, as if watched by guardian angels, dead mothers' children seem often to do—was a source of earnest speculation to Elizabeth.

In the mean time he treated both her and the baby with extreme consideration, allowed her to do just as she liked, and gave her indefinite sums of money to expend upon the nursery.

When summer came, and the doctor ordered change of air, Mr. Ascott consented to her suggestion of taking a lodging for herself and baby near baby's aunts at Richmond; only desiring that the lodging should be as handsome as could be secured, and that every other Sunday she should bring up his son to spend the day at Russell Square.

And so, during the long summer months, the motherless child, in its deep mourning—which looks so pathetic on a very young baby—might be seen carried about in Elizabeth's arms every where. When, after the first six weeks, the wet-nurse left—in fact, two or three wet-nurses successively were abolished—she took little

Henry solely under her own charge. She had comparatively small experience, but she had common sense, and the strong motherly instinct which comes by nature to some women. Besides, her whole soul was wrapped up in this little child.

From the hour when, even with her mistress dying before her eyes, Elizabeth had felt a strange thrill of comfort in the new duty which had come into her blank life, she took to this duty as women only can whose life *has* become a blank. She received the child as a blessing sent direct from God; by unconscious hands—for Mrs. Ascott knew nothing of what happened; something that would heal her wounded heart, and make her forget Tom.

And so it did. Women and mothers well know how engrossing is the care of an infant; how each minute of the day is filled up with something to be done or thought of; so that "fretting" about extraneous things becomes quite impossible. How gradually the fresh life growing up and expanding puts the worn-out or blighted life into the back-ground, and all the hopes and fancies cling around the small, beautiful present, the ever-developing, ever-marvellous mystery of a young child's existence! Why it should be so, we can only guess; but that it is so, many a wretched wife, many a widowed mother, many a broken-hearted, forlorn aunt, has thankfully proved.

Elizabeth proved it likewise. She did not exactly lose all memory of her trouble, but it seemed lighter; it was swallowed up in this second passion of adopted motherhood. And so she sank, quietly and at once, into the condition of a middle-aged woman, whose life's story—and her sort of women have but one—was a mere episode, told and ended.

For Esther had left and been married to Tom Cliffe within a few weeks of Mrs. Ascott's funeral. Of course, the household knew every thing; but nobody condoled with Elizabeth. There was a certain stand-off-ishness about her which made them hold their tongues. They treated her with much respect, as her new position demanded. She took this, as she took every thing, with the grave quietness which was her fashion from her youth up; assumed her place as a confidential upper servant; dressed well, but soberly, like a woman of forty, and was called "Mrs. Hand."

The only trace her "disappointment" left upon her was a slightly bitter way of speaking about men in general, and a dislike to any chatter about love-affairs and matrimony. Her own story she was never known to refer to in the most distant way, except once.

Miss Hilary—who, of course, had heard all, but delicately kept silence—one night, when little Henry was not well, remained in the lodgings on Richmond Hill, and slept in the nursery, Elizabeth making up for herself a bed on the floor close beside baby and cradle. In the dead of night the two women, mistress and maid, by some chance, said a few things to one another

which never might have been said in the daylight, and which, by tacit consent, were never afterward referred to by either, any more than if they had been spoken in a dream.

Elizabeth told briefly, though not without emotion, all that had happened between herself and Tom, and how he was married to Esther Martin. And then both women went back, in a moralizing way, to the days when they had both been "young" at Stowbury, and how different life was from what they then thought and looked forward to—Miss Hilary and her "bow-er-maiden."

"Yes," answered the former, with a sigh, "things are indeed not as people fancy when they are girls. We dream, and dream, and think we see very far into the future, which nobody sees but God. I often wonder how my life will end."

Elizabeth said, after a pause, "I always felt sure you would be married, Miss Hilary. There was one person—Is he alive still? Is he ever coming home?"

"I don't know."

"I am sure he was very fond of you. And he looked like a good man."

"He was the best man I ever knew."

This was all Miss Hilary said, and she said it softly and mournfully. She might never have said it at all; but it dropped from her unawares in the deep feeling of the moment, when her heart was tender over Elizabeth's own sad, simply-told story. Also because of a sudden and great darkness which had come over her own.

Literally, she did not now know whether Robert Lyon were alive or dead. Two months ago his letters had suddenly ceased, without any explanation, his last being exactly the same as the others—as frank, as warmly affectionate, as cheerful and brave.

One solution to this was his possible coming home. But she did not, after careful reasoning on the subject, believe that likely. She knew exactly his business relations with his employers; that there was a fixed time for his return to England, which nothing except the very strongest necessity could alter. Even in the chance of his health breaking, so as to incapacitate him for work, he should, he always said, have to go to the hills, rather than take the voyage home prematurely. And in that case he certainly would have informed his friends of his movements. There was nothing erratic, or careless, or eccentric about Robert Lyon; he was a practical, business-like Scotchman—far too cautious and too regular in all his habits to be guilty of those accidental negligences by which wanderers abroad sometimes cause such cruel anxieties to friends at home.

For the same reason, the other terrible possibility—his death—was not likely to have happened without their hearing of it. Hilary felt sure, with the strong confidence of love, that he would have taken every means to leave her some last word—some farewell token—which would

reach her after he was gone, and comfort her with the assurance of what, living, he had never plainly told. Sometimes, when a wild terror of his death seized her, this settled conviction drove it back again. He must be living, or she would have heard.

There was another interpretation of the silence, which many would have considered the most probable of all—he might be married. Not deliberately, but suddenly; drawn into it by some of those impelling trains of circumstance which are the cause of so many marriages, especially with men; or, impelled by one of those violent passions which occasionally seize on an exceedingly good man, fascinating him against his conscience, reason, and will, until he wakes up to find himself fettered and ruined for life. Such things do happen, strangely, pitifully often. The like might have happened to Robert Lyon.

Hilary did not actually believe it, but still her common sense told her that it was possible. She was not an inexperienced girl now; she looked on the world with the eyes of a woman of thirty; and though, thank Heaven! the romance had never gone out of her—the faith, and trust, and tender love—still it had sobered down a little. She knew it was quite within the bounds of possibility that a young man, separated from her for seven years, thrown into all kinds of circumstances and among all sorts of people, should have changed very much in himself, and, consequently, toward her. That, without absolute faithlessness, he might suddenly have seen some other woman he liked better, and have married at once. Or if he came back unmarried—she had taught herself to look this probability also steadily in the face—he might find the reality of her—Hilary Leaf—different from his remembrance of her; and so, without actual falseness to the old true love, might not love her any more.

These fears made her resolutely oppose Johanna's wish to write to the house of business at Liverpool, and ask what had become of Mr. Lyon. It seemed like seeking after him, trying to hold him by the slender chain which he had never attempted to make any stronger, and which, already, he might have broken, or desired to break.

She could not do it. Something forbade her; that something in the inmost depths of a woman's nature which makes her feel her own value, and exact that she shall be sought; that, if her love be worth having, it is worth seeking; that, however dear a man may be to her, she refuses to drop into his mouth like an overripe peach from a garden wall. In her sharpest agony of anxiety concerning him, Hilary felt that she could not, on her part, take any step that seemed to compel love—or even friendship—from Robert Lyon. It was not pride, she could hardly be called a proud woman; it was an innate sense of the dignity of that love which, as a free gift, is precious as "much fine gold," yet becomes the merest dross—utterly and insultingly poor—

when paid as a debt of honor, or offered as a benevolent largess.

And so, though oftentimes her heart felt breaking, Hilary labored on; sat the long day patiently at her desk; interested herself in the young people over whom she ruled; became Miss Balquidder's right hand in all sorts of schemes which that good woman was forever carrying out for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and at leisure times occupied herself with Johanna, or with Elizabeth and the baby, trying to think it was a very beautiful and happy world, with love still in it, and a God of love ruling over it—only, only—

Women are very humble in their cruelest pride. Many a day she felt as if she could have crawled a hundred miles in the dust—like some Catholic pilgrim—just to get one sight of Robert Lyon.

Autumn came—lovely and lingering late. It was November, and yet the air felt mild as May, and the sunshine had that peculiar genial brightness which autumnal sunshine alone possesses; even as, perhaps, late happiness has in it a holy calm and sweetness which no youthful ecstasy can ever boast.

The day happened to be Hilary's birthday. She had taken a holiday, which she, Johanna, Elizabeth, and the baby, had spent in Richmond Park, watching the rabbits darting about under the brown fern, and the deer grazing contentedly hard by. They had sat a long time under one of the oak-trees with which the Park abounds, listening for the sudden drop, drop of an occasional acorn among the fallen leaves; or making merry with the child, as a healthy, innocent, playful child always can make good women merry.

Still Master Henry was not a remarkable specimen of infancy, and had never occupied more than his proper nepotal corner in Hilary's heart. She left him chiefly to Elizabeth, and to his aunt Johanna, in whom the grandmotherly character had blossomed out in full perfection. And when these two became engrossed in his infant majesty, Hilary sat a little apart, unconsciously folding her hands and fixing her eyes on vacancy; becoming fearfully alive to the sharp truth, that of all griefs a strong love unreturned or unfilled is the grief which most blights a woman's life. Say, rather, any human life; but it is worst to a woman, because she must necessarily endure passively. So enduring, it is very difficult to recognize the good hand of God therein. Why should He ordain longings, neither selfish nor unholy, which yet are never granted; tenderness which expends itself in vain; sacrifices which are wholly unneeded; and sufferings which seem quite thrown away? That is, if we dared allege of any thing in the moral or in the material world, where so much loveliness, so much love, appear continually wasted, that it is really "thrown away." We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; and those three words, "God is

love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.

As Hilary rose from under the tree there was a shadow on her sweet face, a listless weariness in her movements, which caught Johanna's attention. Johanna had been very good to her child. When, do what she would, Hilary could not keep down fits of occasional dullness or impatience, it was touching to see how this woman of over sixty years slipped from her due pedestal of honor and dignity, to be patient with her younger sister's unspoken bitterness and incommunicable care.

She now, seeing how restless Hilary was, rose when she rose, put her arm in hers, and accompanied her, speaking or silent, with quick steps or slow, as she chose, across the beautiful park, than which, perhaps, all England can not furnish a scene more thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English. They rested on that high ground near the gate of Pembroke Lodge, where the valley of the Thames lies spread out like a map, stretching miles and miles away in luxuriant greenery.

"How beautiful! I wonder what a foreigner would think of this view? Or any one who had been long abroad? How inexpressibly sweet and home-like it would seem to him!"

Hilary turned sharply away, and Johanna saw at once what her words had implied. She felt so sorry, so vexed with herself; but it was best to leave it alone. So they made their way homeward, speaking of something else; and then that happened which Johanna had been almost daily expecting would happen, though she dared not communicate her hopes to Hilary, lest they should prove fallacious.

The two figures, both in deep mourning, might have attracted any one's attention; they caught that of a gentleman, who was walking quickly and looking about him, as if in search of something. He passed them at a little distance, then repassed, then turned, holding out both his hands.

"Miss Leaf; I was sure it was you."

Only the voice; every thing else about him was so changed that Hilary herself would certainly have passed him in the street, that brown, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, nor recognized him as Robert Lyon. But for all that it was himself; it was Robert Lyon.

Nobody screamed, nobody fainted. People seldom do that in real life, even when a friend turns up suddenly from the other end of the world. They only hold out a warm hand, and look silently in one another's faces, and try to believe that all is real, as these did.

Robert Lyon shook hands with both ladies, one after the other, Hilary last, then placed himself between them.

"Miss Leaf, will you take my arm?"

The tone, the manner, were so exactly like himself, that in a moment all these intervening years seemed crushed into an atom of time. Hilary felt certain, morally and absolutely certain, that, in spite of all outward change, he was the same Robert Lyon who had bade them all good-

by that Sunday night in the parlor at Stowbury. The same, even in his love for herself, though he had simply drawn her little hand under his arm, and never spoken a single word.

Hilary Leaf, down, secretly, on your heart's lowest knees, and thank God! Repent of all your bitternesses, doubts, and pains; be joyful, be joyful! But, oh, remember to be so humble withal.

She was. As she walked silently along by Robert Lyon's side she pulled down her veil to hide the sweetest, most contrite, most child-like tears. What did she deserve, more than her neighbors, that she should be so very, very happy? And when, a good distance across the park, she saw the dark, solitary figure of Elizabeth carrying baby, she quietly guided her companions into a different path, so as to avoid meeting, lest the sight of her happiness might in any way hurt poor Elizabeth.

"I only landed last night at Southampton," Mr. Lyon explained to Miss Leaf, after the fashion people have, at such meetings, of falling upon the most practical and uninteresting details. "I came by the Overland Mail. It was a sudden journey. I had scarcely more than a few hours' notice. The cause of it was some very unpleasant defalcations in our firm."

Under any other circumstances Hilary might have smiled; maybe she did smile, and tease him many a time afterward, because the first thing he could find to talk about, after seven years' absence, was "defalcations in our firm." But now she listened gravely, and by-and-by took her part in the unimportant conversation which always occurs after a meeting such as this.

"Were you going home, Miss Leaf? They told me at your house you were expected to dinner. May I come with you? for I have only a few hours to stay. To-night I must go on to Liverpool."

"But we shall hope soon to see you again?"

"I hope so. And I trust, Miss Leaf, that I do not intrude to-day?"

He said this with his Scotch shyness, or pride, or whatever it was; so like his old self, that it made somebody smile! But somebody loved it. Somebody lifted up to his face eyes of silent welcome; sweet, soft, brown eyes, where never, since he knew them, had he seen one cloud of anger darken, one shadow of unkindness rise.

"This is something to come home to," he said in a low voice, and not over lucidly. Ay, it was.

"I am by no means disinterested in the matter of dinner, Miss Leaf; for I have no doubt of finding good English roast beef and plum-pudding on your sister's birthday. Happy returns of the day, Miss Hilary."

She was so touched by his remembering this, that, to hide it, she put on a spice of her old mischievousness, and asked him if he was aware how old she was?

"Yes: you are thirty; I have known you for fifteen years."

"It is a long time," said Johanna, thoughtfully.

Johanna would not have been human had she not been a little thoughtful and silent on the way home, and had she not many times, out of the corners of her eyes, sharply investigated Mr. Robert Lyon.

He was much altered; there was no doubt of that. Seven years of Indian life would change any body; take the youthfulness out of any body. It was so with Robert Lyon. When coming into the parlor he removed his hat many a white thread was visible in his hair, and besides the spare, dried-up look which is always noticeable in people who have lived long in hot climates, there was an "old" expression in his face, indicating many a worldly battle fought and won, but not without leaving scars behind.

Even Hilary, as she sat opposite to him at table, could not but feel that he was no longer a young man either in appearance or reality.

We ourselves grow old, or older, without knowing it, but when we suddenly come upon the same fact in another it startles us. Hilary had scarcely recognized how far she herself had left her girlish days behind till she saw Robert Lyon.

"You think me very much changed?" said he, guessing by his curiously swift intuition of old what she was thinking of.

"Yes, a good deal changed," she answered truthfully; at which he was silent.

He could not read—perhaps no man's heart could—all the emotion that swelled in hers as she looked at him, the love of her youth, no longer young. How the ghostly likeness of the former face gleamed out under the hard, worn lines of the face that now was touching her with ineffable tenderness. Also, with solemn content came a sense of the entire indestructibility of that love which through all decay or alteration traces the ideal image still, clings to it, and cherishes it with a tenacity that laughs to scorn the grim dread of "growing old."

In his premature and not specially comely middle age, in his gray hairs, in the painful, anxious, half-melancholy expression which occasionally flitted across his features, as if life had gone hard with him, Robert Lyon was a thousand times dearer to her than when the world was all before them both in the early days at Stowbury.

There is a great deal of a sentimental nonsense talked about people having been "young together." Not necessarily is that a bond. Many a tie formed in youth dwindles away and breaks off naturally in maturer years. Characters alter, circumstances divide. No one will dare to allege that there may not be loves and friendships formed in middle life as dear, as close, as firm as any of those of youth; perhaps, with some temperaments, infinitely more so. But when the two go together, when the calm election of maturity confirms the early instinct, and the lives have run parallel, as it were, for many years, there can be no bond like that of those

who say, as these two did, "We were young together."

He said so when, after dinner, he came and stood by the window where Hilary was sitting sewing. Johanna had just gone out of the room; whether intentionally or not this history can not avouch. Let us give her the benefit of the doubt; she was a generous woman.

During the three hours that Mr. Lyon had been with her Hilary's first agitation had subsided. That exceeding sense of rest which she had always felt beside him—the sure index of people who, besides loving, are meant to guide and help and bless one another—returned as strong as ever. That deep affection which should underlie all love revived and clung to him with a childlike confidence, strengthening at every word he said, every familiar look and way.

He was by no means so composed as she was, especially now when, coming up to her side and watching her hands moving for a minute or so, he asked her to tell him, a little more explicitly, of what had happened to her since they parted.

"Things are rather different from what I thought;" and he glanced with a troubled air round the neat but very humbly furnished parlor. "And about the shop?"

"Johanna told you."

"Yes; but her letters have been so few, so short—not that I could expect more. Still—now, if you will trust me—tell me all."

Hilary turned to him, her friend for fifteen years. He was that if he was nothing more. And he had been very true; he deserved to be trusted. She told him, in brief, the history of the last year or two, and then added:

"But after all it is hardly worth the telling, because, you see, we are very comfortable now. Poor Ascott, we suppose, must be in Australia. I earn enough to keep Johanna and myself, and Miss Balquidder is a good friend to us. We have repaid her, and owe nobody any thing. Still we have suffered a great deal. Two years ago; oh! it was a dreadful time."

She was hardly aware of it, but her candid tell-tale face betrayed more even than her words. It cut Robert Lyon to the heart.

"You suffered, and I never knew it."

"I never meant you to know."

"Why not?" He walked the room in great excitement. "I ought to have been told; it was cruel not to tell me. Suppose you had sunk under it; suppose you had died, or been driven to do what many a woman does for the sake of mere bread and a home—what your poor sister did—married. But I beg your pardon."

For Hilary had started up with her face all aglow.

"No," she cried; "no poverty would have sunk me as low as that. I might have starved, but I should never have married."

Robert Lyon looked at her, evidently uncomprehending, then said humbly, though rather formally,

"I beg your pardon once more. I had no right to allude to any thing of the kind."

Hilary replied not. It seemed as if now, close together, they were further apart than when the Indian seas rolled between them.

Mr. Lyon's brown cheek turned paler and paler; he pressed his lips hard together; they moved once or twice, but still he did not utter a word. At last, with a sort of desperate courage, and in a tone that Hilary had never heard from him in her life before, he said:

"Yes, I believe I have a right, the right that every man has when his whole happiness depends upon it, to ask you one question. You know every thing concerning me; you always have known; I meant that you should—I have taken the utmost care that you should. There is not a bit of my life that has not been as open to you as if—as if—. But I know nothing whatever concerning you."

"What do you wish to know?" she faltered.

"Seven years is a long time. Are you free? I mean, are you engaged to be married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

He dropped his head down between his hands and did not speak for a long time.

And then with difficulty—for it was always hard to him to speak out—he told her, at least he somehow made her understand, how he had loved her. No light fancy of sentimental youth, captivated by every fresh face it sees, putting upon each one the coloring of its own imagination, and adorning not what is, but what itself creates: no sudden, selfish, sensuous passion, caring only to attain its object, irrespective of reason, right, or conscience; but the strong deep love of a just man, deliberately choosing one woman as the best woman out of all the world, and setting himself resolutely to win her. Battling for her sake with all hard fortune; keeping, for her sake, his heart pure from all the temptations of the world; never losing sight of her; watching over her so far as he could, consistently with the sense of honor (or masculine pride—which was it? but Hilary forgave it, anyhow) which made him resolutely compel himself to silence; holding her perfectly free, while he held himself bound. Bound by a faithfulness perfect as that of the knights of old—asking nothing, and yet giving all.

Such was his love—this brave, plain-spoken, single-hearted Scotsman. Would that there were more such men and more such love in the world!

Few women could have resisted it, certainly not Hilary, especially with a little secret of her own lying perdu at the bottom of her heart; that "sleeping angel" whence half her strength and courage had come; the noble, faithful, generous love of a good woman for a good man. But this secret Robert Lyon had evidently never guessed, or deemed himself wholly unworthy of such a possession.

He took her hand at last, and held it firmly.

"And now that you know all, do you think

in time—I'll not hurry you—but in time, do you think I could make you love me?"

She looked up in his face with her honest eyes. Smiling as they were, there was pathos in them; the sadness left by those long years of hidden suffering, now forever ended.

"I have loved you all my life," said Hilary.

A FAIRY IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

SUCH a provoking baby! There he lay in the cradle by the hearth, five little pink toes showing from under the blanket, and a fat thumb in his mouth, staring with all his might at the fire, while nurse sung and rocked till the cradle's shadow seemed going crazy on the bright wall opposite.

"Bless the child!" cried nurse at last, quite out of breath; "will he never go to sleep?"

As if even a pudding-headed baby could go to sleep, when, perched on the back log, sat a Fire Elf, kicking up his heels into the chimney; turning somersaults on the wall; throwing up his bright, pointed cap to the ceiling, and winking with all his might right into baby's eyes.

"Hushaby baby!" sung nurse.

"Don't you do it," crackled the Fire Elf. "We'll serve her out, baby, for washing you and poking me. What! are you winking? You mustn't think of such a thing. Wait a moment, and I'll tell you about the fairy that was shut out of Fairy-land."

So baby opened his eyes wide, and the Elf commenced:

"Yesterday afternoon, when you sat in nurse's lap looking at the sunset, if you had but known it, baby, you were looking straight into Fairy-land. The closed gates were opened wide, and the pretty star that nurse showed was the great diamond tower where the Elves keep watch night and day, flashing out in the soft evening light; and the little rosy clouds toppling about were the boats in which the fairies sail on the air sea; and the dark that came so fast was the Shadow-Elf, coming to hunt up the stray sunbeams and fairies, and send them home to Fairy-land for the night. Almost all made for the hill-tops as fast as they could scramble at once, but a few sunbeams hid away on the hill-sides, and in among rocks and tangles of green; and between chasing them out, and shutting up the flowers, and pulling the curtains about the hills, and hanging out the stars, our poor Elf was kept so busy that one fairy crept away from him unobserved, and hiding under a toad-stool, played bo-peep with a cricket, till on a sudden closed the gates of Fairy-land, and our fairy was shut out.

"There was no one to take him in, for the flowers were shut up and the birds fast asleep; so he journeyed on sorrowfully enough till he came to a palace where every body was running about as if distracted.

"What is the matter?" asked the fairy.

"Matter enough," answered the courtiers all together. "The Prince's tutor is dead, and not

one of us knows the alphabet, and it's contrary to the book of etiquette for the Prince to eat his dinner without having first said his A B C's, and it's contrary to etiquette for us to eat dinner without him; and we've sent east, west, north, and south for a tutor, and there is none to be found, and so we are all starving together.'

"Try me," said the fairy. "I can hear him say the alphabet."

"So they took him to the Lord High Fiddlestick, who put on his spectacles and his wisest look, and said,

"Pray, Sir Tutor, do you speak Persian and Chaldee? Can you make lace and weave cloth of gold? Can you square the circle, and do you know any thing of astronomy?"

"Why no," answered the fairy; "but then one doesn't need to understand Persian to hear a child say his A B C's."

"Alas!" groaned the Lord High Fiddlestick and the courtiers, "it's contrary to the book of etiquette. You won't answer."

"So the fairy went out in a huff, and near the gates he met an owl, to whom he told what had happened.

"To-whit! to-whoo! what a fool you are!" shrieked the owl. "Hoo! hoo! hoo! Wait now, and see how I will manage. I'll wager all my feathers against your cap that I will be appointed tutor in half an hour."

"A fine tutor you will be," said the fairy, scornfully. "What will you teach the Prince? To catch frogs and mice?" But the owl only hooted the louder as he knocked at the palace gate, which the guards could hardly open, they were so weak from hunger.

"I am a tutor," said the owl; so they brought him to the Lord High Fiddlestick, who said, mournfully,

"Do you understand Persian?"

"Ankeh Mhanashim," answered the owl; "I never use any other language while I am eating."

"And Chaldee?"

"Oh! I talk that in my sleep."

"And making lace and weaving cloth of gold?"

"I was educated in those professions, and will give you a sample as soon as you will have made a set of diamond wheels and golden needles."

"The Lord High Fiddlestick could hardly credit his senses. He was almost afraid to ask about astronomy and squaring the circle, but the owl was just as much at home there as in all the rest.

"Astronomy is my amusement, my lord. I have discovered six new planets, and will show them to you if you will build me a telescope a hundred miles long. Mine is unfortunately broken. As for squaring the circle, that is mere child's play. I can teach you to do it in five seconds. You take a sealene isosceles, subtend it with a conical section, apply therapeutics, bisect with—"

"Enough!" cried the Lord High Fiddle-

stick; 'you are the very person we want; you shall be tutor to the Prince.'

"'One moment,' said the owl, loftily. 'There are conditions. I must have private apartments. During the day I am not to be disturbed, as I shall be lost in philosophical meditations. I must have a key of the palace, as I am in the habit of walking in the woods to conduct my scientific experiments, and I must also be supplied with large quantities of frogs and mice for my dissecting room.'

"'Certainly, certainly,' answered the Lord High Fiddlestick, while the courtiers whispered together, 'What a wonderful mind! It is worth a week's starving to have such a tutor for our prince.'

"But the poor rejected fairy went away sad and angry, though he is not the first fairy that has been turned away for an owl," concluded the Fire Elf: "but it is time now to go to sleep; so shut your eyes, baby, and to-morrow night I will tell you what became of our fairy."

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.

LILY, as she parted with her lover in the garden, had required of him to attend upon her the next morning as he went to his shooting, and in obedience to this command he appeared on Mrs. Dale's lawn after breakfast, accompanied by Bernard and two dogs. The men had guns in their hands, and were got up with all proper sporting appurtenances, but it so turned out that they did not reach the stubble-fields on the farther side of the road until after luncheon. And may it not be fairly doubted whether croquet is not as good as shooting when a man is in love?

It will be said that Bernard Dale was not in love; but they who bring such accusation against him will bring it falsely. He was in love with

his cousin Bell according to his manner and fashion. It was not his nature to love Bell as John Eames loved Lily; but then neither would his nature bring him into such a trouble as that which the charms of Amelia Roper had brought upon the poor clerk from the Income-tax Office. Johnny was susceptible, as the word goes; whereas Captain Dale was a man who had his feelings well under control. He was not one to make a fool of himself about a girl, or to die of a broken heart; but, nevertheless, he would probably love his wife when he got a wife, and would be a careful father to his children.

They were very intimate with each other now, these four. It was Bernard and Adolphus—or sometimes Apollo—and Bell and Lily among them; and Crosbie found it to be pleasant enough. A new position of life had come upon him, and one exceeding pleasant; but, nevertheless, there were moments in which cold fits of a melancholy nature came upon him. He was doing the very thing which throughout all the years of his manhood he had declared to himself that he would not do. According to his plan of life he was to have eschewed marriage, and to have allowed himself to regard it as a possible event only under the circumstances of wealth, rank, and beauty all coming in his way together. As he had expected no such glorious prize, he had regarded himself as a man who would reign at the Beaufort and be potent at Sebright's to the end of his chapter. But now—

It was the fact that he had fallen from his settled position, vanquished by a silver voice, a pretty wit, and a pair of moderately bright eyes. He was very fond of Lily, having in truth a stronger capability for falling in love than his friend Captain Dale; but was the sacrifice worth his while? This was the question which he asked himself in those melancholy moments; while he was lying in bed, for instance, awake in the morning, when he was shaving himself, and sometimes also when the squire was prosy after dinner. At such times as these, while he would be listening to Mr. Dale, his self-reproaches would sometimes be very bitter. Why should he undergo this—he, Crosbie of Sebright's, Crosbie of the General Committee Office, Crosbie who would allow no one to bore him between Charing Cross and the far end of Bayswater

—why should he listen to the long-winded stories of such a one as Squire Dale? If, indeed, the squire intended to be liberal to his niece, then it might be very well. But as yet the squire had given no sign of such intention, and Crosbie was angry with himself in that he had not had the courage to ask a question on that subject.

And thus the course of love was not all smooth to our Apollo. It was still pleasant for him when he was there on the croquet ground, or sitting in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with all the privileges of an accepted lover. It was pleasant to him also as he sipped the squire's claret, knowing that his coffee would soon be handed to him by a sweet girl who would have tripped across the two gardens on purpose to perform for him this service. There is nothing pleasanter than all this, although a man when so treated does feel himself to look like a calf at the altar, ready for the knife, with blue ribbons round his horns and neck. Crosbie felt that he was such a calf—and the more calf-like, in that he not as yet dared to ask a question about his wife's fortune. "I will have it out of the old fellow this evening," he said to himself, as he buttoned on his dandy shooting gaiters that morning.

"How nice he looks in them!" Lily said to her sister afterward, knowing nothing of the thoughts which had troubled her lover's mind while he was adorning his legs.

"I suppose we shall come back this way," Crosbie said, as they prepared to move away on their proper business when lunch was over.

"Well, not exactly!" said Bernard. "We shall make our way round by Darvell's farm, and so back by Gruddock's. Are the girls going to dine up at the Great House to-day?"

The girls declared that they were not going to dine up at the Great House, that they did not intend going to the Great House at all that evening.

"Then, as you won't have to dress, you might as well meet us at Gruddock's gate, at the back of the farm-yard. We'll be there exactly at half past five."

"That is to say, we're to be there at half past five, and you'll keep us waiting for three-quarters of an hour," said Lily. Nevertheless the arrangement as proposed was made, and the two ladies were not at all unwilling to make it. It is thus that the game is carried on among unsophisticated people who really live in the country. The farm-yard gate at Farmer Gruddock's has not a fitting sound as a trysting-place in romance, but for people who are in earnest it does as well as any oak in the middle glade of a forest. Lily Dale was quite in earnest—and so indeed was Adolphus Crosbie—only with him the earnest was beginning to take that shade of brown which most earnest things have to wear in this vale of tears. With Lily it was as yet all rose-colored. And Bernard Dale was also in earnest. Throughout this morning he had stood very near to Bell on the lawn, and had thought that his cousin did not receive his little

whisperings with any aversion. Why should she? Lucky girl that she was, thus to have eight hundred a year pinned to her skirt!

"I say, Dale," Crosbie said, as in the course of their day's work they had come round upon Gruddock's ground, and were preparing to finish off his turnips before they reached the farm-yard gate. And now, as Crosbie spoke, they stood leaning on the gate, looking at the turnips while the two dogs squatted on their haunches. Crosbie had been very silent for the last mile or two, and had been making up his mind for this conversation. "I say, Dale, your uncle has never said a word to me yet as to Lily's fortune."

"As to Lily's fortune! The question is whether Lily has got a fortune."

"He can hardly expect that I am to take her without something. Your uncle is a man of the world, and he knows—"

"Whether or no my uncle is a man of the world I will not say; but you are, Crosbie, whether he is or not. Lily, as you have always known, has nothing of her own."

"I'm not talking of Lily's own. I'm speaking of her uncle. I have been straightforward with him; and when I became attached to your cousin I declared what I meant at once."

"You should have asked him the question, if you thought there was any room for such a question."

"Thought there was any room! Upon my word you are a cool fellow."

"Now look here, Crosbie; you may say what you like about my uncle, but you must not say a word against Lily."

"Who is going to say a word against her? You can little understand me if you don't know that the protection of her name against evil words is already more my care than it is yours. I regard Lily as my own."

"I only meant to say, that any discontent you may feel as to her money, or want of money, you must refer to my uncle, and not to the family at the Small House."

"I am quite well aware of that."

"And though you are quite at liberty to say what you like to me about my uncle, I can not say that I can see that he has been to blame."

"He should have told me what her prospects are."

"But if she have got no prospects! It can not be an uncle's duty to tell every body that he does not mean to give his niece a fortune. In point of fact, why should you suppose that he has such an intention?"

"Do you know that he has not? because you once led me to believe that he would give his niece money."

"Now, Crosbie, it is necessary that you and I should understand each other in this matter—"

"But did you not?"

"Listen to me for a moment. I never said a word to you about my uncle's intentions in any way, until after you had become fully engaged to Lily with the knowledge of us all. Then,

when my belief on the subject could make no possible difference in your conduct, I told you that I thought my uncle would do something for her. I told you so because I did think so; and as your friend, I should have told you what I thought in any matter that concerned your interest."

"And now you have changed your opinion?"

"I have changed my opinion; but very probably without sufficient ground."

"That's hard upon me."

"It may be hard to bear disappointment; but you can not say that any body has ill-used you."

"And you don't think he will give her any thing?"

"Nothing that will be of much moment to you."

"And I'm not to say that that's hard? I think it confounded hard. Of course I must put off my marriage."

"Why do you not speak to my uncle?"

"I shall do so. To tell the truth, I think it would have come better from him; but that is a matter of opinion. I shall tell him very plainly what I think about it; and if he is angry, why, I suppose I must leave his house; that will be all."

"Look here, Crosbie; do not begin your conversation with the purpose of angering him. He is not a bad-hearted man, but is very obstinate."

"I can be quite as obstinate as he is." And then, without further parley, they went in among the turnips, and each swore against his luck as he missed his birds. There are certain phases of mind in which a man can neither ride nor shoot, nor play a stroke at billiards, nor remember a card at whist, and to such a phase of mind had come both Crosbie and Dale after their conversation over the gate.

They were not above fifteen minutes late at the trysting-place, but nevertheless, punctual though they had been, the girls were there before them. Of course the first inquiries were made about the game, and of course the gentlemen declared that the birds were scarcer than they had ever been before, that the dogs were wilder, and their luck more excruciatingly bad—to all which apologies very little attention was paid. Lily and Bell had not come there to inquire after partridges, and would have forgiven the sportsmen even though no single bird had been killed. But they could not forgive the want of good spirits which was apparent.

"I declare I don't know what's the matter with you," Lily said to her lover.

"We have been over fifteen miles of ground, and—"

"I never knew any thing so lackadaisical as you gentlemen from London. Been over fifteen miles of ground! Why Uncle Christopher would think nothing of that."

"Uncle Christopher is made of sterner stuff than we are," said Crosbie. "They used to be born so sixty or seventy years ago." And then they walked on through Gruddock's fields, and

the home paddocks, back to the Great House, where they found the squire standing in the front of the porch.

The walk had not been so pleasant as they had all intended that it should be when they made their arrangements for it. Crosbie had endeavored to recover his happy state of mind, but had been unsuccessful; and Lily, fancying that her lover was not all that he should be, had become reserved and silent. Bernard and Bell had not shared this discomfiture, but then Bernard and Bell were, as a rule, much more given to silence than the other two.

"Uncle," said Lily, "these men have shot nothing, and you can not conceive how unhappy they are in consequence. It's all the fault of the naughty partridges."

"There are plenty of partridges if they knew how to get them," said the squire.

"The dogs are uncommonly wild," said Crosbie.

"They are not wild with me," said the squire; "nor yet with Dingles." Dingles was the squire's game-keeper. "The fact is, you young men nowadays expect to have dogs trained to do all the work for you. It's too much labor for you to walk up to your game. You'll be late for dinner, girls, if you don't look sharp."

"We're not coming up this evening, Sir," said Bell.

"And why not?"

"We're going to stay with mamma."

"And why will not your mother come with you? I'll be whipped if I can understand it. One would have thought that under the present circumstances she would have been glad to see you all as much together as possible."

"We're together quite enough," said Lily. "And as for mamma, I suppose she thinks—" And then she stopped herself, catching the glance of Bell's imploring eye. She was going to make some indignant excuse for her mother—some excuse which would be calculated to make her uncle angry. It was her practice to say such sharp words to him, and consequently he did not regard her as warmly as her more silent and more prudent sister. At the present moment he turned quickly round and went into the house; and then, with a very few words of farewell, the two young men followed him. The girls went back over the little bridge by themselves, feeling that the afternoon had not gone off altogether well.

"You shouldn't provoke him, Lily," said Bell.

"And he shouldn't say those things about mamma. It seems to me that you don't mind what he says."

"Oh, Lily!"

"No more you do. He makes me so angry that I can not hold my tongue. He thinks that because all the place is his, he is to say just what he likes. Why should mamma go up there to please his humors?"

"You may be sure that mamma will do what she thinks best. She is stronger-minded than Uncle Christopher, and does not want any one to



LILY SPEAKS. "IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE NAUGHTY PARTRIDGES."

help her. But, Lily, you shouldn't speak as though I were careless about mamma. You didn't mean that, I know."

"Of course I didn't." Then the two girls joined their mother in their own little domain; but we will return to the men at the Great House.

Crosbie, when he went up to dress for dinner, fell into one of those melancholy fits of which I have spoken. Was he absolutely about to destroy all the good that he had done for himself

throughout the past years of his hitherto successful life? or rather, as he at last put the question to himself more strongly, was it not the case that he had already destroyed all that success? His marriage with Lily, whether it was to be for good or bad, was now a settled thing, and was not regarded as a matter admitting of any doubt. To do the man justice, I must declare that in all these moments of misery he still did the best he could to think of Lily herself as of a great treas-

ure which he had won—as of a treasure which should, and perhaps would, compensate him for his misery. But there was the misery very plain. He must give up his clubs, and his fashion, and all that he had hitherto gained, and be content to live a plain, humdrum, domestic life, with eight hundred a year, and a small house, full of babies. It was not the kind of Elysium for which he had tutored himself. Lily was very nice, very nice indeed. She was, as he said to himself, “by odds the nicest girl that he had ever seen.” Whatever might now turn up, her happiness should be his first care. But as for his own, he began to fear that the compensation would hardly be perfect. “It is my own doing,” he said to himself, intending to be rather noble in the purport of his soliloquy, “I have trained myself for other things—very foolishly. Of course I must suffer—suffer damnably. But she shall never know it. Dear, sweet, innocent, pretty little thing!” And then he went on about the squire, as to whom he felt himself entitled to be indignant by his own disinterested and manly line of conduct toward the niece. “But I will let him know what I think about it,” he said. “It’s all very well for Dale to say that I have been treated fairly. It isn’t fair for a man to put forward his niece under false pretenses. Of course I thought that he intended to provide for her.” And then, having made up his mind in a very manly way that he would not desert Lily altogether after having promised to marry her, he endeavored to find consolation in the reflection that he might, at any rate, allow himself two years’ more run as a bachelor in London. Girls who have to get themselves married without fortunes always know that they will have to wait. Indeed, Lily had already told him that, as far as she was concerned, she was in no hurry. He need not, therefore, at once withdraw his name from Sebright’s. Thus he endeavored to console himself, still, however, resolving that he would have a little serious conversation with the squire that very evening as to Lily’s fortune.

And what was the state of Lily’s mind at the same moment, while she, also, was performing some slight toilet changes preparatory to their simple dinner at the Small House?

“I didn’t behave well to him,” she said to herself; “I never do. I forget how much he is giving up for me; and then, when any thing annoys him, I make it worse instead of comforting him.” And upon that she made accusation against herself that she did not love him half enough—that she did not let him see how thoroughly and perfectly she loved him. She had an idea of her own, that as a girl should never show any preference for a man till circumstances should have fully entitled him to such manifestation, so also should she make no drawback on her love, but pour it forth for his benefit with all her strength when such circumstances had come to exist. But she was ever feeling that she was not acting up to her theory, now that the time for such practice had come. She would unwittingly assume little reserves, and make small

pretenses of indifference in spite of her own judgment. She had done so on this afternoon, and had left him without giving him her hand to press, without looking up into his face with an assurance of love, and therefore she was angry with herself. “I know I shall teach him to hate me,” she said out loud to Bell.

“That would be very sad,” said Bell; “but I don’t see it.”

“If you were engaged to a man you would be much better to him. You would not say so much, but what you did say would be all affection. I am always making horrid little speeches, for which I should like to cut out my tongue afterward.”

“Whatever sort of speeches they are I think that he likes them.”

“Does he? I’m not all so sure of that, Bell. Of course I don’t expect that he is to scold me—not yet, that is. But I know by his eye when he is pleased and when he is displeased.”

And then they went down to their dinner.

Up at the Great House the three gentlemen met together in apparent good-humor. Bernard Dale was a man of an equal-temperament, who rarely allowed any feeling, or even any annoyance, to interfere with his usual manner—a man who could always come to table with a smile, and meet either his friend or his enemy with a properly civil greeting. Not that he was especially a false man. There was nothing of deceit in his placidity of demeanor. It arose from true equanimity; but it was the equanimity of a cold disposition rather than of one well ordered by discipline. The squire was aware that he had been unreasonably petulant before dinner, and having taken himself to task in his own way, now entered the dining-room with the courteous greeting of a host. “I find that your bag was not so bad after all,” he said; “and I hope that your appetite is at least as good as your bag.”

Crosbie smiled, and made himself pleasant, and said a few flattering words. A man who intends to take some very decided step in an hour or two generally contrives to bear himself in the mean time as though the trifles of the world were quite sufficient for him. So he praised the squire’s game, said a good-natured word as to Dingles, and bantered himself as to his own want of skill. Then all went merry—not quite as a marriage bell; but still merry enough for a party of three gentlemen.

But Crosbie’s resolution was fixed; and as soon, therefore, as the old butler was permanently gone, and the wine steadily in transit upon the table, he began his task, not without some apparent abruptness. Having fully considered the matter, he had determined that he would not wait for Bernard Dale’s absence. He thought it possible that he might be able to fight his battle better in Bernard’s presence than he could do behind his back.

“Squire,” he began. They all called him squire when they were on good terms together, and Crosbie thought it well to begin as though

there was nothing amiss between them. "Squire, of course I am thinking a good deal at the present moment as to my intended marriage."

"That's natural enough," said the squire.

"Yes, by George! Sir, a man doesn't make a change like that without finding that he has got something to think of."

"I suppose not," said the squire. "I never was in the way of getting married myself, but I can easily understand that."

"I've been the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a girl as your niece—" Whereupon the squire bowed, intending to make a little courteous declaration that the luck in the matter was on the side of the Dales. "I know that," continued Crosby, "she is exactly every thing that a girl ought to be."

"She is a good girl," said Bernard.

"Yes, I think she is," said the squire.

"But it seems to me," said Crosby, finding that it was necessary to dash at once headlong into the water, "that something ought to be said as to my means of supporting her properly."

Then he paused for a moment, expecting that the squire would speak. But the squire sat perfectly still, looking intently at the empty fireplace, and saying nothing. "Of supporting her," continued Crosby, "with all those comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"She has never been used to expense," said the squire. "Her mother, as you doubtless know, is not a rich woman."

"But living here, Lily has had great advantages—a horse to ride, and all that sort of thing."

"I don't suppose she expects a horse in the park," said the squire, with a very perceptible touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"I hope not," said Crosby.

"I believe she has had the use of one of the ponies here sometimes, but I hope that has not made her extravagant in her ideas. I did not think that there was any thing of that nonsense about either of them."

"Nor is there, as far as I know."

"Nothing of the sort," said Bernard.

"But the long and the short of it is this, Sir!" and Crosby, as he spoke, endeavored to maintain his ordinary voice and usual coolness, but his heightened color betrayed that he was nervous. "Am I to expect any accession of income with my wife?"

"I have not spoken to my sister-in-law on the subject," said the squire; "but I should fear that she can not do much."

"As a matter of course, I would not take a shilling from her," said Crosby.

"Then that settles it," said the squire.

Crosby paused a moment, during which his color became very red. He unconsciously took up an apricot and ate it, and then he spoke out. "Of course I was not alluding to Mrs. Dale's income; I would not, on any account, disturb her arrangements. But I wished to learn, Sir, whether you intend to do any thing for your niece."

"In the way of giving her a fortune? Nothing at all. I intend to do nothing at all."

"Then I suppose we understand each other—at last," said Crosby.

"I should have thought that we might have understood each other at first," said the squire. "Did I ever make you any promise or give you any hint that I intended to provide for my niece? Have I ever held out to you any such hope? I don't know what you mean by that word 'at last,' unless it be to give offense."

"I meant the truth, Sir—I meant this—that seeing the manner in which your nieces lived with you, I thought it probable that you would treat them both as though they were your daughters. Now I find out my mistake; that is all!"

"You have been mistaken, and without a shadow of excuse for your mistake."

"Others have been mistaken with me," said Crosby, forgetting, on the spur of the moment, that he had no right to drag the opinion of any other person into the question.

"What others?" said the squire, with anger; and his mind immediately betook itself to his sister-in-law.

"I do not want to make any mischief," said Crosby.

"If any body connected with my family has presumed to tell you that I intended to do more for my niece Lilian than I have already done, such person has not only been false but ungrateful. I have given to no one any authority to make any promise on behalf of my niece."

"No such promise has been made. It was only a suggestion," said Crosby.

He was not in the least aware to whom the squire was alluding in his anger; but he perceived that his host was angry, and, having already reflected that he should not have alluded to the words which Bernard Dale had spoken in his friendship, he resolved to name no one. Bernard, as he sat by listening, knew exactly how the matter stood; but, as he thought, there could be no reason why he should subject himself to his uncle's ill-will, seeing that he had committed no sin.

"No such suggestion should have been made," said the squire. "No one has had a right to make such a suggestion. No one has been placed by me in a position to make such a suggestion to you without manifest impropriety. I will ask no further questions about it; but it is quite as well that you should understand at once that I do not consider it to be my duty to give my niece Lilian a fortune on her marriage. I trust that your offer to her was not made under any such delusion."

"No, Sir, it was not," said Crosby.

"Then I suppose that no great harm has been done. I am sorry if false hopes have been given to you; but I am sure you will acknowledge that they were not given to you by me."

"I think you have misunderstood me, Sir. My hopes were never very high; but I thought it right to ascertain your intentions."

"Now you know them. I trust, for the girl's

sake, that it will make no difference to her. I can hardly believe that she has been to blame in the matter."

Crosbie hastened at once to exculpate Lily; and then, with more awkward blunders than a man should have made who was so well acquainted with fashionable life as the Apollo of the Beaufort, he proceeded to explain that, as Lily was to have nothing, his own pecuniary arrangements would necessitate some little delay in their marriage.

"As far as I myself am concerned," said the squire, "I do not like long engagements. But I am quite aware that in this matter I have no right to interfere, unless, indeed—" and then he stopped himself.

"I suppose it will be well to fix some day; eh, Crosbie?" said Bernard.

"I will discuss that matter with Mrs. Dale," said Crosbie.

"If you and she understand each other," said the squire, "that will be sufficient. Shall we go into the drawing-room now, or out upon the lawn?"

That evening, as Crosbie went to bed, he felt that he had not gained the victory in his encounter with the squire.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT CAN NOT BE.

ON the following morning at breakfast each of the three gentlemen at the Great House received a little note on pink paper, nominally from Mrs. Dale, asking them to drink tea at the Small House on that day week. At the bottom of the note which Lily had written for Mr. Crosbie was added: "Dancing on the lawn, if we can get any body to stand up. Of course you must come, whether you like it or not. And Bernard also. Do your possible to talk my uncle into coming." And this note did something toward recreating good-humor among them at the breakfast-table. It was shown to the squire, and at last he was brought to say that he would perhaps go to Mrs. Dale's little evening-party.

It may be well to explain that this promised entertainment had been originated with no special view to the pleasure of Mr. Crosbie, but altogether on behalf of poor Johnny Eames. What was to be done in that matter? This question had been fully discussed between Mrs. Dale and Bell, and they had come to the conclusion that it would be best to ask Johnny over to a little friendly gathering, in which he might be able to meet Lily with some strangers around them. In this way his embarrassment might be overcome. It would never do, as Mrs. Dale said, that he should be suffered to stay away unnoticed by them. "When the ice is once broken he won't mind it," said Bell. And, therefore, early in the day, a messenger was sent over to Guestwick, who returned with a

note from Mrs. Eames, saying that she would come on the evening in question with her son and daughter. They would keep the fly and get back to Guestwick the same evening. This was added, as an offer had been made of beds for Mrs. Eames and Mary.

Before the evening of the party another memorable occurrence had taken place at Allington, which must be described, in order that the feelings of the different people on that evening may be understood. The squire had given his nephew to understand that he wished to have that matter settled as to his niece Bell; and as Bernard's views were altogether in accordance with the squire's, he resolved to comply with his uncle's wishes. The project with him was not a new thing. He did love his cousin quite sufficiently for purposes of matrimony, and was minded that it would be a good thing for him to marry. He could not marry without money, but this marriage would give him an income without the trouble of intricate settlements, or the interference of lawyers hostile to his own interests. It was possible that he might do better; but then it was possible also that he might do much worse; and, in addition to this, he was fond of his cousin. He discussed the matter within himself very calmly; made some excellent resolutions as to the kind of life which it would behoove him to live as a married man; settled on the street in London in which he would have his house, and behaved very prettily to Bell for four or five days running. That he did not make love to her, in the ordinary sense of the word, must, I suppose, be taken for granted, seeing that Bell herself did not recognize the fact. She had always liked her cousin, and thought that in these days he was making himself particularly agreeable.

On the evening before the party the girls were at the Great House, having come up nominally with the intention of discussing the expediency of dancing on the lawn. Lily had made up her mind that it was to be so, but Bell had objected that it would be cold and damp, and that the drawing-room would be nicer for dancing.

"You see we've only got four young gentlemen and one ungrown," said Lily; "and they will look so stupid standing up all properly in a room, as though we had a regular party."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Crosbie, taking off his straw-hat.

"So you will; and we girls will look more stupid still. But out on the lawn it won't look stupid at all. Two or three might stand up on the lawn, and it would be jolly enough."

"I don't quite see it," said Bernard.

"Yes, I think I see it," said Crosbie. "The unadaptability of the lawn for the purpose of a ball—"

"Nobody is thinking of a ball," said Lily, with mock petulance.

"I'm defending you, and yet you won't let me speak. The unadaptability of the lawn for the purposes of a ball will conceal the insufficiency of four men and a boy as a supply of

male dancers. But, Lily, who is the ungrown gentleman? Is it your old friend Johnny Eames?"

Lily's voice became sobered as she answered him.

"Oh no; I did not mean Mr. Eames. He is coming, but I did not mean him. Dick Boyce, Mr. Boyce's son, is only sixteen. He is the ungrown gentleman."

"And who is the fourth adult?"

"Dr. Croft, from Guestwick. I do hope you will like him, Adolphus. We think he is the very perfection of a man."

"Then of course I shall hate him; and be very jealous, too!"

And then that pair went off together, fighting their own little battle on that head, as turtle-doves will sometimes do. They went off, and Bernard was left with Bell standing together over the ha-ha fence which divides the garden at the back of the house from the field.

"Bell," he said, "they seem very happy, don't they?"

"And they ought to be happy now, oughtn't they? Dear Lily! I hope he will be good to her. Do you know, Bernard, though he is your friend, I am very, very anxious about it. It is such a vast trust to put in a man when we do not quite know him."

"Yes, it is; but they'll do very well together. Lily will be happy enough."

"And he?"

"I suppose he'll be happy too. He'll feel himself a little straitened as to income at first, but that will all come round."

"If he is not, she will be wretched."

"They will do very well. Lily must be prepared to make the money go as far as she can, that's all."

"Lily won't feel the want of money. It is not that. But if he lets her know that she has made him a poor man, then she will be unhappy. Is he extravagant, Bernard?"

But Bernard was anxious to discuss another subject, and therefore would not speak such words of wisdom as to Lily's engagement as might have been expected from him had he been in a different frame of mind.

"No, I should say not," said he. "But, Bell—"

"I do not know that we could have acted otherwise than we have done, and yet I fear that we have been rash. If he makes her unhappy, Bernard, I shall never forgive you."

But as she said this she put her hand lovingly upon his arm, as a cousin might do, and spoke in a tone which divested her threat of its acerbity.

"You must not quarrel with me, Bell, whatever may happen. I can not afford to quarrel with you."

"Of course I was not in earnest as to that."

"You and I must never quarrel, Bell; at least, I hope not. I could bear to quarrel with any one rather than with you." And then, as he spoke, there was something in his voice which

gave the girl some slight, indistinct warning of what might be his intention. Not that she said to herself at once that he was going to make her an offer of his hand—now, on the spot; but she felt that he intended something beyond the tenderness of ordinary cousinly affection.

"I hope we shall never quarrel," she said. But as she spoke her mind was settling itself—forming its resolution, and coming to a conclusion as to the sort of love which Bernard might, perhaps, expect. And it formed another conclusion; as to the sort of love which might be given in return.

"Bell," he said, "you and I have always been dear friends."

"Yes, always."

"Why should we not be something more than friends?"

To give Captain Dale his due I must declare that his voice was perfectly natural as he asked this question, and that he showed no signs of nervousness, either in his face or limbs. He had made up his mind to do it on that occasion, and he did it without any signs of outward disturbance. He asked his question, and then he waited for his answer. In this he was rather hard upon his cousin; for, though the question had certainly been asked in language that could not be mistaken, still the matter had not been put forward with all that fullness which a young lady, under such circumstances, has a right to expect.

They had sat down on the turf close to the ha-ha, and they were so near that Bernard was able to put out his hand with the view of taking that of his cousin within his own. But she contrived to keep her hands locked together, so that he merely held her gently by the wrist.

"I don't quite understand, Bernard," she said, after a minute's pause.

"Shall we be more than cousins? Shall we be man and wife?"

Now, at least, she could not say that she did not understand. If the question was ever asked plainly, Bernard Dale had asked it plainly. Shall we be man and wife? Few men, I fancy, dare to put it all at once in so abrupt a way, and yet I do not know that the English language affords any better terms for the question.

"Oh, Bernard! you have surprised me."

"I hope I have not pained you, Bell. I have been long thinking of this, but I am well aware that my own manner, even to you, has not been that of a lover. It is not in me to smile and say soft things as Crosbie can. But I do not love you the less on that account. I have looked about for a wife, and I have thought that if I could gain you I should be very fortunate."

He did not then say any thing about his uncle and the eight hundred a year, but he fully intended to do so as soon as an opportunity should serve. He was quite of opinion that eight hundred a year and the good-will of a rich uncle were strong grounds for matrimony—were grounds even for love; and he did not doubt but his cousin would see the matter in the same light.

"You are very good to me—more than good."

Of course I know that. But oh, Bernard! I did not expect this a bit."

"But you will answer me, Bell! Or if you would like time to think, or to speak to my aunt, perhaps you will answer me to-morrow?"

"I think I ought to answer you now."

"Not if it be a refusal, Bell! Think well of it before you do that. I should have told you that our uncle wishes this match, and that he will remove any difficulty there might be about money."

"I do not care for money."

"But, as you were saying about Lily, one has to be prudent. Now, in our marriage, every thing of that kind would be well arranged. My uncle has promised me that he would at once allow us—"

"Stop, Bernard. You must not be led to suppose that any offer made by my uncle would help to purchase— Indeed, there can be no need for us to talk about money."

"I wished to let you know the facts of the case, exactly as they are. And as to our uncle, I can not but think that you would be glad, in such a matter, to have him on your side."

"Yes, I should be glad to have him on my side; that is, if I were going— But my uncle's wishes could not influence my decision. The fact is, Bernard—"

"Well, dearest, what is the fact?"

"I have always regarded you rather as a brother than as any thing else."

"But that regard may be changed."

"No; I think not. Bernard, I will go further and speak on at once. It can not be changed. I know myself well enough to say that with certainty. It can not be changed."

"You mean that you can not love me?"

"Not as you would have me do. I do love you very dearly—very dearly, indeed. I would go to you in any trouble, exactly as I would go to a brother."

"And must that be all, Bell?"

"Is not that all the sweetest love that can be felt? But you must not think me ungrateful, or proud. I know well that you are—are proposing to do for me much more than I deserve. Any girl might be proud of such an offer. But, dear Bernard—"

"Bell, before you give me a final answer, sleep upon this and talk it over with your mother. Of course you were unprepared, and I can not expect that you should promise me so much without a moment's consideration."

"I was unprepared, and therefore I have not answered you as I should have done. But as it has gone so far, I can not let you leave me in uncertainty. It is not necessary that I should keep you waiting. In this matter I do know my own mind. Dear Bernard, indeed, indeed it can not be as you have proposed."

She spoke in a low voice, and in a tone that had in it something of almost imploring humility; but, nevertheless, it conveyed to her cousin an assurance that she was in earnest; an assurance also that that earnest would not readily be

changed. Was she not a Dale? And when did a Dale change his mind? For a while he sat silent by her; and she too, having declared her intention, refrained from further words. For some minutes they thus remained, looking down into the ha-ha. She still kept her old position, holding her hands clasped together over her knees; but he was now lying on his side, supporting his head upon his arm, with his face indeed turned toward her, but with his eyes fixed upon the grass. During this time, however, he was not idle. His cousin's answer, though it had grieved him, had not come upon him as a blow stunning him for a moment, and rendering him unfit for instant thought. He was grieved, more grieved than he had thought he would have been. The thing that he had wanted moderately, he now wanted the more in that it was denied to him. But he was able to perceive the exact truth of his position, and to calculate what might be his chances if he went on with his suit, and what his advantage if he at once abandoned it.

"I do not wish to press you unfairly, Bell; but may I ask if any other preference—"

"There is no other preference," she answered. And then again they were silent for a minute or two.

"My uncle will be much grieved at this," he said at last.

"If that be all," said Bell, "I do not think that we need either of us trouble ourselves. He can have no right to dispose of our hearts."

"I understand the taunt, Bell."

"Dear Bernard, there was no taunt. I intended none."

"I need not speak of my own grief. You can not but know how deep it must be. Why should I have submitted myself to this mortification had not my heart been concerned? But that I will bear, if I must bear it—" And then he paused, looking up at her.

"It will soon pass away," she said.

"I will accept it at any rate without complaint. But as to my uncle's feelings, it is open to me to speak, and to you, I should think, to listen without indifference. He has been kind to us both, and loves us two above any other living beings. It's not surprising that he should wish to see us married, and it will not be surprising if your refusal should be a great blow to him."

"I shall be sorry—very sorry."

"I also shall be sorry. I am now speaking of him. He has set his heart upon it; and as he has but few wishes, few desires, so is he the more constant in those which he expresses. When he knows this, I fear that we shall find him very stern."

"Then he will be unjust."

"No; he will not be unjust. He is always a just man. But he will be unhappy, and will, I fear, make others unhappy. Dear Bell, may not this thing remain for a while unsettled? You will not find that I take advantage of your goodness. I will not intrude it on you again—"

say for a fortnight—or till Crosbie shall be gone."

"No, no, no," said Bell.

"Why are you so eager in your noes? There can be no danger in such delay. I will not press you—and you can let my uncle think that you have at least taken time for consideration."

"There are things as to which one is bound to answer at once. If I doubted myself, I would let you persuade me. But I do not doubt myself, and I should be wrong to keep you in suspense. Dear, dearest Bernard, it can not be; and as it can not be, you, as my brother, would bid me say so clearly. It can not be."

As she made this last assurance, they heard the steps of Lily and her lover close to them, and they both felt that it would be well that their intercourse should thus be brought to a close. Neither had known how to get up and leave the place, and yet each had felt that nothing further could then be said.

"Did you ever see any thing so sweet and affectionate and romantic?" said Lily, standing over them and looking at them. "And all the while we have been so practical and worldly. Do you know, Bell, that Adolphus seems to think we can't very well keep pigs in London? It makes me so unhappy."

"It docs seem a pity," said Crosbie, "for Lily seems to know all about pigs!"

"Of course I do. I haven't lived in the country all my life for nothing. Oh, Bernard, I should so like to see you rolled down into the bottom of the ha-ha. Just remain there, and we'll do it between us."

Whereupon Bernard got up, as did Bell also, and they all went in to tea.

MY FIRST SERMON.

THE long looked-for and nervously-anticipated day came. I was to preach my first sermon. It was one of the purest, brightest, calmest of June Sabbaths. Just three days before a letter had come to me from a young clergyman, settled in a small village twenty miles distant by rail:

"DEAR ARTHUR"—he wrote—"I am sick. A severe cold, taken while officiating at a funeral, has produced hoarseness and a cough. The Doctor says there is considerable inflammation of the throat, and that I must intermit at least one Sabbath service. Your welcome favor of two weeks ago should have been answered earlier; but many things prevented. I need not say how much gratified I was to learn that you had received a license to preach. Come down on Saturday and fill my pulpit for me next Sabbath. I will take no denial, understand. One thing I can promise you, and that is, a kind as well as an appreciative audience."

How my heart fluttered! I was inwardly pleased, yet disturbed by the invitation. It gave me just the opportunity I had desired. In literary societies I had sought honors as a debater, and on two occasions had written and pronounced public addresses. But in the graver matter of a sermon I was yet to be tried; or, to speak with exactness, in the graver matter

of preaching a sermon. Several discourses had already been written, and I had only to make my selection from these, and, with manuscript in my pocket, take the cars on Saturday, and stand ready to occupy my friend's place in the pulpit on Sunday.

Promptly sending an affirmative answer, in which were introduced sundry depreciating and doubtful passages touching myself, I entered at once upon the not very easy task of deciding which of my half dozen sermons would best impress the congregation before whom I was to appear with a due sense of my literary and oratorical powers. I am on the confessional, and must tell the truth. Not that I, consciously, set this end before me. Far from it. I even flattered myself that a sole desire to become the medium of good to others ruled in my soul. But I did not know the human heart then as well as I know it now.

The selection of a sermon was at last made, but not till the whole six had been read over, some for the third time. The few more than usually eloquent passages in the one finally taken really decided the choice. I would have been indignant then had any one hinted such a thing, and felt that my indignation was just. How little we know ourselves! How deeply hidden often are our springs of action!

I was up until after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, talking with my friend and arranging the order of service for next day. I felt very much excited, exhilarant almost; the higher velocity attained by the machinery of my mind giving thought a buoyancy and clearness above the ordinary state. Is it to be wondered that I was self-confident? That I felt myself wholly equal to the occasion? Sleep rested on my eyelids during the morning-watches for only brief seasons, and unable to lie in bed longer, I arose with the sun, and spent the time that intervened until the breakfast hour in going over my sermon again, and studying certain effective passages which I hoped to render in a way that could not fail to move the audience.

Something in my appearance, when I met my friend at the breakfast-table, caused him to look at me with just a shade of concern on his face.

"I'm afraid we were up too late," he remarked. "Did you sleep soundly after you went to bed?"

"Not very soundly," I replied. "This is a new experience for me, and, of course, I feel a little nervous. Thought gets so busy, sometimes, that it will not yield to the poppies. Still, I feel very well, and shall make up for lost sleeping-time to-night."

"There is no occasion whatever for being nervous," answered my friend, smiling. "You have your discourse all written out, your eyesight is good, and you are an effective reader. Trust to these and keep fast hold of your self-possession. Above all, let your thought rest in the truths to which you give utterance so that you can feel their significance. Truly effective speaking comes from the heart that is all alive

with its theme. "Forget every thing but your subject."

No better advice could have been given; the difficulty lay in making it the rule of action on this occasion. Considering my state of mind, that was a simple impossibility; for I was ambitious to do well, to make a favorable impression, to extort admiration. Poor human nature! shall I expose your weakness still further? lift the veil a little higher? It may be well, for the day of humiliation is past. Even as I dwelt in fancy on the eloquent manner with which this my first sermon was to be delivered—for, with all my nervousness, I felt great confidence in my ability to impress an audience—a suggestion of the contrast likely to be drawn between me and my friend, unfavorable to him of course, was thrown into my mind. Did I cast it out instantly? Push it aside as an unseemly thing? Not so! It was dwelt upon and referred to, over and over again, even until the thought of being called to fill his place was reached, and I became aware of a pleasant excitement of feeling.

I was rather startled at this discovery, but not deeply shocked at the time. Simply turning myself away from the thought, instead of attempting to exorcise it as an evil, I let my mind again dwell on the manner and address I was to assume in the pulpit.

I was in my room, and in the act of studying a passage in my sermon, with a view to its effective delivery, when the bell rang for church. The first peal made my heart leap. Folding my manuscript hurriedly, I went down stairs, where I found my friend and his wife awaiting me. We had to walk about an eighth of a mile, along the outskirts of the town, and through streets shaded by great elms, which made them seem like rural avenues, and where June had spread her mantle of green, brodered all over with richest flowers. But the peace of nature did not fall upon my soul. There was no echo to the singing birds in my heart. The blossoms for me sent forth their odors in vain. I was thinking only of myself; looking only at the image of myself as I stood up, in imagination, before the people. As we neared the church, and I saw group after group approaching the vestibule and entering, a weight began to settle down upon my bosom which I vainly tried to throw off by deep-drawn inspirations. As my friend nodded and spoke to one parishioner after another, I noted the curious glances that were cast upon me. Of course it was known that a stranger would preach on that morning; and, of course, I was recognized as that stranger. What impression did I make? Yes, that was the thought I permitted to come in through some unguarded door.

We entered the vestry room, my friend and I, and from thence passed up to the pulpit. The organ commenced playing as we took our seats side by side on the sofa just behind the reading-desk. Every eye in the assembly was upon me. I strove to repress the unquiet beating of my heart, to still the low tremor that shook along

my nerves, to forget every thing but the duty I was there to perform.

A few minutes and then the rich swells and tender harmonies of the organ died away, and there followed a deep silence. My time had come! Rising, I advanced, with that slow and solemn manner which I thought befitting the place and occasion, to the desk. Opening the Bible, I read a brief psalm. At first I scarcely knew the sound of my own voice; but I soon had it under control, and executed the portion of Holy Writ quite to my satisfaction. A hymn came next. Few clergymen read poetry well. I don't know why it is, unless they are generally deficient in imagination. Being a little vain of my skill in this line, I laid myself out on the hymn. The words were so familiar that I had no occasion to look down upon the book; nevertheless I, affecting to catch the lines by quick glances at the page before me, and then lifting my eyes, sometimes upward and sometimes to the range of my audience, would recite them with all the elocutionary skill at my command. In the midst of this performance I noticed an intelligent-looking man, whom I had already felt a desire to impress, glance sideways at a lady with a half-amused expression on his face. It was a dash of ice-water on my enthusiasm. Against ridicule I have no proof armor. On that side I have always been weak. Was I making myself ridiculous! The thought stung me like an adder. I was only half through the hymn. How the balance was read I can not remember. Not with much effect, I am sure. The congregation, if not amused at the contrast of styles, must have been struck with the sudden change in my way of reading.

The prayer came next. It was to be extempore. I had laid myself out for this important part of the services, carefully committing to memory devotional passages previously written down, which might be uttered with the most pious fervors. Nothing finer, I was sure, had ever been addressed to that congregation. But, alas for my eloquent prayer! That single meaning glance had taken all the conceit out of me. I had no more heart for display. The stage terror, of which actors speak, had seized upon me. Instead of an appreciating and admiring audience, I felt that I was in the presence of unmerciful critics. All my eloquent sentences were forgotten, and I stumbled, almost helplessly, through a series of disconnected petitions, with scarcely an idea of the God I was addressing in all my thoughts. How weak, and poor in spirit, and humbled I was, when I arose from my knees, and in a subdued voice, read a psalm for the singers to chant. It was a relief to get back again on the sofa beside my friend, even for the short interval between the choir-singing and the sermon.

I know that my face must have been pale when I stood up again, and opened the manuscript sermon I was to read. My hand shook as I turned the first page. My mouth was dry and clammy; and there was a great obstruction in

my throat constantly rising and threatening to choke me. All self-confidence was gone; and in my weakness, and almost despair, I looked upward and prayed for sustaining power. My voice, which in the opening chapter and hymn had been pitched to a somewhat elevated key, dropped now to so low a range as I commenced reading my discourse that I noticed some in the distant pews leaning forward to listen, while an almost unnatural stillness pervaded the whole assembly.

It was impossible to recover myself, and just as impossible to get my thought down into any appreciable comprehension of my subject. I read, and read, in a dull, unsympathetic way, conscious of no efflux from the people, yet hurrying on in order to get through the unprofitable task as quickly as possible, and away from the hurting gaze of a thousand arrowy eyes.

The last page was turned at last. I sat down, weak—in a tremor—overcome with sense of humiliation—and remained motionless, with my eyes on the floor, until my friend gave out the closing hymn, and pronounced the benediction. Then I shrunk away from the pulpit, and descended to the session room, into which a few of the leading members of the church came, and to whom I was introduced. No one seemed very cordial—that was my impression—certainly no one complimented me on my performance, or even referred to it. On our way back to the parsonage, both my friend and his wife were silent as to the sermon. He tried to talk cheerfully on a theme outside of theology, but I could only respond in monosyllables.

I had failed miserably, and there was no glossing it over; failed through self-conceit, and the effort to act instead of preach. On arriving at the parsonage, I went immediately to my room, where I sat down and gave way to unmanly tears. That was, I think, the bitterest hour I have known in my whole life. I resolved to give up my license, and abandon all thought of preaching. To eschew forever a profession in which, at my first essay, I had won, as I believed, only contempt. I would fain have excused myself, when the bell rang for dinner, on the plea of a headache, which had set in, and want of appetite; but this would be attracting more attention to myself than was desirable. So I joined my friend and his wife at the table. In spite of their kind and hospitable natures they could not rise out of a certain embarrassment which in no way helped my unhappy state. No reference whatever was made to the morning services. How could they speak of these? Truth kept them from compliments or approval, and tenderness for my feelings from suggestive criticism.

That evening, as I sat alone with my friend in his study, I broke through the ice of reserve which had hardened between us since morning, and said, with a bitterness of tone which I did not try to veil,

"I shall give up my license."

"Why so, Arthur?" he asked, in manifest

surprise, yet with the old kind interest in his voice.

"Simply," I answered, "because I have mistaken my calling."

He dropped his eyes in reflection for some moments.

"I am not so sure of that," was his gravely-spoken reply, as he looked up again into my face.

"You have eyes and ears. My performance is before you, and you are as well aware as I am that it was a wretched failure, alike discreditable to me and the profession I disgraced," said I, with considerable excitement of manner.

"You did not do so well as I expected, Arthur," was frankly returned, "and simply because you tried to do too well, failed, became conscious of failure, and broke down. You started at too high a speed. A preacher, Arthur, to be successful, must forget himself in his high calling—must preach truth with the end of saving souls, and not to display his talents."

"As I, this morning, endeavored to do," I answered, with much bitterness.

"There are few young preachers, Arthur," my friend said, kindly, "who do not, in the beginning, fall into the same error."

"But not into the same degree of error. Oh, have I not been sharply punished! How could I have been so blind to my real state! How was it that I dared go into the pulpit, as an actor goes upon the stage, with no higher end than to sustain a character!"

"If you had no higher end," was replied, with a seriousness of tone that almost expressed rebuke, "then it is well that failure instead of success crowned your effort. But in your present state of mind it is natural to accept an exaggerated view of the case."

"Be that as it may," I returned, "my future course is settled. I have preached my first sermon and my last one also."

My friend looked at me calmly for some time; then he said:

"The motive from which a man acts gives the quality of his action."

I did not reply, and he went on:

"Instead of turning back in the way you have entered, Arthur, let me suggest, as the first thing to be done, an examination into the motives that prompted you to set your feet in this way. Was it from a desire to serve your fellow-man in the highest possible degree; or to secure a position for yourself and to win honorable distinction? Don't let this examination be any half-way performance. Go down into the very depths of your soul. Find out just what you are as to main-springs of action. And if, through the painful experiences of to-day, you are led into a fuller knowledge of yourself, the hand of a kind Providence may be traced in the confusion that befell you this morning. Reflect for a moment. There was no lack of personal ability nor of preparation. Your sermon was quite above the average of sermons, and would have been listened to with interest and instruction if

it had been even passably delivered. You have a good voice, and can read effectively. It was your thought of yourself that ruined every thing. Your overweening desire to do well—not for the sake of good to others, but praise to yourself. Now, as a brother, I would admonish you in all love and duty. Put away hindrances that stand in the way; but as you value your soul do not turn aside from the way. The present is an hour of sore temptation, in which the quality of your life is, as it were, on trial. The Tempter has flowed in with your natural love of doing well and seeming well, and drawn you into slippery places, that he may cast you down. The best, Arthur, fall into temptation. All have inherited forms of evil—you of one kind, I of another; and unless we are tempted of evil we can not know of its existence, nor put it away. But when the hour of temptation comes let us beware that we do not *fall* in the struggle; for if we do, then will our last state be worse than the first. Don't, then, give your adversary the advantage he is seeking. Don't, at his sugges-

tion, turn back from the work to which you were about consecrating your life; but sweeping aside, in the strength of a divinely-inspired purpose, all weaknesses of the flesh—all hindrances that unregenerate human nature throws in the way—press toward the mark for the prize of your high calling."

"You have saved me!" I exclaimed, overcome by the emotions which now swept over me; for I saw myself as I had never seen myself before, and trembled as I looked into the dim abyss on which my feet were standing.

On the next morning I returned home a little wiser and a great deal sadder than when I went forth—thinking only of myself and the impression I would make—to preach my first sermon. It was the last I ever gave in my friend's pulpit, though not the last of my preaching—as witness some thirty years of, I trust, not wholly unfruitful labor in the vineyard of God. He did not venture upon a second invitation, for which I could not find it in my heart to blame him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of November. For more than a month after the battle of Antietam the great body of our Army of the Potomac remained in Maryland. At length on the 20th of October the main body of the army began the passage of the river at Berlin, six miles below Harper's Ferry, the cavalry under General Pleasanton leading. They proceeded by way of Leesburg, pushing forward scouts toward Aldie and Middleburg. The enemy meanwhile had fallen back from the Potomac, following up the course of the Shenandoah with the apparent design of occupying that valley, and threatening another incursion into Maryland, or of falling back by that route in the direction of Richmond. The main advance of our army was in a parallel direction, the Blue Ridge being between, our forces being on the east side and those of the Confederates on the west. There was a continued series of skirmishes between cavalry corps and outposts; but in the course of the week we had occupied the chief passes through the Blue Ridge. On the 8th of November our head-quarters were at Warrenton, with the advance at Culpepper Court House, some twenty miles further south. Our Army of the Potomac then occupied nearly the same ground as before the battles of Bull Run and Centreville at the end of August. The enemy apparently were spread over the valley of the Shenandoah from Winchester southward. It was reported that their main strength, largely reinforced, was at Gordonsville, on the Rappahannock, seventy-five miles south of Winchester, from which point there is direct railroad communication with Richmond, so that they had the choice either to fall back or to turn and give battle at pleasure. Their plan appeared to be, if they found themselves in sufficient force, to give battle on the Rappahannock, where they are strongly intrenched, while a simultaneous attack on our rear should be made from the Valley of the Shenandoah. It will thus be seen that the chief apparent object of our advance into Virginia, the cutting off the enemy

from Richmond, or forcing him to give battle except at his pleasure, has not been attained. Matters stood thus on the 8th of November, when an order unexpectedly arrived at head-quarters removing General M'Clellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and appointing General Burnside in his place. As far as we can now judge, the reason of this action is to be found in the delay of the advance of the army. General Halleck, in a report to the Secretary of War, dated on the 28th of October, says that on the 1st of October he urged General M'Clellan to cross the Potomac at once, pointing out the disadvantage of delaying until the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac, and impaired the roads, and on the 6th he peremptorily ordered General M'Clellan to "cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south." Three weeks passed before this order was complied with. General Halleck affirms that, in his opinion, "there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General M'Clellan as to prevent his compliance with the orders to advance against the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north."

A dashing exploit has been performed by a body of Stuart's Confederate cavalry. On the 9th of October they crossed the Potomac, about 2000 strong, at a point considerably above the right of our army. They pushed rapidly on and reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where they secured a considerable amount of clothing, and destroyed some property belonging to the Government, and burned the railroad dépôt. The incursion was such a perfect surprise that no opposition was offered. Having supplied themselves with fresh horses, which they seized from the inhabitants, they set out to return to Virginia; but instead of retracing their steps they made a detour to the south, and reached the Potomac at a point to the left of our forces; thus having made a three-days' dash to our rear, actually passing clear around our whole army, and escaping without loss.

The invasion of Kentucky, and the threatened incursion into Ohio, by the Confederates under Bragg, has been repelled. On the 26th of September General Bragg issued a proclamation to the people of the Northwestern States, in which he said that the South was waging a wholly defensive war; that they had been and were anxious for peace; but that hitherto hostilities had been carried on solely within their borders; and that self-defense required that they should visit some of the consequences of the war upon those who obstinately refused to make peace. The responsibility of the continuance of the war he said rested upon the people of the Northwest. They were the natural allies of the South, and should conclude a separate peace with the Confederate Government. The Mississippi River was a natural bond of union between the grain and stock-raising States of the Northwest and the cotton and sugar States of the South, which should never have been disturbed by the cupidity and bigotry of New England and the East. The South would be the best customers of the West, while the East would be their perpetual rivals. As for the free navigation of the Mississippi, the South were ready to concede it without striking a blow; as for the Union, it was a thing of the past; a Union of consent was the only union worth a drop of blood. "I come, then," concludes this proclamation, "with the olive branch of peace, and offer it for your acceptance, in the name of the memories of the past and the ties of the future." The arrival of General Buell's army at Louisville put a stop to the projected invasion of the Northwest, if it had ever been seriously entertained; and General Bragg began to fall back. But during his incursion into Kentucky he had secured a large amount of stores and supplies, which were sent forward in advance. General Buell came up with the rear of Bragg's army near Perryville, where a sharp action took place on the 8th of October, attended, however, with no important result. The enemy were repulsed in their assaults, but continued their retreat with no serious molestation. Guerrilla fights and combats of detached bodies have occurred at various points in Kentucky, but these have had no decisive bearing upon the main result. General Buell, who has been sharply censured for want of activity in advancing upon the retreating forces of the Confederates, has been relieved from the command of the army of the West, which has been confided to General Rosecrans.

The battle of Corinth, briefly noted in our Record of last month, proves to have been one of the most sharply contested and decisive engagements of the war. The enemy, under Van Dorn, in superior force, made a violent attack upon our advanced positions on the 3d of October, and succeeded in driving us into the town of Corinth. Van Dorn sent a dispatch to Richmond saying, "We have driven the enemy from every position; we are within three quarters of a mile of Corinth; the enemy are huddled together about the town; some are on the extreme left, trying to hold their position." On the morning of the 4th the Confederates made an attack upon a fort on the northwest of the town, and succeeded in gaining momentary possession of it, but were soon driven back with great loss. They then made a vigorous assault from another quarter, and penetrated the streets into the main part of the town; but they were met with so severe a fire that they were driven back in disorder and abandoned the attack. They were followed up in their retreat for some days, suffering severely. General Rosecrans,

who has since been appointed to the command hitherto held by General Buell, was in actual command in this engagement. The official report gives our total loss in these actions as 315 killed, 1812 wounded, and 247 prisoners and missing—a total of 2374. Of the enemy 1423 are reported to have been buried by our forces, 5000 were wounded and left behind in the retreat, and 3000 prisoners were made—a total loss of 9423.

In Arkansas a second battle took place near Pea Ridge on the 22d of October. General Curtis reports that General Schofield, finding that the enemy had encamped here, sent General Blunt toward that point. He found the enemy, estimated at from 5000 to 7000 strong, at Maysville, in the northwest corner of the State. After a sharp engagement, which lasted about an hour, they were totally routed, with the loss of all their artillery, many horses, and a part of their transportation and garrison equipment, and were driven in disorder beyond the Boston Mountains. Their whole organized forces were thus driven back to the valley of the Arkansas River.

In the Department of the South some important movements have been made. The most considerable of these was an expedition sent from Hilton Head on the 21st of October, with the design of destroying the bridges on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Three or four sharp encounters took place in the neighborhood of Pocotaligo, which resulted in our favor; but the enemy having destroyed the bridge in their rear, the advantage could not be followed up. The obstruction of the railroad was only partially accomplished, and the enemy having been reinforced both from Charleston and Savannah, the expedition was abandoned. The chief point gained seems to have been a thorough reconnaissance of the region between the island of Port Royal and the line of the railroad.—General Mitchell, who was only recently appointed to the command of this department, died of fever on the 30th of October. He was a native of Kentucky, born in 1810; graduated at West Point in 1829, in the same class with the Confederate Generals Lee and Johnston. He afterward devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits, and became widely known as an astronomer. Upon the breaking out of the war he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and established his reputation for skill and daring by his famous raid upon Chattanooga.—Galveston, Texas, was occupied on the 9th of October by a detachment from our mortar fleet, under command of Commodore Renshaw. The military forces of the enemy had before abandoned the place, and the occupation was accomplished without opposition.

It has been for some months reported that armed vessels of great power were being built in Great Britain for the insurgents, to be employed in preying upon our commerce. This could not be done without the direct knowledge and indirect complicity of the British Government. At least one of these vessels has been sent out. She is known as the *Alabama*; was built and equipped at Liverpool and Birkenhead, and left the latter port late in August, under the command of Captain Semmes, formerly of the *Sumter*, with a crew composed mainly of Englishmen. She is a propeller, said to be very fast under sail or steam, and heavily armed. She made her appearance off our coast early in October, and since that time is known to have captured 22 merchant vessels of various descriptions. Of these 19, with their cargoes, were burned; the others were released, upon their captains giving bonds for their

value, to be paid after the conclusion of peace. These vessels appear to have been released solely to enable them to take off the crews of those which had been destroyed, for whom the *Alabama* had no adequate means of making provision.

The Autumn Elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Republican party. In Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, and Michigan, the candidates have generally succeeded by majorities greatly reduced from the last election. In New York, where State officers and members of Congress were to be chosen, Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate for Governor, had a majority of about 10,000 over Mr. Wadsworth, the Republican candidate. We have returns of the elections for members of the next Congress from fourteen States. From these States the Republicans have in the present Congress 95 members, and their opponents 38; in the next Congress, which meets in December, 1863, the Republicans will have 72, and their opponents 69—a Republican loss of 23, and an Opposition gain of 31. The principal changes are in New York, where the Republicans lose 10 members; in Ohio they lose 8; in Pennsylvania 7. According to the best estimates which can now be formed, the next House of Representatives from the loyal States will consist of 185 members, of whom 83 will be Republicans and 102 Opposition of different shades of opinion. The Senate will consist of 48 members—29 Republicans, and 19 Opposition.

MEXICO.

The advance of a powerful French naval and military expedition against Mexico reached Vera Cruz on the 21st of October. General Forey, the commander, previous to landing, issued a proclamation declaring that it remained to France alone to defend the position which she had originally taken in conjunction with Spain and Great Britain. The war which had been undertaken was not against the Mexican people, but against a handful of adventurers who had seized upon the government; and as soon as the Mexican people were freed from restraint by French arms, they would be at liberty to select whatever form of government pleased them. France, in intervening, acted solely in behalf of the interests of the Mexican nation and the cause of civilization. —All accounts concur in representing that, in the capital and other chief towns of Mexico, there was the utmost determination manifested to resist the French invasion.

EUROPE.

The American war, in its various aspects, continues to be the absorbing subject of thought and discussion. The rumors in respect to European intervention are so discordant that no reliance can be placed upon them. As far as the action of the British Government is concerned, the most significant expressions are contained in recent speeches of Sir George C. Lewis, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The former denies the claim of the Confederate States to recognition, on the ground that they "have not yet accomplished their independence;" and the latter says that while he thinks it for the interest of England that the Union should continue, and that the neutral course of the British Government has been the only wise one, he yet holds that the Confederate leaders have made an army, are making a navy, and, what is more, have made a nation. He anticipates their certain success, as far as regards their separation from the North. He, with other responsible members of the Government, opposes any present recognition of the Confederate States.—Sir John Pakington, in a recent speech, advises an offer of mediation, on the ground of a separation between the North and the South, with the understanding that the failure of this proposal will be followed by an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton declares that the Union can never be restored, and that "the curse of slavery" will not long survive the separation. Mr. Cobden urges the formation of a league, the object of which shall be to procure the abolition of all blockades of commercial ports, and the exemption from capture of merchant vessels not actually engaged in the conveyance of articles contraband of war.—The project of an Atlantic Telegraph has been revived; Messrs. Glass, Elliott, and Company, who are extensive marine telegraph contractors, have formally offered to make and lay a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland upon condition of being paid weekly their actual disbursements, with an additional 20 per cent. in shares of the Company, when the line shall have been put in working order. Upon these conditions they offer to subscribe £25,000 to the capital of the Company. —A revolutionary movement has taken place in Greece; King Otho, after vainly endeavoring to quell it, abdicated in favor of his brother; and a Provisional Government has been established, with Prince Mavrocordato as President.

Literary Notices.

Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D. (Kirkwan), by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) To the great public Dr. Murray was known as a keen controversialist; to a narrower, but by no means limited circle as a laborious preacher and faithful pastor; to his intimate associates as a man of most genial temperament and quick humor. He was in many respects a representative man. He came to America in 1818, a burly, untrained Irish lad of seventeen, and found employment in a printing-office. Having abjured the Catholic faith and joined the Presbyterian Church, the subscriptions of a few individuals furnished him with the means of pursuing his studies for the ministry. Ten years after his arrival in America he became the minister of a congregation in the Valley of Wyoming; and four years later was called to the

pastorate of an important church at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where the remaining twenty-eight years of his life were passed. More than a thousand carefully-written sermons are witnesses of the industry with which he performed one part of the functions of his office, while his long charge over a single church bears witness to the faithful fulfillment of his other pastoral duties. The controversial works which made his *nom de plume* of "Kirkwan" so widely known were but an episode in his labors. Though born and reared a Catholic, his faith sat lightly upon him. The priests with whom he came in early contact were not favorable specimens of their order. When he left Ireland for America his mother had him denounced from the altar; and when in time she learned that he had become a Protestant she had masses said for the repose of his

soul, as though he were actually dead. It was natural that he should cherish a strong dislike for the Church which he had abandoned, but nearly twenty years passed after he became a minister before he appeared as her public antagonist. He had been thoroughly occupied with the ordinary duties of his profession, and, with the exception of a few newspaper articles, wrote nothing for the press. But at the age of forty-seven, when in the full maturity of his powers, he began his famous "Kirwan" letters. They were addressed to Bishop Hughes, the acknowledged leader of the Catholic Church in the United States. Though they appeared separately in a weekly denominational newspaper, each series was written in full before the publication of the first number, so that they manifested no traces of the crudeness inseparable from the composition of a series of papers written on the promptings of the moment. These letters attracted immediate attention by their nervous style, keen wit, and caustic humor. They were widely copied, and finally gathered into a little volume, of which more than 100,000 were soon in circulation. A second series soon followed; and Bishop Hughes having replied to these, a third series was added. These three series make, in their collected shape, one small volume. Some years later he wrote, in the form of Letters to Chief-Justice Taney, a work on "Romanism at Home," giving the result of his impressions of the system as he had seen it during a brief tour in Europe. These two volumes comprise the whole of "Kirwan's" strictly controversial works, though a strong anti-Catholic tone runs through the volume in which he describes his travels in Europe. Besides these works, Dr. Murray published a volume of "Parish and other Pencilings," mainly describing scenes and incidents which had come under his own observation during his long ministry; a work on "Preachers and Preaching," full of sound suggestions for his brother clergymen; and a little volume called the "Happy Home," the inspiration of which was drawn from his own fireside. Six small volumes, of which only two come fairly within the category of theological controversy, thus comprise the whole of his writings as published by himself. Another volume, which contains a series of written discourses whose delivery was prevented by his sudden death, forms an appropriate legacy to the people of his charge, and to the wide circle of his personal friends. Dr. Murray's death was sudden and wholly unexpected. Though he had almost reached the age of three-score, his hale and vigorous frame gave promise of many additional years. On the 1st of February, 1862, a paroxysm of pain, which was attributed to a sudden cold, prevented him from fulfilling an appointment. Still no danger was apprehended up to the evening of the 4th, when a sharper pang seized him, and he fainted; he recovered consciousness for a short time, but all felt that the supreme hour was at hand. His last words were, "Let the world go; it will all be right."—Mr. Prime's Memoir, though excellent in its way, we think fails to do full justice to its subject. It presents to us, indeed, the acute controversialist, the earnest preacher, and the faithful pastor. But those who knew him well will miss something of the broad and genial nature of the man whose smile was like a gleam of sunshine, and whose stores of anecdote and reminiscence made him so charming as a host and a guest. The man is, after all, greater than his office, or at least more interesting; and of all the brave and noble men whom Ireland has given to America

there have been few so noble and brave as was Nicholas Murray.

Miriam, by MARION HARLAND. Two previous tales by the same writer, "Alone" and "The Hidden Path," have won for her a fair rank among our American writers of fiction. The present work will at least sustain her claim to this position. The scene of the story is mainly in Kentucky; the characters, saving perhaps the clergyman who performs the rôle of hero, are such as may reasonably be supposed to have had an existence. He is one of those faultless models of physical, intellectual, and moral excellence which we apprehend exist only in the fancy of novelists. The prevailing quiet tone of the story is especially pleasing in these days of sensation novels. There is throughout a fine moral tone, and the style is uniformly in excellent taste, though not manifesting any where traces of extraordinary power. (Published by Sheldon and Company.)—*The Household Edition of DICKENS'S Works*, now issued by the same publishers, is worthy of note as by far the most attractive form in which they have been put forth either in England or America. *Dombey and Son* forms the latest issue, each of the four volumes being enriched by an exquisite illustration, three being by Darley and one by Gilbert. The palm must certainly be given to our own countryman, whose drawings for these volumes will compare favorably with any former productions of his pencil.

The Student's History of France (published by Harper and Brothers) forms one of an admirable series of historical compends which give, within a moderate compass, the essential points of the great facts of universal history, drawn out upon a nearly uniform scale. In a single volume is given a clear epitome of the history of Rome from the earliest times to the foundation of the Empire. A second volume, parallel with this, gives the history of Greece down to the Roman conquest, when Grecian history merges into that of Rome. A third volume presents an admirable condensation of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Descending to modern times, Hume's History of England, with a continuation bringing it down to the year 1851, is compressed into a single volume. In the History of France, which forms the latest issue of this series, all the essential facts, from the earliest time down to the foundation of the present empire, in 1852, are clearly and succinctly narrated. In one volume the author has succeeded in presenting, not merely a dry epitome of names and dates, but a vivid and connected narrative of the main transactions which have marked the varying fortunes of the French nation from the time when it first emerged into the light of history down to the accession of its present astute ruler. This work supplies a deficiency which has long been acknowledged. There are in our language able and exhaustive works upon different periods of French history; and others, like that of Mr. Parkc Godwin, have been projected and partially executed; but hitherto there has been no one work to which the American reader could recur with the hope of finding any thing like a complete resumé of French history. The series of "Student's Histories," as far as completed, is worthy of all praise. Two or three additional volumes—one, for example, giving the history of Germany, another that of America, including the United States and the Spanish Republics—are still required. When these are added the general readers of history, and the students in our colleges and higher seminaries, will be supplied with a uniform series of works for reading and study which

will leave little to be desired for amplitude of information and thoroughness of execution.

The Rev. THOMAS H. STOCKTON, Chaplain to Congress, has issued, through Carter and Brothers, a small volume of *Poems, with Autobiographic and other Notes*. The three longest and most ambitious of these poems, though begun quite thirty years ago, are still but fragments. The Notes give an idea of the immense fields which lay in the contemplation of the author. One of these poems, "Faith and Sight," was to be "comprehensive of all the variety of earth and heaven;" another, "Man," was "designed to sweep the whole circle of human interests, current and prospective, as affected by all the influences of creation, providence, and redemption." The third of these poems, "Snow," was to be more limited in scope, the purpose being "to make a simple home commencement, and then glide away on the snow-line from zone to zone, and from one peak of perpetual frost to another, all around the world, observing the character, conditions, and customs of all nations." These grand schemes are but imperfectly realized in the fragments which are published. Some of the minor poems possess considerable merit; but the notes, biographical and autobiographical, are more characteristic than the poems. These of themselves will commend the volume to the regards of that large circle, for whom it was specially designed, who know and love the author.

The Future of Africa, by Rev. ALEX. CRUMMELL. The author of this volume is a native of New York, of pure African descent. Finding it impossible to pursue his theological studies in the American institution which he preferred, he went to England, entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, and graduated with credit. He subsequently took up his residence in Liberia. This volume consists mainly of addresses and sermons which had been delivered in his adopted home. They show talent, cultivation, and thought of no common order. Those parts which relate especially to the duties, condition, and prospects of the civilized Africans in the land of their ancestors, are especially worthy of consideration. The leading idea which runs through the whole is that the colored man, shut out by various circumstances from a worthy career in Europe or America, has a promising future before him in Africa, where he has been called to meet the demands of civilization, commerce, and nationality; and that he is now becoming awake to the solemn responsibility of the work imposed upon him. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Grape Culture, Wines, and Wine-Making, by A. HARASZTHY. The author of this work, himself a vine-grower on a large scale, was appointed by the Legislature of California as Commissioner to visit Europe to investigate the ways and means best adapted to promote the improvement and culture of the grape-vine in California. He visited in succession the chief wine districts of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, being familiar with the process of wine-making as practiced in his native Hungary. His credentials gave him ready access to every means of information. The proprietors of the leading vineyards and wine establishments afforded him every facility for investigation, and he collected in addition a vast amount of material in the shape of reports and treatises upon the subject. The most important of these are embodied, either in full or abridged translations, in this volume, which abundantly attests the rare zeal, fidelity, and intelligence with which he performed the duties of his commission.

Few more readable books of travel have been produced than that portion of the work which describes his own personal experiences and observations. He always keeps in view the special object of his journey, describing fully and clearly all the processes employed in the culture of the vine, the gathering of the grapes, and the fabrication of wines; noting also all other subjects which could relate to the agricultural interests of his adopted State. The statistics of the wine-culture, which he has laboriously collated, are something remarkable. There are, in round numbers, in Europe, twelve and a quarter millions of acres devoted to the production of wine. The average product in Germany is a little less than 150 gallons to the acre; in the rest of Europe somewhat more than 255 gallons. In this respect Italy ranks highest, producing 441 gallons, and Saxony lowest, producing only 57 gallons to the acre; the average product of France being 176 gallons. The whole product of Europe is something more than three thousand millions of gallons, worth, at twenty-five cents a gallon—the average price received by the producers—more than 775 millions of dollars. The single State of California, according to Mr. Haraszthy, contains five millions of acres adapted to the growth of the vine; the product of the vine here is fully double that of Italy, which stands foremost in Europe. Thus the possible wine-product of California, according to Mr. Haraszthy, "though it yield no better than Italy, will still amount to \$551,858,208 33. This large sum may astonish the most sanguine; nevertheless, in another generation California will produce this result." Making the largest possible deductions from the results of the statistics of Mr. Haraszthy, there can be no doubt that the vine-culture is destined to become a most important element in the productions of California; and the sum expended in gathering the immense mass of information embodied in this volume can not fail to have been well bestowed.

First Book in Chemistry, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER. Dr. Hooker possesses the rare faculty of presenting scientific subjects in a form which, while strictly accurate, is at the same time attractive to, because comprehensible by children. In this little volume the leading principles of chemistry are laid down and illustrated by examples from everyday life, in such a manner as to be readily understood by any intelligent child of ten or a dozen years. One of the most noticeable features of the book is the large number of experiments, illustrating almost every leading principle of the science, which can be performed by the aid of materials and utensils to be found in almost every family. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Camp and Outpost Duty, by General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This little book is founded upon a pamphlet prepared by the author for the special use of his own brigade. He was requested by the General commanding his division to adapt it for the use of the whole army. The MS. was then submitted to Generals Porter, Hooker, Kearney, and McClellan, who recommended that it should be published by authority, and circulated throughout the companies of each regiment. In addition to a full system of Outpost Duty, it comprehends the important portions of the Standing Orders, and Regulations for the Army, with Rules for Health, and an excellent chapter on the Duties of Officers, prepared by General Casey. The volume should be the pocket-companion of every intelligent officer and soldier.

Modern War: its Theory and Practice, by EMERIC SZABAD, *Captain U. S. A.* The author of this work is a Hungarian, who served through the war in his own country and in the recent Italian campaign of the Emperor Napoleon. He has written several works of great value in French and English, besides contributing largely to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In this work he undertakes to lay down the great principles upon which modern warfare is conducted; describes the composition of an army, its raising, organization, maintenance, and mode of handling; explains the nature and object of military movements, whether in a general campaign or in actual battle; illustrating the whole by descriptions of and commentaries upon the great campaigns and battles of modern times, especially those of Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. Accurate military maps are given of the countries covered by Napoleon's leading campaigns, and diagrams of his chief battles. Captain Szabad writes our language with as much grace and fluency as though it were his vernacular. His work being divested of all mere technicalities is perfectly intelligible to the general reader, who will from it be able to form a clear idea of the important subject upon which it treats. (Published by Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE letter of Garibaldi to the British nation contrasts strangely in the purity of its appeal to the loftiest principle with the apparent character and conduct of the people to whom it is addressed. Yet the contrast is between the heroic faith of Garibaldi and the hesitating, treacherous timidity of the British Government, and not between the instinct of the Italian *fils du peuple* and that of the people of England. When you hear the high appeal, breathed in passionate music, it is impossible not to think of Titania and Bottom. When you turn from English history, or the London newspaper of to-day, to listen to that clear Southern voice intoning the principles and ideas which it is the glory of men to have uttered centuries ago, it is almost as if you heard that voice itself out of history, vague, remote, illusive.

It is the ideal Britain that Garibaldi addresses; that other nation hidden deep in the one we see; the nation that justifies Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton; the nation which glimmers and disappears before Lord Palmerston and the *Saturday Review*. Individuals are two-fold, and certainly nations are. When you are thrown with the Englishman of ordinary intercourse, clumsy, spluttering, bigoted, and ill-bred, you ask yourself, involuntarily, "Who, in the name of wonder, writes the English poetry? Who makes the jokes? Who makes the England that such men as Browning and Tennyson praise to-day, and that Milton and Chaucer loved and believed in long ago?" There is a clew to that England in few Englishmen you meet.

And some, and even brilliant and famous Englishmen, strip all the charm from their country. Macaulay was a kind of typical Briton. His virtues and his failings as an author are purely British. But how his clear, hard, glittering page belittles England! How sordid, upon the whole, the national character looks in his *History* and *Essays*! You try to follow the line of the development of the great principles that distinguish English history by some corresponding nobleness in British character,

as you would trace a river-course by the winding line of richness in the verdure; but it is impossible. Certainly the right of personal liberty, of free speech, of the jury trial, bills of rights, and the privileges of Parliament, are great and sacred obligations which civil society owes to Great Britain. But they seem to have been won somehow in spite of the people. You are shocked and astonished at every step by the ignorance and superstition of the masses, and the partisan duplicity of the leaders. Who has fully made up his mind about Cromwell except Carlyle? To how many of the best Englishmen, until within late years, has not King Charles been truly the martyr? Nay, the glorious revolution of '88, how it loses much of the dignity that belongs to a truly great epoch by the party intrigues and low characters by which it was achieved! Macaulay's pages are a terrible record for that Great Britain which every generous foreigner appeals to, but which so seldom becomes visible. Carlyle is called a cynic, but he has said the best things for his nation of any of her modern children. In his *Friedrich* it is clear that the Scotchman can not help feeling the full stupidity of such a Britannic Majesty as George II., seeing him to be a ludicrous Defender of the Faith of Liberty. But he is just to the jewel in that toad. We in this country think it hard to have had for four years, by popular election, such a magistrate as Buchanan; but think of a nation that had George IV., by hereditary descent, as supreme ruler and anointed head of the church for life! No wonder John Bull is surly and ill-mannered.

But it is to that England or Britain, call it what you will, of whose genius Shakespeare is the ripest fruit; whose historic achievements are the safeguards of liberty which we most value; whose benediction the noblest men desire; for which in our day Carlyle, and Mill, and Tennyson, and Ruskin, and Cairnes, and Bright speak, each in his way. That is the Britain which we Americans fondly call our mother-country, and to which Garibaldi writes his fervent pathetic prayer. Its request will have no practical answer. John Bull, in the shape of Palmerston and Co., will smile at a well-meaning enthusiast, probably delirious from a wound received in an utterly Quixotic enterprise. A World's Congress, to be chosen by mutual understanding, and to meet at London to settle by arbitration what has hitherto been settled by war, is not a project likely to be eagerly supported by the late party to the Congress of Paris, and a few years since of Vienna; nor by a Government which proclaims its perfect neutrality between a friendly constitutional Government and an insurrection against every principle of the traditional British policy, and then permits every kind of blow to be leveled and struck from its shores against that Government.

But still the appeal is not in vain. When Garibaldi cries "Begin, O English people! For the love of God begin the great era of the human compact, and benefit present generations with so great a gift!" his words not only thrill many an English heart in which the same holy prayer lies unspoken, but they address themselves instinctively to the only nation in Europe from whose civilization the era he yearns for can legitimately arise. The same instinct makes him appreciate also the solemn and vast scope of our struggle. He sees and says what the external England of to-day denies, but what the true interior England perceives, that our cause is the cause of mankind, of civil liberty, of civilization.

If England but knew it, if she only could know

it, the noblest, the sublimest words that have been spoken to her in this century are in this glowing poetical apostrophe of the man whom the people of Europe love as their God-given leader. If the intelligent, industrious, active, and practical England of to-day were really represented by men whose names are not Palmerston and Russell, and by journals which were not the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, and the *Cornhill*, it would ponder these words of Garibaldi, and wonder how they might be justified in fact as well as in hope. "And what should we be in Europe without your dignified behavior? Autocracy can strike her exiled ones in other countries, where only a bastard freedom is enjoyed—where freedom is but a lie. But let one seek for it on the sacred ground of Albion. I, like so many others, seeing the cause of justice oppressed in so many parts of the world, despair of all human progress. But when I turn my thoughts to you, I find tranquillity from your steady and fearless advancement toward that end to which the human race seems to be called by Providence."

THE story of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," which is published serially in these pages, is entirely worthy the hand that writes it. When it began, a few months since, we spoke of the difficulty of writing a novel of Italian life nearly four hundred years ago, but this difficulty has disappeared in the profound interest and power of the story. Of course in all such tales, as in Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," which is one of the best of the purely historical and dramatic novels, there is something which is quaint and not exactly natural. That is to say, the characters speak and move in a manner that would be strange to-day, and therefore impress us not as contemporaries would be impressed. In truth, you can not take the portrait of a man who has been dead four hundred years. You can only copy other portraits. Such a novel is necessarily more like a masquerade than like the society with which we daily mingle. What looks stiff and sounds strained did not seem so to the people who really saw and heard the life and the times of which we are reading.

Concede that at the portal, and then you will enter this stately and pathetic story like a temple. It is a love-story of old Florence. But then the lover is a Greek and he loves Romola, the daughter of a blind old Florentine scholar who lives in his library, burns with the consuming and irritating zeal of a commentator, and dreams that when he dies he may be thought worthy to be buried in Santa Croce. The story is not far advanced, nor would it be fair to tell it here if it were. But as a study of Florentine life at the period it is exquisite in its elaborate detail, and in the curious familiarity with the street-life, always so striking in the old republic and so difficult to reproduce. We say familiarity, because the reader is impressed by the intrinsic reality of the description, not because there are many who are competent to pronounce it accurate. But the Italian flavor of the street jesting, and gossip, and incident is as unmistakable as the glow of the Italian atmosphere and the silver sheen of the olive hills of Tuscany in which the tale is set.

Tito, the beautiful young Greek, is drawn from the Antinous. He enters upon the scene always with a bright grace that fascinates; a strange brilliancy that is yet shallow and cool shining all around him. A selfishness that springs from his very fullness of power to enjoy speciously asserts the right

of eminent domain over the choicest enjoyment which resides in splendid and imperial youth. Romola, who has had no other experience of men than her old father and his companions, and a brother who has left the home for a convent, finds in Tito a fulfillment of unconscious hope such as she had not dared to imagine. To her his coming is like lighting a lamp in a vase in a darkened chamber. Every thing is softly luminous. But the vase itself is most brilliant and exquisite of all. Emotions in the mind of Tito are like the swift, glittering, and glooming gusts that wrinkle a sunny sea. They are swift, brisk, and evanescent. The great substance and depth of the ocean are untouched. But are there any depths? or are they stagnant?

Romola herself is magnificent. A pure, queenly, profound nature: a beauty which, as Tito vaguely feels, is a consequence of her superb soul: altogether a woman to whom every man has seen some resemblance in some few women; an amplitude of noble being such as no Greek goddess nor Christian Madonna precisely represents, but mingling the incisive force and splendor of the one with the lofty tenderness of the other. This, at least, is the outline already drawn, but only the first book is finished and the design is to be completed. The childlike candor and stately simplicity of Romola are delicately but most pathetically contrasted with the equal candor and simplicity of the shrinking, timid, dove-like Tessa, a poor little peasant girl unconscious of any thing in the world but what appears, or in Tito, but an overwhelming splendor toward which her whole nature helplessly tends like a moth to a star.

This clearly is where the outer tragedy of that bright and beautiful and shallow Greek nature is to show itself. Already, through the sunshine and distant vineyards, and gay music of church bells, and merry chat of the market, the mystic shadow throws its chill. Already that conflict of essential character in which this author finds her truest sphere has begun. The gloom of the tragedy gathers. And if the story be conducted to the end as it has thus far advanced, it will be one of the most powerful and remarkable of our novels. The very remoteness of the scene and the characters from our actual modern life is one of the chief charms. The familiar aspects of contemporary experience have been so fully and almost exclusively presented of late that to move away from them for a subject is itself an interest. There is also in "Romola" a purely æsthetic element which has not been so evident heretofore in these novels. The very selection of the place and the figures, and the setting given to them, reveal an exquisite appreciation of pure art. Florence strangely lives again in these pages. A weird haunting sadness, like that you feel in all the autumn brightness of woods that mock the spring, hangs over this delightful story.

THE changing aspects of the war compel every observer to remark the force of party-spirit, which is the terrible strain of every popular government. And if the observation lead some one to repudiate it, it will not only have helped him but the country.

As Americans our primary interest is the honor and integrity of our country. That implies, of course, the maintenance of our Government. The policy of that Government is the proper platform of party. Whether we shall have a tariff or free trade, whether a bank or no bank, whether long or short naturalization, whether slavery shall be limited or extended, and a thousand other questions of policy

and national advantage, are the points upon which men of various views and interests naturally divide into parties. Some of the questions involve moral considerations. But still the practical solution of them is political. The various parties endeavor to persuade the people to give them votes in order that the policy they favor may prevail. The people decide, and the defeated party, by still farther and more convincing argument, strives still for the result it wishes. During the discussion there will be excitement, rage, and the unreasonable consequences of rage. The dangers to the country if the Smith policy prevail, are depicted in ghastly colors by Jones. The total destruction of all things if Jones should succeed, is set forth with heart-rending eloquence by Smith. The election arrives. Smith or Jones is defeated; and the loser counts his chances for another struggle.

This is the simple, natural, normal operation of parties in a free government. Intrigue, chicanery, corruption, disgust, despair, and rebellion may all spring from it. But when rebellion actually comes, and the object is either to destroy the Government itself or forcibly to impose a policy upon the country, parties, which are institutions of peace, at once disappear, and the great body of citizens are simply men who are faithful or unfaithful to their government. If the faithful are wiser as well as stronger, they will maintain the government. If the unfaithful are wiser or stronger, the government will be destroyed.

Now, practically, when the rebellion begins in a free system the government is administered by one of the parties. The administration virtually depends upon the people, and the danger of the government itself naturally merges questions of policy in the paramount interest of the continuance of the government itself. To perplex its administration, when lawfully the guidance must remain as it is for a long time, is to do the work of an enemy. For in war unity of counsel, as of action, is indispensable. While you discuss whether to point your gun east or west—whether to shoot high or low, the enemy scales the wall and the fort is taken. So while parties spend the golden days in wrangling as to who shall conduct the war, and how it shall be conducted, the war is not conducted, and the state is ruined.

To assume, in a civil war, that questions of mere policy in the conduct of the contest can and ought to divide either side, to a point beyond friendly debate, is either a fatal ignorance or a disastrous knavery. For it breeds delay, paralysis, and destruction. To divide the foe, is it not the very golden rule of strategy? To be divided by him, that is your own crime. The policy of a legal administration of a government in a civil war is like a plan of battle. If the inferior generals and soldiers do not like it, they do not therefore feel themselves at liberty to quarrel with it upon the field, unless they wish the enemy to conquer. So in the general management of a war maturely settled by an administration you can not make a party issue, since the administration can not be changed without imperiling the government a hundred-fold more than by assenting to a policy which you do not prefer. The only conceivable honest issue at such a time is one of vigor. If the war flags, if the public mind is growing languid, there may well be fear of the result, and the government will, by all faithful men, be constantly stimulated to greater energy. But an issue to make the war flag—a party to encourage lassitude with a

view to surrender—is not that the last, sad, tragical triumph of party-spirit?

Of course upon all questions of policy, in every relation of human life, there will be differing opinions. But when you know that a work must be done by a certain pair of hands, if you do not like the way in which those hands are doing it, you will suggest and remonstrate. But to insist that the work shall wait for another pair is to insist that it shall remain undone. If a man takes that ground every other man has a right to say to him, "You don't want the work done." And if you remember what such a man has said or done before, and watch closely what he says and does afterward, you will be sure to find something which proves that he did not wish it done.

The secret of party-spirit is the love of power. It is selfishness at last. To a brave and honest man, who hopes well and means well for mankind, party is an ascending grade by which he helps all men up. To an ambitious, selfish, unprincipled man it is a pulley by which he hauls himself higher.

WE speak of party-spirit, and we have an illustration of it in the perpetual debate between England and France upon the Waterloo question, of which we spoke last month. John Bull and Johnny Crapeau are forever fighting the battle of Waterloo. Every few years a fresh charge is made upon one side or the other. The other side springs to arms. Serried pages of furious assertion engage in mortal difference, and gradually the noise subsides.

Victor Hugo and Thiers having lately glorified France in describing Waterloo, the English periodicals storm into the most vehement "pish!" and "pooh!" and "untrue!" They are not careful to agree among themselves, and Waterloo becomes dimmer and dimmer. When a few more Frenchmen have described it, and a few more Englishmen have criticised the descriptions, we shall have reached the most profound and hopeless ignorance upon the whole subject. Thiers's account of the battle is especially distressing to the English mind, and it begins its observations upon it by calmly saying that Thiers is not truthful. That once admitted, the rest of the task is tolerably easy.

The *Cornhill* speaks of Thiers as "bright and vivacious," but "not truthful." His history is "a romance." It has "errors of detail which have had their origin in the writer's contempt for authentic records." M. Thiers has not studied the map at all. He has "a profound misconception of the whole position" of the two armies. His "singular errors" show "the habitual carelessness with which M. Thiers has written what he calls history." He makes a misstatement "to prepare the reader for receiving a fundamental blunder in his history." "There is really something sublime in the contempt of M. Thiers for facts. He is as ignorant of the English as he is of the Prussian movements." "It is quite useless to expect precision from our author." There are "gravest errors" which lie at the very base of this superstructure of misstatements. "Errors of detail" abound every where. "His habit of inaccuracy becomes fatally conspicuous." "M. Thiers is not a whit more enlightened than the earliest French historian—always excepting Napoleon—touching the details of the battle of Waterloo. He does not even know the ground," etc. "Finally, we have this charming battle-piece, unique for inaccuracy in the writings of M. Thiers."

This is the style of the *Cornhill* in treating of the famous French historian. It regards his history as

a romance. It finds it ludicrous from its errors. Mitford's Greece is thorough and authentic by Thiers's Napoleon. And it is remarkable that the romances and errors and grave inaccuracies are generally in regard to some advantage gained by the French over the English. Were the squares of the British infantry broken? Were any British standards taken? They did, they didn't—you're one, you're another—is the attractive style of the debate. The English critics have not exactly agreed upon any consistent statement as a base of operations against the French descriptions; for in the *Cornhill* we read: "In this onset the cuirassiers of the hero of Marengo did roll up the Sixty-ninth and capture its colors;" while the *Athenæum*, charging upon the exasperating Thiers, emphatically declares, in a distinct paragraph: "Not an English square was broken, not an English standard was captured, all that day."

We speak of it not to take a side, but to observe how difficult it is to know the truth. The survey of all this truculent assertion and contradiction makes us modest in the matter of our own news. Who can tell correctly the story of the great battles of this war? Will the history which Mr. W. Gilmore Simms will certainly write confirm that of any Northern historian? Are we never to know exactly how it was at Bull Run, at Mill Spring, at Hilton Head, at Shiloh, at Corinth, or on the Virginia peninsula? Do we know how it was at Detroit or on Lake Erie, at Bunker Hill or Saratoga, at Quebec or Louisburg; at Minden, Oudenarde, and Dettingen; at Pharsalia, at Salamis, at Marathon, in Gaul? Is all history as inaccurately told as the history of battles? Is Hume upon Cromwell any better than Thiers upon Wellington, or John Bull upon Napoleon? At least, then, let us be patient in reading our own story; not too swift to condemn, not too sure that we understand, and willing to believe the best until the worst is proved.

THOSE of us who remember Hannegan, Minister of the United States, haranguing in his shirt the populace of Berlin from a balcony—or Mason in Paris triumphing in the ability to chew and smoke at the same time—or any other of the grotesque and extraordinary performances of our foreign plenipotentiaries, will learn with interest that Earl Russell has issued a new set of regulations for the English Diplomatic Service. Whether they extend to personal habits, or to costume as Mr. Marcy's famous letter did, does not appear. But it is evidence of the fact that there is a Diplomatic Service. Another fact is, that in America we have no diplomatic career.

The question is often asked, "Why not have a regular diplomatic career? Why not appoint a young man as an attaché, then a secretary, and in due order a minister? Should we not secure better servants by such a course and wiser service?"

But at the very proposition of the question the reply, founded in practical experience is, how can you dispense with the rewards of political labor; and why should not all service of the country be a career from which only incapacity and dishonesty should exclude the incumbent? The answer is simply that all public service *should* be such a career, and if the system could be initiated, the habits of office-holding as a reward of party service, and not of personal fitness and ability, would be forever destroyed. But how will you initiate it? The difficulty is chiefly in the minds and customs of the people. It would be easy to find a President, for instance, who might make a stand and retain all the

faithful servants of the Government. But then those servants have been appointed by party. They are all partisans. They will be glad enough to stay in, but they will inevitably be working to turn the administration out. Then what will the supporters of the administration do? I do not know how many men were really the men who nominated the President, but there is a very large number who have told me in strict confidence that they elected the Governor of New York. "They spent money, by George! They spared nothing, you see. And this, this is the reward! The men who worked against us, and swore and spent money against us, are now comfortably sipping the public pap." 'Tis too much! Human nature succumbs.

Well, party nature *will* succumb, whatever human nature may do. Therefore unless the people really wish the change it can not be made, except when, by some rare chance, the leading men of all parties shall resolve that it is better to renounce patronage as political machinery. When do you think that will be?

Certainly, if we are to have ministers at all, they should be as accomplished for their position and duty as the representatives of any power. It is not necessary to insist upon small hands and feet, nor manners in proportion. A boor, surely, should not be an ambassador; but a very homely, simple man may be the very best man for the purpose. On the other hand, because a man is admirably fitted to bring out all the voters in his town or State to the polls, it does not follow that he could negotiate a good treaty. If the positions abroad are to be regarded as sinecures, which do not require any ability, then pay the money and keep the men at home. But if there be any duty to be done or character to be maintained, let us send men who are competent to do the duty and to represent the character.

The new code of Earl Russell provides that when a young man receives his appointment to the diplomatic service he is to pass four years without any pay. How would that suit our political aspirants? Six months of those four years are to be spent in the Foreign Office, in order to learn the routine of diplomatic business, and three years at one of the embassies. At the end of the four years the unpaid attaché becomes third secretary, provided that the Minister with whom he last served gives him a certificate of good character and conduct, and stating that he understands and speaks French well, as well as one other foreign language.

But before this—within three months after he is appointed—the young diplomatist must be examined in orthography, handwriting, *précis* (style of expression), Latin, Arithmetic, French, German, and History; and before he receives a penny of salary as third secretary he is to pass another examination. If he chooses he may have but one examination; but this will include, beside all the studies named, the first book of Euclid and International Law.

Nothing can be better in intention than such a system. If a thing is worth doing, it is surely worth doing well. If a merchant would not make a man his book-keeper because he had cobbled his shoes well, why should a state appoint a man an ambassador because he makes a good stump speech, or buys votes, or brings them out, or gives thirty thousand dollars to carry an election? But where would our diplomatic service be if it had to be established upon such foundations? Let any traveler in Europe during the last twenty years refresh his recollections of the probability of our ambassadors

successfully passing an examination in the first book of Euclid, or their chances of a certificate asserting their knowledge of French and of "one other" language! In that time the country has been represented abroad by eminent scholars and gentlemen; but we are speaking of the rule.

It will be naturally supposed that Earl Russell's code is aristocratic and exclusive. An effort was made to throw open the diplomatic service to all comers and select the best for appointment, as in the Civil Service of India and the Ordnance Corps; but it was hopeless. The gate of entrance into the career is very narrow. "The candidate will continue to be nominated by the Foreign Secretary." The basis of the appointment is thus purely political, as with us. "The heads of the great houses," as Macaulay magniloquently calls them, will continue to provide in the diplomatic service for their friends and retainers. As by hereditary right any nincompoop with a title is a life-long governor and legislator of Great Britain, so by the close borough system of Cabinet nominations the influential noblemen will secure a perpetuity of this privilege. It has this advantage over the House of Lords that, for a seat in that assembly no examination of fitness, no selection by a satisfied constituency is necessary; but simply the fact of being born the oldest son of a peer. The oldest son of an ambassador stands no chance of an embassy if he does not know the first book of Euclid and three languages. What would happen if an exact knowledge of English grammar were required of our ambassadors!

The practical difficulty with us is that men of refined and high-toned natures hate to soil their fingers with politics, and consequently have no political eminence. They have the heartiest sympathy often, and they do all they can for the promotion of the good old cause of America and Liberty. But they make no claim for reward, and the reward goes to the worker who asks for it, and not to the worker who does not, nor to him who has not been a worker. That surely is not the best way for the state to find its best servants. But there is this to be said for it, that if every citizen did his fair share of political duty the fittest men for the various offices would have as clear a claim in service as those who are less fit. Indeed our whole free popular system proceeds upon the assumption that we are faithful to our duty, however disagreeable it may be. That system is now in danger because the best citizens have so willingly shirked that duty.

WHEN the operations of a Confidence Man are exposed, there is always a smile of derision at the stupid rural victim; but the supply of victims does not fail. So when you pass a mock-auction shop, and contemplate Peter Funk and his friends unweariedly playing buy and sell mock watches and brass jewelry, it is impossible not to admire the gullibility which is so exact and calculable a quantity that a trade like this may be established upon it, and gentry like these make a living by it. Year after year the Confidence Man drops a wallet or shows the secret of a safe, and year after year Peter Funk chatters over his counter the merits and cheapness of his glass diamonds. And year after year also the rustic falls into both the traps, and hies homeward a wiser and a poorer man.

But all this is not more surprising than the performances of royal Confidence Men and imperial Peter Funks from the beginning of time. Their game goes on from century to century. The same

old brass time-pieces are extolled as the purest gold. The same old promises are made of sudden elevation to wealth. The same old farce of friendship is played and played again.

The last mock-auction upon the great scale is the movement of Louis Napoleon in Mexico, which has a very natural and peculiar interest for all of us neighbors of that restless nation. The Emperor of Russia a few years since thought his dear friend Turkey a sick man—sick even unto death: so sick that his estate must be administered upon; and who so competent, who so clearly Heaven-called to the task, as the ancient ally and disinterested friend of Turkey, Russia? In a similar manner the heart of the French Emperor is touched by the misery of Mexico. It is not, indeed, his neighbor. But who—says Louis Funk—who is my neighbor if not a suffering State?

Spain and England, as we were saying some few months since when General Prim was our hero of an hour, have withdrawn from the errand of mercy. But the conscience of the Emperor of France would be troubled if he should give over his noble friends, the Mexicans, to their own destruction. So he has sent an army and a navy—why? To revenge the defeat of the French arms last summer? Softly, impetuous inquirer! Do you think that Peter Funk sells watches for his own advantage? Does he not expressly tell you that this watch is an article of the finest gold, of the most exquisite workmanship, with thirty jewels, and a regulator of the sun? Is it not knocked down to you at a fearful sacrifice and dirt cheap, expressly to close a concern? Is it not the very last of the lot, and, by a curious but lucky chance, the very best? What, then, says Peter Napoleon by his man Forey? Has it not the true washed-copper ring? Is it not the purest strain of the mock-auction shop? Listen:

"As soon as the Mexican people are freed by our arms they will choose, without restraint, the Government that suits them. I bring a positive command to declare so to them. . . .

"In the name of the Emperor I invite, without distinction of parties, all who wish the independence of their country and the integrity of their territory. It is not a part of the politics of France to mix, for a personal interest, in the intestine dissensions of foreign nations; but when for legitimate reasons she is obliged to interfere, she always does it in the interest of the country where she employs her action.

"Remember, Mexicans, that wherever her flag is unfurled in America, as in Europe, she represents the cause of nations and of civilization."

There was never any other pretense urged by any soldier for any wanton and reckless invasion of a foreign territory. He always comes to protect the rights of the people of the territory. Designing men among them are plotting mischief. But I, Louis, never have any personal motive; I have only the Millennium at heart. My mission is to root out selfishness. I am sent by Heaven to chastise the ambitious and self-seeking. I, from the 2d of December, am the guardian of legitimate governments of the people against the usurpation of individuals. My empire is peace—peace in the Crimea, peace in Italy, and now peace in Mexico. Peace, at the present time, is the regeneration of Mexico. But, believe me, it is a purely impersonal, philanthropic movement of mine. France is bound to keep the peace of the world, and I am France. General Forey, you will order the ships to open upon the ports and the army to advance upon the capital.

It is only a great piece of historical Peter Funk.

The intention is that of the worthy auctioneer. The declaration of intention is just as veracious as his assertions about his wares. The passengers pass in the street and smile to hear his talk; and there is not a man of very ordinary sense, in France or out of France, who does not smile with contempt and pity as he hears the stale old fustian of the brand-new Emperor.

When Mexico shall have been pacified by the apostle of peace, what other part of the world will it be his mission to regulate?

Editor's Drawer.

THE Hon. George R. Marsh, than whom we have no more learned and elegant scholar, a man who has spent a lifetime among books, digging up dead languages and seeking the origin of tongues, this delver in the ditches of antiquity, and who is more familiar, we verily believe, with the early literature of England than any other man among us; Mr. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, bears this remarkable testimony:

"I have observed that no great English writer has ever been wholly able to suppress the quality of humor. Hooker would be claimed as an exception, and in truth he is one of the gravest of authors; but one can not but suspect that a smile is lurking under some of the illustrations which accompany his most serious arguments. Thus, having declared that God works nothing without cause, he instances the creation of woman, which he intimates was an after-thought, and declares that God's will had never inclined 'to perform it,' 'but that he saw it could not be well if she were not created.' In this he seems to have meant a half-jocose expression of the same sentiments to which John Knox had, not many years before, given such passionate utterance in his ungenerous but very eloquent 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.'"

THE man that laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

THE following epitaph is copied from the "Historical Collections of Connecticut," and is perfectly authentic. It was taken from the tomb-stone of a young lady:

"Molly, though comely in her day,
Was suddenly seized and carried away;
How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten,
Laid in the grave and quick forgotten."

THE humors of the war continue to make a merry chapter in the history of these melancholy days. One of our naval friends at Key West wrote to us in September last:

"ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMER 'MAGNOLIA.'"

"Among our crew is one steady old fellow, to whom, while a temporary hospital was being erect-

ed on shore, was given the charge of a huge kettle of boiling tar, etc., used for spreading on the roof to render it water-tight. Strangers here are naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind; and *all*, on seeing this steaming kettle, and the old 'shell-back' so intently engaged stirring its contents, would invariably question him as to its use, etc., until it became to him a nuisance. One afternoon one of our officers walked down to where 'Tommy' was at work, and while standing there observed a strange vessel coming into the harbor under a full press of canvas.

"'Tommy,' said he, 'what ship is that coming in?'"

"Tommy, without looking up from his work, thinking the question—having indistinctly heard it—one relating to the contents of the kettle, as usual, answered, 'Roofing-cement.'"

"'Singular name,' says the officer. 'Who is her captain?'"

"'Coal-tar, Sir, I believe.'"

"Mr. — thought that Tommy *must* have been drinking, and started off to get his information from some other quarter.

"WHEN the new order concerning the change of the navy officers' uniform came to hand, it set all of *our* officers to imagining the probable effect of gold-lace, etc., on their own persons, and for several days nothing was talked of but gold-lace and shoulder-straps. Our Chief-Engineer, rising late one morning, walked up on deck, and on looking around him perceived an addition to our fleet. Coming to a group of officers who were discussing the 'new order,' he asked:

"'When did the *Penguin* get in?'"

"The answer was similar to Tommy's in the above, and about as much to the point:

"'You must wear gold-lace half an inch wide around the cuff.'"

"Chief, nothing put out, asked again:

"'When did the *Penguin* get in?'"

"Answer: 'A single-breasted coat with nine buttons for mates.'"

"'Did she stop any where on her way down?'"

"'On the shoulders, a strap with a silver anchor worked on it, and a gold bar at each end.'"

"Chief ventured another question:

"'How long was she coming from New York?'"

"'I tell you only two inches, to be turned in on the edge.'"

"'What a crazy set!' soliloquized the Engineer as he stepped to the side to see a huge fish that was hauled aboard by one of the crew."

THE annexed advertisement, scissored from the Washington *Republican*, will repay attentive perusal:

A CARD.—The attention of the public is invited to the sale which will take place on FRIDAY MORNING, the 10th instant, at the U. S. Penitentiary, commencing precisely at 9 o'clock. Purchasers will have to settle as knocked down, if not, they will be put up and resold, as they will have to be moved as sold, on account of the Government wanting it immediately. By order of

H. I. KING, Warden.
GREEN & WILLIAMS,
Auctioneers.

Rather stringent on *purchasers*, eh? How about the *habeas corpus*, Fort Lafayette, etc.? Has Government done any thing worse than this?

"THE writer is a 'practitioner' of medicine, 'in his feeble and humble manner'—as old Brother Col-

burn, our circuit preacher, said of his discourse—among the illimitable prairies. I frequently have written applications for medicine, etc., as many of my customers live at a distance. One day, not long since, a negro boy rode up to the fence, halloed 'Hello!' and handed me a note. Here is the 'doc-kymment:'

"July 11 1862"

"Dr. — please send mee a litle sugar of led to mak som I water

"oblige Your
"C— H—"

"A few days subsequently the same specimen of the 'Torrid Zone' reported himself at my office with another epistle from the same friend—*videlicet*:

"July 10 62"

"Dr — please of sende a *vile* of I water for the baby and som pouderes the babe has fever agane
"wee brok the vile of I water

C— H—

"hee sill seems
to rub
his hed'

"The '*vile* of I water' was dispatched, and as the case did not convalesce I was summoned to see the child. It was laboring under acute ophthalmia, complicated with remittent fever. In a few days I dismissed the case. 'But the end was not yet.' A few days later the son of Africa dismounted at my gate with the following luminous message:

the
"July 28 1862"

"Dr — plees sende me som mour I water I wish you to sende somthing to stop nite swets on him hee seams to fall of all the tim
Yours
"C— H—"

"PLEASE do not give the author's name, as the story may be seen by the parties, and so hurt the feelings of worthy people."

Thus writes a correspondent to the Drawer. Did he know what he was saying? He is willing to have us publish a story that would "hurt the feelings of worthy people," but he does not wish to be known as the author of it! Where is honor, conscience, kindness? We do not wish any man to make use of the Drawer by amusing some people at the expense of others. The "feelings of worthy people" are more sacred than gold; and we would not for any consideration be made the means of wounding the feelings of the least of the worthy ones who read these pages.

The world has humor enough in it to fill the Drawer full to overflowing without hurting the hair of the head of the humblest son or daughter of Adam; and we would rather lock the Drawer up, and throw away the key, than to use it for the injury of the feelings of any body.

Please make a note of this, most excellent contributors, and send us nothing that will pain the living, or that, "dying, you would wish to blot."

FROM the Far East we have a brace of anecdotes:

"Some years since our friend, Colonel B—, found himself a passenger on board one of the steamers running between Havana and New Orleans. Before reaching the latter city the captain of the steamer having learned, in course of conversation, that Colonel B— was a live Yankee from Vermont, thought he would amuse, and at the same time compliment the Colonel by relating to him a bit of his experience with a certain Yankee pilot whom he once employed, and who, like the Colonel, enjoyed the honor of hailing from Vermont. The Colonel said,

"My friend the captain was formerly in command of one of the Mississippi River steamers, and one morning, while his boat was lying at her moorings

at New Orleans, waiting for the tardy pilot—who, it appears, was a rather uncertain sort of a fellow—a tall, gaunt Yankee made his appearance before the captain's office, and sung out,

"'Hello, Cap'n! you don't want a pilot nor nothin' about this 'ere craft, do ye?'"

"'How do you know I don't?'" responded the Captain.

"'Oh, you don't understand; I axed you s'posin' you *did*?'"

"'Then, supposing I do, what of it?'"

"'Well,' said the Yankee, 'I reckon I know suthin' about that ere sort o' business, provided you wanted a feller of jest about my size.'

"The Captain gave him a scrutinizing glance, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, 'I should pity the snags!' asked,

"'Are you acquainted with the river, and do you know where the snags are?'"

"'Well, ye-as'—responded the Yankee, rather hesitatingly—'I'm pretty well acquainted with the river; but—the snags—I don't know exactly so much about.'

"'Don't know about the snags!' exclaimed the Captain, contemptuously; 'don't know about the snags! You'd make a pretty pilot!'"

"At this the Yankee's countenance assumed any thing but an angelic expression, and with a darkened brow and a fiercely flashing eye, he drew himself up to his full height, and indignantly roared back in a voice of thunder, 'What do I want to know where the snags are for, old sea-hoss? I know *where they ain't*; and there's where I do my sailing!'"

"It is sufficient to know that the Yankee was promptly engaged, and that the Captain takes pleasure in saying that he proved himself one of the best pilots on the river.

"We have in this vicinity another live specimen of a Yankee who, if he does not come full up to the Mississippi River pilot, falls but a half pace behind. He once had occasion to buy a pig; and after going into the country and spending considerable time in looking over the 'pork market,' finally succeeded in bargaining for a small 'varmint,' the smallest of a lot of ten owned by a clever old farmer. While the trade was progressing the welcome notes of the farmer's dinner-horn pealed forth, calling upon the hungry to 'fall to and devour.' Our friend, it must be remembered, is *sometimes* very deaf, but on this occasion fully understood the dinner-horn; and, of course, the farmer found no difficulty in making him understand that his company at the table would be acceptable. Dinner over, our hero got his horse and wagon in readiness to depart, and then went back to the pen to get his pig; but instead of taking the small one bargained for, selected the *largest and best of the lot*, and carried it, squealing for its dear life, to the wagon. The farmer made his appearance in the yard just in season to discover what he supposed to be the mistake of our Yankee friend, and shouted out to him, 'You've got the wrong pig! you've got the wrong pig! Bring him back! You've got the wrong pig!' But our friend, thinking it best not to be *too particular* under the circumstances, made a 'bee-line' for his wagon, at the same time shouting back, 'Let him squeal! let him squeal! I can hold him! I can hold him!' The farmer followed swiftly, in hopes of having the 'mistake' corrected; but on arriving at the gateway a fresh cloud of dust in the distance suggested to his bewildered senses that both he and his pig had been 'sold.'"

THE horrors of war, and the tedium of camp-life, and the anxious hours at home, have been relieved and alleviated by the Drawer, till we have come to regard it as one of the main pillars of the State—a sort of savings institution for the benefit of the soldier, the citizen, and the household, in which all have a life interest, and a right to draw out all they want, whether they put in or not. From the Gulf Squadron, on board one of the United States mortar-boats, an old subscriber writes to the Drawer, and tells us how he has been pining for the want of it, and actually refreshing his soul by reading old numbers that were fortunately on board. Who knows how much they helped to capture New Orleans? Hear him. He is a surgeon, and knows what is good for soldiers and sailors:

"Something near a dozen years ago, at the solicitation of a pertinacious and ragged newsboy, your correspondent invested a quarter in the purchase of your initial Number, since which day, whether at home or abroad, *Harper* has been my constant and welcomed monthly visitor. When leaving home to render my meed of service by keeping men in health to fight, and healing those who were wounded while

fighting, my better-half faithfully promised to send *Harper* regularly to cheer my loneliness with its well-loved face. Alas! letters from home have reached me, now and again, saying that *Harper* has been sent to me; and yet for five months my accustomed food has been by some ruthless hand snatched away from my starving mind. Some appreciative sinner, more anxious than honest, sequesters my *Magazines* to his own enjoyment, without caring an old *Herald* for me, the rightful owner of the treasure. Think of my being so long without a visit from my old friend! Two consolations, however, are mine under this privation: first, we have on board some thirty old numbers, and they are ever ready to give up their rich stores of pleasure and profit at my demand; and secondly, the anticipation of what is in store for me when I return home and read up my arrears. May peace be with you and all of us soon!"

To which we respond Amen! And then our friend goes on to give us an incident of the war:

"During the bombardment of Fort Jackson, one of our officers, well-tired by a night's work, was summoned to breakfast by the steward, who found much difficulty in awakening him. 'Mr. —,'



FAITHFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.

MR. SNODGRASS, who has removed to the country, brought home last night a famous Watch-Dog. The faithful creature has taken up his quarters under the kitchen table, and causes some little disarrangement in the preparations for breakfast.

says the steward, shaking the sleeper for the third or fourth time, 'Mr. —, it is gone eight bells—breakfast is all ready.' The drowsy officer, with his mind full of the mortar, barely caught the sound of the 'all ready' of the steward, and to the latter's surprise bade him 'get a good range and fire as soon as possible,' as he turned to resume his sleep."

DR. H— was always fond of a practical joke, and sometimes at the expense of his best friends; and when annoyed, as he often was, by some old woman stopping him in the street to ask him about his patients, he added a little spice of malice. Old Mrs. Young was one of this troublesome class, and one day seeing the Doctor's gig standing a long time in front of Judge P—'s house, she hailed him as he came back and asked him who was sick at the Judge's.

"The Judge himself," he replied.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's been taking poison," said the Doctor, and whipped up his horse and left her.

In an hour from that time the village was in a

terrible state of excitement, and the Judge's house was filled with a crowd of anxious friends, for he was a great favorite in the place. He was not more surprised and gratified, however, at so many calls and their great solicitude, than they were to learn that he had had an attack of chills and fever the day before, for which the Doctor prescribed arsenic.

EPITAPHS actually copied from tombstones in a grave-yard in Philadelphia:

"Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans was my divotion,
Drugs did me not good.
Christ was my Physician,
He knew what way was best
To ease me of my pain,
He took my soul to rest."

"What is home without a Mother?"

"Oh Nancy dear my breast does ache,
And I do suffer sore;
But Christ has come, I'll soon be gone,
And then my suffering is o'er."



UNAPPRECIATED DEVOTION.

MR. TIMMINS has fallen desperately in love with Miss HELEN, and wishes to solace her with a little music. To him Sister LAURA, very kind-hearted, but so near-sighted:

"Here, Poor Man, is a piece of bread for you. Now do go away. Sister Helen has a headache, and says your tooting drives her crazy."

Fashions for December.

Furnished by MR. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING NEGLIGÉE AND BOY'S COSTUME.



FIGURE 3.—SORTIE DU BAL.

THE MORNING NEGLIGÉE and BOY'S COSTUME, illustrated on the preceding page, are adapted to almost any of the seasonable materials.

THE SORTIE DU BAL, represented above, is extremely elegant. It is composed of white merino, lined with rose silk, and trimmed with swan's-down.

THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

VOL. III.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1862.

[No. I.

The School and Family Charts,

By MARCIUS WILLSON AND N. A. CALKINS.

Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons.

By MARCIUS WILLSON.

What leading Educators say of them.

OFFICE OF SUPT. OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, }
CHICAGO, Oct. 4, 1862. }

MARCIUS WILLSON, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I have read your Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons with more than ordinary care, and with more than ordinary satisfaction. It is admirably suited to the object for which it has been prepared, and furnishes more substantial aid to teachers in arranging and filling out a systematic course of object lessons than any other work that has yet been issued.

Yours truly,
W. H. WELLS.

A Second Letter from Mr. WELLS, Oct. 18, 1862.

MESSRS. WILLSON & CALKINS—

I desire to thank you, and the teachers of the country will thank you, for furnishing the most complete and beautiful set of School Charts ever published. Each chart is happily adapted to the object for which it is prepared, and the illustrations of color and of natural history supply one of the most urgent wants of schools.

I expected much from these Charts, but was not prepared for any thing so elaborate and complete. Nothing but the expense can be in the way of their universal use; and even this is much less than at first appears, since the Charts will take the place of very many books in reading, drawing, &c., and one set is sufficient for a class of six hundred pupils or more. They are exactly what we want in connection with our oral course, and I do not see how we can get along without them.

DEPT. OF PUB. INST., SUPT'S. OFFICE, }
New York City, Oct. 8, 1862. }

MESSRS. WILLSON & CALKINS.

GENTLEMEN,—I have carefully examined your admirable series of “School and Family Charts,” with the “Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons,” and highly approve of their design and execution. They will form a very desirable addition to the text-books and charts for our Primary Departments and Schools, and will, I trust, be adopted by the Board, and extensively used by the teachers.

Very truly yours,

S. S. RANDALL.

Extract from a Letter of DANIEL HOUGH, Prin. of First District Public School, Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1862.

Soon after the opening of our schools I placed the Cleveland Cards, McGuffey's Charts, and your “School and Family Charts,” in the hands of three teachers, who had large classes of children—more than 60 in each—not yet in books. To the best class I gave the Cleveland Cards, and to the poorest yours. Of course I did not have your “Manual,” designed to accompany the Charts, and could not know your method. . . . But with your Charts, the children were taught, and they learned to name, all of the sixty words on Chart No. I., to spell them, and to count them, in the short space of two weeks. . . .

We will now, having your Manual, change our method more in accordance with your directions. But your whole plan is excellent, and you will never know the amount of good you have done for the many teachers who are anxious to teach right, but do not know how. Your plan of *Oral Composition*, as taught in connection with the Charts, is, in my opinion, the correct one, and is worth more to the true teacher than all the works on “Composition Writing” that have been published. The Reading Charts I consider as nearly perfect as books or charts can be made.

From Hon. E. P. WESTON, Supt. of Schools of Maine,
Oct. 14, 1862.

I am delighted with the “School and Family Charts,” and the accompanying “Manual,” and have just written a notice of them for the *Maine Teacher*. I design to make the Charts the basis of my talk on Object Lessons at the educational conventions which I am holding.

From Hon. DAVID N. CAMP, Supt. Conn. Schools, and
Prin. of Conn. State Normal School, Oct. 18, 1862.

I have examined the series of “School and Family Charts” and Willson's “Manual of Instruction in Object Lessons,” and I am happy to express my hearty approval of the plan of the works and of its execution. The Charts are designed to furnish teachers, schools, and families with the requisite aids for proper elementary instruction. They contain illustrated exercises in reading, phonic spelling, writing, drawing, form, color, and the various departments of Natural Science. While especially prepared for elementary schools, a part of the charts will be found useful in any school.

The Manual, designed to accompany the Charts, explains fully the method of using them, and also contains a full course of lessons for primary or graded schools. The introduction of Object Teaching, so generally, in elementary schools and classes, has created a demand for means of illustration and aids not required under the old system. This demand is happily met by the Charts and Manual referred to, and I most cheerfully commend them to teachers and others.

From Prof. WM. F. PHELPS, Prin. of the New Jersey
State Normal School and Farnum Preparatory School,
Oct. 24, 1862.

The “School and Family Charts” have been in use in the Normal School of New Jersey and its branches for several weeks. They have not only fully answered all expectations, but they are already regarded by our primary teachers as a necessity. From my own observation, as well as from my personal experience of their great utility in the county institutes, I cordially coincide with the views of our teachers, and as cordially commend these “educational aids” to general use.

The following, from a prominent physician of Cincinnati, will be read with interest, not only as connected with the Charts and Manual, but for the educational views of the writer upon the early training of children. The physiological effects upon the young of different systems of education is an important subject, and one which we should like to see thoroughly investigated. If we rightly interpret the views of Dr. King, he heartily endorses the system of “Object” teaching, as the one best adapted to physical as well as mental health and development; and he would carry it still farther in primary institutions than many of our teachers are yet prepared to go.

From Prof. JOHN KING, M.D., Member of the Committee
on “Course of Study and Text Books” for the Public
Schools of Cincinnati, Oct. 27, 1862.

Since their reception, I have devoted some time to an examination of the Charts, both with and without the Manual, and am well satisfied that they furnish the best system yet devised for training the perceptive faculties of the young, and facilitating a knowledge of practical things in a way calculated to please, instruct, and strengthen and give permanence to the memory, without injuring or injudiciously taxing the brain. The old method of imparting instruction by requiring long, irksome lessons, the subject matter of which was frequently beyond the comprehension of the pupil—which was associated with nothing pleasing or attractive, and which was learned parrot-like, without developing the memory or conveying any tangible idea to the mind, has been a source of much disease among pupils, impairing their nervous systems, creating strong dislikes to books, schools, and teachers, and ruining many fine intellects in embryo, both morally and physically.

For many years I have advanced the opinion, both in lectures and private conversations, that a book should never be placed in the hands of a pupil until his mind

has been *properly* disciplined by a six-year's training with only a slate, black-board, charts, and a careful development of his perceptive and reasoning faculties, the whole to be effected in an attractive way, so as to leave indelible impressions without undue exertion of the brain; and your Charts appear to me well calculated for this purpose.

From J. L. TRACY, Esq., *Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction in Missouri*, Oct. 30, 1862.

I owe you thanks for some pleasant hours spent in the examination of your admirable Charts, and the Manual which is so well designed to make them practically useful in the hands of ordinary teachers. These works make me almost wish myself young again, that I might have the pleasure of doing over the bad 'prentice-work in teaching which I remember to have executed in the mental and physical darkness of a log schoolroom at sixteen. How cheerfully would I have given a year's wages to procure the school facilities which you now furnish for less than the week's earnings of a boot-black. You have done a great and good work for the cause of school and home education in America, and I trust your labors will be well rewarded.

From Prof. RICHARD EDWARDS, *Principal of Illinois State Normal School, Bloomington*, Oct. 31, 1862.

Miss Ketchum, the teacher of the Primary Department of our Model School, is delighted with your Manual and Charts; and I am myself so well pleased with them, that I shall use them constantly in my own family. I shall immediately order a set for our Model School, and as soon as may be for the Normal.

The Rochester City Public Schools AND Willson's Readers.

A little more than two years ago Willson's Readers were introduced into the Public Schools of the City of Rochester, at one half of the retail prices for the first supply. Since then constant but unsuccessful efforts on the part of those outside of the Schools have been made to displace them, even by the offer of other books in free exchange for them. The following letters will show how such efforts are regarded by those to whom the citizens of Rochester have intrusted the guardianship of their schools:

From DANIEL HOLBROOK, Esq., *Superintendent of the Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y.*, Oct. 14, 1862.

At the late meeting of our Board of Education, Commissioner — offered a resolution, "That Parker and Watson's Readers be adopted as text-books in place of the Willson Series, provided they be furnished without expense to the pupils in the several schools," which resolution was laid over for one month. The proposition was unexpected, no one here having heard a word of it, save the mover. It was wholly outside the Committee on Text-Books, and was got up entirely by somebody in New York. I am decidedly opposed to any change. I regard Willson's Readers as not only *better* than Parker and Watson's, but *better than any others that I have ever seen*. I am conscientious in the support I give them, and do it for the good of our schools.

From THOMAS ASHTON, Esq., *Chairman of the Committee on Text-Books of the Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y.*, Oct. 20, 1862.

I was not present when the resolution to displace Willson's Readers for Watson's was made: if I had been I should have opposed it; for I am satisfied, both from my own observation and the opinion of the teachers, of the merits of Willson's Readers. I have conversed with the other members of the Text-Book Committee, and they fully concur with me. I shall oppose any attempt to displace Willson's Readers.

From F. H. MARSHALL, Esq., *President of the Board of Education, Rochester*, Oct. 23, 1862.

I do not think the Board of Education will make any change in Readers. The Principals of our Schools are perfectly satisfied with Willson's Series, now in use. I think there is an underhand effort at work to remove them, but I do not think it will succeed. I am not in favor of changing books at any time, unless there is a series far superior to those in use.

Additional Testimonials not before Published.

From H. F. BASSETT and CARRIE V. MOSS, *Principals of Select School, Waterbury, Ct.*, 1862.

We are now using Willson's Readers in both departments of our school, and unhesitatingly we pronounce them the best we have ever become acquainted with.

The school-room is the place to test school books, and we have used these Readers in one department of our school for more than a year, and in the other since its organization last spring; and the better we become acquainted with them the more they rise in our estimation.

The selections, considered aside from the interest they awaken and the useful knowledge they impart—or *merely as reading exercises*—are excellent and well arranged. But we read best that which interests us most; and what more interesting than the gems of poetry and the graphic descriptions of nature which these books contain.

Our class in Natural Philosophy is more interested in "Mr. Maynard's" clear exposition and illustration of the principles of that science than in the text-book itself; and the school is fast becoming a Natural History Society. Minerals, Plants, Fishes, and Reptiles, are constantly being brought in for inspection and classification.

From A. C. DANIELS, *Superintendent of Schools of Marion Co., Oregon*, Sept. 8, 1862.

Mr. M. Willson,
Dear Sir:

At the late session of the "Oregon State Educational Association and Teachers' Institute," your Readers were *unanimously* recommended to be used in the Public Schools of Oregon; and I think the prospect bids fair for their adoption in the schools throughout the State. I have adopted them in the school of which I am Principal: they are also being adopted in the Willamette University, and in the common schools of the county. I take great pleasure in recommending them in the schools under my supervision, believing them to be the best Reading Books in use.

From J. T. MARTZ, *High School, Greenville, O.*, and
Member of Board of School Examiners, Aug., 1862.

After a thorough examination of Willson's Series of School and Family Readers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them *superior*, as text-books, to any other now in use, and in *every* respect better adapted to the wants of beginners. Combining, as they do, with their other merits, so good a digest of elementary principles in Botany, Zoology, &c., they appear to me worthy of high commendation, and destined to extensive use. I shall take pleasure in recommending them as text-books in this vicinity.

From A. K. MILLER, J. EASTMAN, and S. D. DIX, *the Board of Examiners of Preble Co., Ohio*, August 2, 1862.

The undersigned, having examined Willson's Series of School and Family Readers, cheerfully award to them a higher degree of excellence than to any other series now in use.

The foregoing was also signed by J. W. KING, Principal of the Camden Schools, and twelve other leading teachers of Preble County.

From Prof. J. V. N. STANDISH, *Lombard University, Galesburg, Ills.*, Sept. 17, 1862.

From the examination I have given your Readers, I do not hesitate to say that I am favorably impressed with the many new and excellent features they possess. The design is a *capital one*. The tendency will be, I think, to cultivate a taste for the Natural Sciences, and to lay a foundation for a *thorough, practical education*.

From ISAAC J. WELLS, *Principal of Public School No. 2, Hackensack, N. J.*, Sept. 23, 1862.

I like your Readers. They are to Sanders' what Sanders' were to the Old Testament, once famous as a Reading Book in Primary Country Schools. We introduce yours. Herewith find order for the number required.

From H. GLASIER, *Superintendent Graded School, Sextonville, Wis.*, Aug. 16, 1862.

I have examined Willson's School and Family Readers critically, and am of opinion that in *all* respects they surpass all other Reading Books with which I am acquainted. Every *family* in the land should have them. I shall introduce them into our schools as soon as possible.

Gift-Books of Permanent Value.

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Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presen-

tation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, \$8 00; Sheep extra, \$9 00; Half Calf, \$10 00; Morocco, gilt edges, \$15.

For public and private libraries, for constant reference in families, and as a reading-book in households and schools, it has no superior among the many books offered to the public. Explanatory notes are profusely given upon every page in the volumes, and also a brief biographical sketch of every man distinguished in the events of the Revolution, the history of whose life is known. The Supplement of forty pages contains a history of the *Naval Operations of the Revolution*; of the *Diplomacy*; of the *Confederation* and *Federal Constitution*; the *Prisons* and *Prison-ships of New York*; *Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, and other matters of curi-

ous interest to the student of our history. As a whole, it contains all the essential facts of the early history of our Republic, which are scattered through scores of volumes, often inaccessible to the great mass of readers. It forms a complete *Guide-book* to the tourist seeking for fields consecrated by patriotism, which lie scattered over our broad land. Nothing has been spared to make this great National Work complete, trustworthy, and eminently useful to all classes of citizens. Upward of \$40,000 have been expended in its publication. The publishers take great pleasure in presenting these volumes as the best specimen of typography ever issued from the American press.


THE LAND AND THE BOOK;


Or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an Accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several Hundred Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Cloth, \$3 50; Half Calf, \$5 20; Half Calf extra, \$5 50; Half Morocco extra, \$6 00.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1862.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

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In the January Number will be commenced a series of papers, by Mr. J. ROSS BROWNE, describing a Journey to Iceland, to be profusely illustrated with Sketches of Character, Incident, and Scenery, from Original Drawings by the Author.

Mr. TROLLOPE'S "Orley Farm" is concluded in this Number, and Miss MULOCK'S "Mistress and Maid" will be completed in the next.

The December Number contains contributions from J. ROSS BROWNE, CAROLINE CHESBRO, EDWARD H. HOUSE, MARIAN C. EVANS, J. H. SIDDON, SAMUEL I. PRIME, DINAH MARIA MULOCK, GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, J. W. WATSON, MARY E. BRADLEY, LOUISE FURNISS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, DENNAT STEWART, ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, ARTHUR THOMAS, N. G. SHEPHERD, BENSON J. LOSSING.

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